





B12-163

SHAKESPEARE

A REPRINT

of his

COLLECTED WORKS

As put forth in 1623

PART II CONTAINING

THE HISTORIES



LONDON

Printed for Lionel Booth 307 Regent Street 1863

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Strangeways* and *H. E. Walden*, 28 Castle Street,
Leicester Square.



SHAKESPEARE;

A REPRINT OF THE "FAMOUS FOLIO OF 1623."

ADVERTISEMENT.

"A reprint of the first Folio, not free from inaccuracies, was published in 1807. A second reprint is now in course of publication by Mr. Lionel Booth. The first part, containing the Comedies, has already appeared. It is probably the most correct reprint ever issued."

The Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare, vol. i. Preface, p. xxvi.

AMONG the many commendations bestowed on this Reprint of the First Edition of Shakespeare, none has occasioned so much satisfaction as the above, because, from the very nature of the labours of the learned Editors, it bears certain evidence that the principal object aimed at in the reproduction—accuracy—has been duly tested.

At the commencement of the undertaking, it was thought that a Reprint of the most important edition of Shakespeare, unless attended with that care which could alone secure thorough identity with the Original, had better remain unattempted; indeed, without extreme caution being devoted to it, the most likely result would be an increase to the perplexities of Shakespearian criticism—whereas, to put forth a book, the correctness of which might in every way be depended on, could not fail to be an acceptable aid to Shakespearian studies.

That the effort has been successful in respect to Part I., now nearly two years in circulation, is certified by the fact that not a single question of its accuracy has been encountered, which has not proved to be an error or misapprehension of the questioner.

Yet at no time has this fact occasioned an overweening confidence ; and the anxious endeavour to secure thorough correctness for Part I. has been continued in the production of the present portion, and shall be to the completion of the work.

As the concluding paragraph of the Advertisement to Part I. set forth the design with which this Reprint was begun—namely, that it should, as far as possible, be “one in semblance” with the Original, but more especially, in the important matter of contents, “one and the self-same thing”—that paragraph is now repeated:—“The chances of error in the passing of an elaborate work through the press are multifarious—occasionally their origin is most mysterious and unaccountable; experience, not less than inclination, precludes the least pretension to infallibility, and though not fearing the complaints made against the last reprint of this book, they are not out of memory; therefore, the communication of any—the most trifling—departure from the Original which may be discovered will be most thankfully acknowledged, and the required correction effected by a cancel.”

307 REGENT STREET, W.

October 13th, 1863.



Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame ;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wond'rous worth ; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind :
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain ;
The British Eagle* and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou
With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow ;
Thy bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught ;
Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won,
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

T. SEWARD.

* Milton.

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
HISTORIES .

L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed
for Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street, 1863.

*The general Title-page, an accurate Fac-simile of the Original, will be given with Part III., which
will contain the whole of the Tragedies; that Part is in preparation, and will be produced
"with all good speed."*

MR. WILLIAM
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SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATION OF THE EDITION OF 1623.

(Continued.)

THE HISTORIES.

•• *The Collation is given with each Part, to prevent the reproduction of any peculiarity of the Original Work being mistaken for a defect.*

King John—pages 1 to 22.

Richard the Second—pages 23 to 45—(in some copies page 37 is misprinted 39).

Henry the Fourth, Part I.—pages 46 to 73—(pages 47, 48, are omitted).

Henry the Fourth, Part II.—pages 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "EPILOGUE," and, on its reverse, "THE ACTORS NAMES"—(pages 89, 90, are misprinted 91, 92).

Henry the Fifth—pages 69 to 95—(as will be perceived, the pagination of this portion of the work, 69 to 100, has been repeated).

Henry the Sixth, Part I.—pages 96 to 119.

Henry the Sixth, Part II.—pages 120 to 146.

Henry

Henry the Sixth, Part III.—pages 147 to 172—(pages 165, 166 are misprinted 167, 168).

Richard the Third—pages 173 to 204.

Henry the Eighth—pages 205 to 232—(page 216 is misprinted 218).

There are slight variations in the head-lines of Henry the Fourth, Part I. page 57, and of Henry the Sixth, Part III. pages 153 to 172; these variations do not exist in the Second Edition.

••• *This Collation will be completed in Part III.*

As copies of the Original are known to vary, any such variations or peculiarities, not noticed above, being communicated will greatly oblige; also any information that may tend to render thoroughly complete the collation of the whole work.

It will be observed that this Reprint has a distinct pagination,—also a distinct set of signatures, *in fours*; both, to facilitate reference, will be continuous throughout the volume. It may be as well to remark—to prevent the chance of proofs of care being taken rather to indicate the lack of that essential—that, wherever type may be seen out of gear, in any way defective or irregular, all such “typographical phenomena,” as Mr. Lettsom has aptly termed those characteristics of the precious old book, have been reproduced in accordance with the prescribed plan “in setting forth”—*No departure from the Original.*





The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elisor, Pembroke, Effex, and Salisbury, with the Chastillon of France.

King Iohn.

Ow say Chastillon, what would France with vs ?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France,

In my behaioor to the Maiesty,
The borrowed Maiesty of England here.

Elex. A strange beginning I borrowed Maiesty &

K. Iohn. Silence (good mother) beare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe

Of thy deceased brother, Geoffrey sonne,

Arthur Plantagenet, laies most lawfull claime

To this faire Iland, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poytiers, Anjou, Tourayne, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which swaies vsurpingly these severall titles,

And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraine.

K. Iohn. What followes if we disobey of this?

Chat. The proud controule of fierce and bloody warre,
To enforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K. I. Here haue we war for war, & blood for blood,
Contentment for contentment! so answer France.

Chat. Then take my Embassie from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen preface of your owne decay!

An honourable conduct let him haue,

Pembroke looke too't: farewell Chastillon.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Elex. What now my sonne, haue I not ever said

How that ambitious Covisee would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world,

Vpon the right and party of her sonne.

This might haue beene prevented, and made whole

With very easie arguments of love,

Which now the managance of two kingdomes must

With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. Iohn. Our wrong possession, and our right for vs.

Elex. Your strong possession much more then your right,

Or else it would go wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your eare,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sheriffe.

Effex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuerse

Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull sobiect, I a gentleman,

Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A Souldier by the Honor-giving-hand

Of Cordelius, Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same Faulconbridge.

K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,

That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:

But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,

I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Elex. Out on thee rude man, I doth shame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can prove, a pops me out,

At least from faire sue hundred pound a yeere:

Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger borne

Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:

But once he slandered me with basfardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay vpon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege

(Fairst fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)

Compare our faces, and be Iudge your selfe

If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

O old Sir Robert Father, on my knee

I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elex. He hath a trick of Cordelians face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Doce you not read some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

K. Iohn

K. Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: firra speake,
What doth move you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With halfe that face would he have all my land,
A halfe fac'd goat, five hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well fir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassage
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor

To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King,

And in the meane time foison'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:

But truth is truth, large lengths of feaz and frowes
Betwene my father, and my mother lay,

As I haue heard my father speake himfelfe
When this fame Iulij gentleman was got:

Vpon his death-bed he will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death

That this my mother's sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Lidge let me haue what is mine,

My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:

And if he did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,

Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Infooth, good friend, your father might haue kept

This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Infooth he might: then if he were my brothers,

My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concluds,

My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispoſſeſſe that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispoſſeſſe me fir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:

Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy preference, and no land beside.

Baſt. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, fir *Robert* is like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eele-skins floſt, my face so thin,

That in mine eare I dorst not sticke a rose,
Left men should say, looke there three farthings goes,

And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,

I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be fir nebbe in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Baſt. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis decreet:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

Baſt. Our Country manners giue our betters way.
K. Iohn. What is thy name?

Baſt. *Philip* my Liege, fo is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert* wifes eldest sonne.

K. Iohn. From henceforth beare his name

Whole forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Baſt. Brother by th' mothers side, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:

Now bleſſed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*!
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Baſt. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,

In at the window, or else ere the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,

And haue is haue, how ever men doe catch:
Neere or furr off, well wunne is still well shot,

And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. Iohn. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:

Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must need
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Baſt. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but Baſtard.

Baſt. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.

Well, now can I make any name a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,

And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:

'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable

For your conuerſion, now your traueller,

Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is fuffis'd,

Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,

And then comes answer like an Abſey booke:
O fir, sayes answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your seruice fir:
No fir, sayes question, I sweet fir at yours,

And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Saying in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennian and the river *Per*,

It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worſhipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
For he is but a baſtard to the time

That doth not smooke of obſeration,
And so am I whether I smacke or no:

And not alone in habit and deuce,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyſon for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practice to deccie,
Yet to auoid deccit I meane to learne;

For it shall strew the footſteps of my riding:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman poist is this? hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horn before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that flauie thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe.

Bast. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:
Callowd the Gyant, that lame mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seeke for?

Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scornst thou at sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?

Gur. Good leaue good Philip.

Bast. Philip, sparrow, James,

There's toys abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,
Sir Robert might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me sir Robert could not doe it;
We know his handy-wooke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert neuer hope to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou confpired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,
I haue disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;

Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence.

Which was so strongly vr'd past my defence.
Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not with a better father:

Some finnes doe beare the priuiledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not your fault,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Against whose furie and vnmatcht force,
The wiesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from Richards hand:

He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a womans aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had bene sinne;
Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Anflria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met braue Anflria,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Palestine,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vsurpation
Of thy vnaturall Vnckle, English John,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.

Art. God shall forgive you Cordelions death
The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,
Shadewing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of vnfaulced loue,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Aust. Vpon thy checke lay I this zealous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my loue:

That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forreine purposes,
Euen till that vtmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Con. O take his mothers thanks, a widdow thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,
To make a more requital to your loue.

Aust. The peace of heauen is theirs: lift their swords
In such a iust and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best aduantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-mens bloud,
But we will make it subiect to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Left vnaduiz'd you stain your swords with bloud,
My Lord Chastillon may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot rash haste so indirectly theede.

Enter Chastillon.

King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy with
Our Messenger Chastillon is arriv'd,
What England saies, say briefly gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chastillon speake,

Chast. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:
England impatient of your iust demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduersie winder

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as fowle as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the Kings decait,
And all th'vnfettled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haeve fold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyse of dautielesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer fote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
Kie. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
As. By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake in due defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queens, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to *France*: If *France* in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heauen,
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.

Frans. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace:
England we loue, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armos heere we sweate:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thioie;
But thou from louing *England* art so faine,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffreyes* and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreyes* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When loosing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-mastrest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? *(France.)*

Frans. Frö that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any beast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and flaines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alacke thou dost vsurpe authoritie.

Frans. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.

Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper *France*?

Cons. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.

Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King.

That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.

Cons. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Likier in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

(ther)

Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-

Cons. There's a good grandame boy

That would blot thee.

As. Peace.

As. Heare the Cryer.

As. What the deuill art thou?

As. One that wil play the deuill fir with you,

And a may catch thy hide and you alone:

You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes

Whole valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;

Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,

Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blas. O well did he become that Lyons robe,

That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

As. It lies as tightly on the backe of him

As great *Alcides* shooes vpon an Asse:

But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

As. What cracker is this fame that deafens our eares

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Lewis. determine what we shall doe frait.

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.

King John. this is the very summe of all:

England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,

In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as soone: I doe desire thee *France*,

Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,

And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,

Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;

Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Cons. Doe childe, goe to thy grandame childe,

Giue grandame kingdom, and it grandame will

Giue yet a plum, a cherry, and a figge,

There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,

I would that I were low laid in my graue,

I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. *(weepes.)*

Qu. Ma. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee

Cons. Now shame vpon you where the doer so,

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames

Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles frö his poor eies,

Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:

I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd

To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

Cons. Thou monstrous Insiurer of heauen and earth,

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights

Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eld'st sonnes sonne,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remoued from thy finne-concuiuing wombe.

John. Bedlam haue done.

Gen. I haue but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this remoued issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his injury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.

Que. Thou vnadvised fould, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.

Gen. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill becomes this preference to cry ayme
To these ill-tuned repetitions:

Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Artibars* or *Johns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Gen. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?

Fra. 'Tis France, for England.

John. England for it selfe:

You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Artibars* subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:

These flagges of France that are aduanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,

Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.

The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:

All preparation for a bloody siege

And meruels proceeding, by these French.

Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,

That as a waste duth girdle you about

By the compulsion of their Ordinance,

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had bin disabited, and wide hauocke made

For bloody power to ruff vpon your peace.

But on the light of vs your lawfull King,

Who painefully with much expedient march

Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,

To saue vsfratch'd of your Citties threatned cheekes:

Behold the French amas'd vouchsafe a parle,

And now inforced of bulletts wrapt in fire

To make a shauing feuer in your walles,

They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,

To make a faithlesse error in your eares,

Which trust accordingly kinde Citizens,

And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits

Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,

Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I haue liide, make answer to vs both.

Loe in this right hand, whose protection

Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right

Of him it holds, hands yong *Plantagenet*,

Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:

For this downe-troden equity, we tread

In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,

Being no further enemy to you

Then the constraint of hospitall zeale,

In the reliefe of this oppressed childe,

Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then

To pay that dutie which you truly owe,

To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,

And then our Armes, like to a musled Beare,

Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:

Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent

Against th'invulnerable clouds of heaven,

And with a blessed and vn-veat retire,

With vnhack'd swords, and Helmeets all vnbruised,

We will beare home that lustie blood againe,

Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,

And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.

But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,

'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,

Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,

Though all these English, and their discipline

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:

Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,

In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?

Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,

And stake in blood to our possession?

Gen. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects

For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Gen. That can we not: but he that proues the King

To him will we proue loyally, till that time

Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, prouoe the
King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesse

Twice fiftene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bass. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their bloods.

Fra. As many and as well-borne bloods as those.

Bass. Some Bastards too.

Fra. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Gen. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the sinne of all those foules,

That to their euilllasting redence,

Before the dew of euening fall, shall flecte

In dreadfull trial of our kingdomes King

Fra. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.

Bass. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,

And ere since sit on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore

Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home

At your den sirrah, with your Lianneffe,

I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:

And make a monster of you.

Bass. Peace, no more.

Bass. O tremble for you heare the Lyon rore.

John. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bass. Speed then to take aduantage of the field.

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand, God and our right. *Exeunt*

Heere after excoorses, Enter the Herald of France

with Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,

And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

A 3

Who

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground :
Many a widdowes husband grouelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earrh,
And victorie with little losse doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armourd that march'd hence to flouer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood :
There shooke no plume in any English Crest,
That is removed by a staffe of France :
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth :
And like a tolly troope of Huntmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and give the Victors way.
Hubs. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retire
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured : (blowes :
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answered
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
power,

Both are alike, and both alike we like :
One most proue greater. While they weigh so even,
We hold our Towne for neither yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers,
at severall doores.*

John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channell, and ore-swell
with course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Vnlesse thou let his flouer water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. Englands thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That sways the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iust-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes wee
Or add a royal number to the dead : (beare,
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Boff. Ha Maieity : how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire :
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with Steele,
The swordes of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mouting the flesh of men
In vnetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus :
Cry haueock kings, backe to the stained field
You equal Potens, fierie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace : till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Townsmen yet admit, ?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whose your king.
Hab. The king of England, when we know the king.
Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

John. In Vs, that are our owne great Depotic,
And beare possession of our Person heere,
Lord of our prefrence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates :
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and decap'd.

Boff. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers shout you
And stand securely on their battlements, (kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gaze and point
At your indusrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall prefrences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
Be friends a-while, and both consiously bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouths,
Till their foule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
The stinnie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incessantly vpon these lades,
Euen till vnenced desolation
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre :

That done, diffuser your vnited strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to points
Then in a moment Fortune shall call forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour she shall give the day,
And kisse him with a glorious victory :
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
Smackes it not something of the policie.

John. Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it ?

Boff. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne :
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these fawcie walles,
And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,
Why then dese each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be so : say, where will you assault ?
John. We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cities bosome.

Boff. I from the North.

Fra. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Boff. O prudent discipline ! From North to South :
Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.
He stirre them to it : Come, away, away.

Hab. Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league :
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come sacrifices for the field.
Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

John. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hab. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of Lewis the Dolphin, and that lovely maid,
If iustice lose should go in quest of beauty,

Where

Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*;
If aequal love should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
If love ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat,
If not compleat of, Gay he is not thee,
And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as shee,
And she a faire diuised excellence,
Whose fullnesse of perfection lyes in him,
O two such finer currents when they ioine
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controuling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion shall do more then batterie can
To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from moision, no not death himselfe
In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Boff. Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcaske of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges,
What Cannoneere begot this luskie blood,
He speaks plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He giues the bastinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buisset better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Ry. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now vnur'd affurance to the Crowne,
That yong greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promitteth a mightie fruite.
I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whiffer, wrge them while their foules
Are aspeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hab. Why answer not the double Maiesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towe.

Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake vnto this Citie: what say you?

Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine* *Maine*, *Poytiers*,
And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
(Except this Citie now by vs besiegd)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
shall giue her briddall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princesse of the world.

Fra. What saist thou boy? looke in the Ladies face,

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe
Till now, infaid I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whispers with Blanch.

Boff. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart; hee doth espie
Himselfe loues traitor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My vnckles will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees which moues his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthe loue,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee your
Iudge,

That I can finde, should merit any hate.

Iohn. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my
Neece?

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wifedomes still vouchsafe to say.

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can reframe from loue,
For I doe loue her most vnfaidly.

Iohn. Then do I giue *Volguessen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poytiers, and *Aniou*, these fure Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne:
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy sonne and daughter to ioine hands.

Fra. It likes vs well yong Princes: close your hands

Auf. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did loe when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell solemnly,
The rights of marriage shall be solemaiz'd.
Is not the Lodie *Constance* in this troupe?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would haue interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is sad and passionat at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made

Will giue her sadnesse very little cure:

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow Lady? In her right we came,

Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

Iohn. We will heale vp all,

For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towe

We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hast will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exit.

Bass. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
Iohn to stop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom seale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
With that fame purpose-changer, that flye dieoel,
That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who haue no externall thing to loofe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is payed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why saile I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no fin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbandles, subiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confesse thou didst not leaue
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holdest thine eie that lamentable rethwee,
Like a proud riuier peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confumers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sel. As true as I beleuee you thinke them false,
That gise you cause to proue my saying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleuee this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting kill, and dye.

Lewis marry *Blanch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone! I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.

Sel. What other harme hure I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it selfe is heynous it,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

A. I do beseech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and standst to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing biots, and fightfull faines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, thwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou mayst with Lillies boush,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soeueraigntie,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to them.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and King *Iohn*,
That trumpet Fortune, that vsurper *Iohn*!
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Euenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-bear.

Sel. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.
Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owne floope,
To me and to the state of my great greefe,
Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
Here is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood ioyn'd, Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those Prouinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoken, misheard,
Be well adu'c'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'st it but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarye.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and capable of feares,

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious funne
Stayes in his course, and plays the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

Conf. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deferr'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let wies with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falsehood change.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the fauile proceedings of this day:
Hau'e I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Conf. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Refembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tri'd,
Proves valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yowre.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heuene, against these periu'd Kings,
A widow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
Let not the howers of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periu'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Conf. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O Lyones, O Aslvs, thou dost shame
That bloody spoyls: thou slaue, thou wretch, y^e coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou ever strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periu'd too,
And footst'p vp greatness. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall uer to my foes?

Thou weare a Lyons hide, dost it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.

Auf. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbes

Auf. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbes.
Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you appointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King John my holy errand is:
I Pandulph, of five Millans Cardinall,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why rhou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can take the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuile a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are supreme head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsur'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of England, you blasphemie in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale fels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherishe,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppole
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth result
From his Allegiance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Gen. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with Rome to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen.
To my keene corse; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.

Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdom heere;
For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on perill of a curse,
Let geue the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of France vpon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to Rome.

Elea. Look't thou pale France? dost not let go thy hand.

Gen. Look to that Deuill, left that France repent,

And

And by disloyning hands hell lose a soule.

Asst. King Philip, listen to the Cardinall.

Bess. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant limbs.

Asst. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
Because,

Bess. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. Philip, what faith thou to the Cardinall?

Car. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Behinke you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome;

Or the light losse of England, for a friend

Forgoe the easier.

Els. That's the curse of Rome.

Car. O Lewin, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likeness of a new vntimmed Bride.

Bia. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Car. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which sooty liues but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

John. The king is moued, and answers out to this.

Car. O be remou'd from him, and answer well.

Asst. Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bess. Hang nothing but a Calves skin most sweet Iout.

Fra. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pen. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fra. Good reuerend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?

This royall hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward soules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vowes,

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue

Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,

And euen before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could wash our hands,

To clasp this royall bargain vp of peace,

Heauen knows they were belmeard and ouer-strind

With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint

The fearefull difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands so lately pug'd of blood?

So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,

Vnyoke this scythere, and this kinde regrette?

Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen,

Make such vnconstant childre of our selues

As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:

Vn-sworne faith sworne, and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O holy Sir

My reuerend father, let it not be so;

Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest

To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pen. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,

Sauv what is opposite to England's loue.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,

A mothers curse, on her reuolting soune:

France. thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,

Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fra. I may dis-loyne my hand, but not my faith.

Pen. So mak' it thou faith an enemy to faith,

And like a ciuill warre seth oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,

That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,

And may not be performed by thy selfe,

For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,

Is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it.

The better Act of purposes misdoe,

Is to mistake again, though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood, falsehood cures, as fire cooles fire

Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:

It is religion that doth make vowes kept,

But thou hast sworne against religion:

By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,

Against an oath the truth, thou art vntrue

To swear, sweares only not to be forsworne,

Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?

But thou dost sweare, only to be forsworne,

And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,

Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,

Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:

And better conquest neuer canst thou make,

Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Vpon which better part, our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafest them. But if not, then know

The perill of our curses light on thee

So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off

But in despair, dye vnder their blacke weight.

Asst. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bess. Will't not be?

Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums

Clamor of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband heare me: aye, lacke, how new

Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name

Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;

Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes

Against mine Vncle.

Car. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,

I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Daulphin,

Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may

Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

Car. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,

His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewin thine Honor.

Dolph. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,

When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pen. I will denounce a curse vpon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall frö thee.

Car. O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.

Els. O soule reuolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. France, thou shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Bess.

The life and death of King John.

I 1

Reft. Old Time the clocke fette, y^e bald fexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's orecaft with blood: faire day adieu,
Which is the fide that I muft goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a band,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurle a-funder, and difmember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maift winne:
Vncle, I needs muft pray that thou maift lofe:
Father, I may not with the fortune thine:
Grandm, I will not with thy wiſhes thine:
Who-euer wins, on that fide ſhall I lofe:
Affured loſſe, before the match be plaid.

Delph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lies, there my life dies.

John. Cofen, goe draw our puiſance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereſt valowed blood of *France*.

Fra. Thy rage ſhall burne thee vp, & thou ſhalt turne
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Looke to thy ſelfe, thou art in iopardie.

John. No more then he that threatens. To Arms let's hie.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Allarum, Excurſum: Enter *Boſſard* with *Auſtria's*
bead.

Reft. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some aery Deuill houers in the ſkie,
And pour's downe milchiefe. *Auſtria* head lye there,

Enter *John, Arthur, Hubert.*

While *Philip* breathes.

John. *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is ſlayed in our Tent,
And tane I feare.

Reft. My Lord I refcued her,
Her Highneſſe is in ſafety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Exit.

Allarum, excurſum, Retreat. Enter *John, Eleanor, Arthur*
Boſſard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So ſhall it be: your Grace ſhall ſtay behinde
So ſtrongly guarded: Cofen, looke not ſid,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vncle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

John. Cofen away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our coming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots, imprifoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vfe our Commiſſion in thy vtmoſt force.

Reft. Bell, Booke, & Candle, ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſiluer beckes me to come on.
I leaue your highneſſe: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire ſafety: ſo I kiſſe your hand.

Elc. Farewell gentle Cofen.

John. Coz, farewell.

Elc. Come hether little kinfman, harke, a worde.

John. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lies in this boſome, deereſt cheriſhed.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By heauen *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I haue of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maieſty.

John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt haue: and creepe time nere ſo flow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it goe:

The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this fame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs:
Or if that furly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which elſe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And ſtraine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A paſſion hatefull to my purpoſe:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine cares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, cares, and harmefull ſound of words:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy boſome poore my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Aſſ,
By heauen I would doe it.
John. Doe not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: He tell thee what my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: doſt thou vnderſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And Hee keepe him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Maieſty.
John. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
John. A Graue.
Hub. He ſhall not liue.
John. Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
Well, He not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
He ſend thoſe powers o're to your Maieſty.
Elc. My bleſſing goe with thee.
John. For *England* Cofen, goe.

Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
Withal true dute: On toward *Callice*, ho.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulph, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted faille
Is scattered and dis-join'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur tane prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?

And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,

Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example: who hath red, or heard

Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,

So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes here? a grue vnto a foule,

Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,

In the wilde prison of afflicted breath:

I prethee *Lady* goe away with me.

Fra. Lo; now: now fee the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good *Lady*, comfort gentle *Constance*.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,

But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:

Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,

Thou odoriferous stench: I sound rottennesse,

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,

And I will kisse thy detestable bones,

And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,

And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;

Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,

And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,

O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:

O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rowse from sleepe that fell Anatomy

Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,

Which scornes a moderne Inuocation.

Pand. *Lady*, you vter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art holy to beyle me fo,

I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,

My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreys* wife,

Yong Arthur is my sonne, and he is lost:

I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,

For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:

O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?

Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall).

For, being not mad, but sensible of griefe,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,

And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:

If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;

I am not mad: too well, too well I feele

The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note

In the faire multitude of those her haire;

Where but by chance a flouer drop hath faile,

Euen to that drop ten thousand werry fiends

Doe glew themselves in sociable griefe,

Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,

Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To *England*, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haire.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,

O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,

As they haue given these hayres their libertie:

But now I enuie at their libertie,

And will againe commit them to their bonds,

Because my poore child is a prisoner.

And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:

If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;

For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-child

To him that did but yesterday sūpire,

There was not such a gracious creature borne:

But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,

And chafe the natiue beauty from his cheek,

And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,

As dim and meager as an Agone fette,

And so he'll dye: and rising fo againe,

When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen

I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer

Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heynon a respect of griefe.

Con. He talks to me, that neuer had a sonne.

Fra. You are as fond of griefe, as of your child.

Con. Griefe fills the roome vp of my absent child:

Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,

Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,

Remembets me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;

Theo, haue I reason to be fond of griefe?

Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,

I could giue better comfort then you doe.

I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,

When there is such disorder in my witte:

O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,

My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:

My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull eare of a drowie man;

And bitter chanc hath spoil'd the sweet tastes of life,

That it yeelds nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Euen in the infant of repaire and health,

The fit is stronger: Eoils that take leache

On their departure, most of all shew euill:

What haue you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meates to men most good,

Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:

'Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly wonne:

Are

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* in his prisoner
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
 Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit:
 For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy soote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
 That while warme life plays in that infants veines,
 The mil-plac'd *John* should entertaine an house,
 One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
 A Scepter snatch'd with an vntruly hand,
 Must be as boyserously maintain'd as gain'd.
 And he that stands vpon a slipperly place,
 Makes nice of no wilde hold to stay him vp:
 That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
Pan. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
 May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.

Dol. And looke it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays vpon plots: the times conspire with you,
 For he that steepest his fates in true blood,
 Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.
 This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
 That none so small advantage shall step forth
 To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
 No naturall exhalation in the skie,
 No scope of Nature, no dissembler'd day,
 No common winde, no custumed euent,
 But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
 And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
 Abortiues, prefiges, and tongues of heauen,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *John*.

Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
 But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
 If that yong *Arthur* be not gone already,
 Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,
 And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath
 Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.
 Me thinks I see this hurley all on foot;
 And O, what better matter breeds for you,
 Then I haue nam'd. The Bastard *Falkenbridge*
 Is now in England ranfacking the Church,
 Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
 Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
 To traine ten thousand English to their side;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble *Dolphine*,
 Go with me to the King, tis wonderfull,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 Now that their soules are full of offence,
 For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
 If you say I, the King will not stay no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter *Hubert* and *Executioners*.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
 Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
 Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
 And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
 Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
Hub. Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't.
 Yong *Lad* come forth: I haue to say with you.

Enter *Arthur*.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, hauing so great a Title
 To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.
Hub. Indeed I haue bene merrier.

Ar. Mercie on me:
 Me thinks no body should be sad but I:
 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Yong Gentlemen would be as sad at night
 Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,
 So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
 I should be as merry as the day is long:
 And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
 My Vnckle practises more harme to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey* sonne?
 No in deede it's not: and I would to heauen
 I were your sonne, so you would loue me, *Hubert*:
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be fadaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke *Hubert*? you looke pale to day,
 Infiooth I would you were a little sicke,
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
 I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.
 Reade heere yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
 Turning dispoitious torture out of doore?
 I must be breecfe, least resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
 Can you not reade it? Is it not faise writ?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
 Must you with hot Iron, burne out both mine eyes?
Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Haue you the heart? When your head did but
 ache,

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
 (The best I had, a Princeesse wrought it me.)
 And I did neuer aske it you againe:
 And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
 And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
 Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time;
 Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your grieffe?
 Or what good loue may I performe for you?
 Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
 And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:
 But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:
 Nay, you may thinke my loue was crasie loue,
 And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

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If

If heaven be pleas'd that you must vfe me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:

The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborn hard, then hammer'd Iron?

And if an Angell should haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleue'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Art. O saue me *Hubert*, saue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierie lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Art. Alas, what needs you be so boisterous rough?
I will not strugge, I will stand stone fill:
For heauen sake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Art. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boyterous there,
Your wilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your tongue.

Art. *Hubert*, the viterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vfe, but still to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Art. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vnderferued extreames: See else your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it, Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluest,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vfe to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vfe.

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same vfer Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doublelesse, and secure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Isb, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

Isb. Heere once againe we sit: once against crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)

Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,

And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:

The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:

Fresh expectation troubled not the Land

With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be posses'd with double pompe,

To guard a Title, that was rich before;

To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;

To throw a perfume on the Violet,

To smooth the yce, or adde another hew

Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light

To secke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,

Is wastefull, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,

This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,

Being vrge'd at a time vnseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face

Of plaine old forme, is much disguised,

And like a shifted winde vnto a false,

It makes the courle of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles, and frights consideration:

Makes found opinion like, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen strue to do better then wel,

They do confound their skill in couetousnesse,

And oftentimes excusing of a fault,

Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse:

As patches set vpon a little bresch,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd

We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes

To ouer-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,

Since all, and euery part of what we would

Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

Isb.

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Isb. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have posset you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then leffer is my feare
I shall indue you with : Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them : but chiefe of all
Your safety : for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions : let it be our suite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale : he haue his libertie.

Enter Hubert.

Isb. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction : *Hubert*, what news with you ?
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed :
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lies in his eye : that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a most troubled breast,
And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like Herald's twixt two dreadfull battalies set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.

Isb. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the child himselfe felt he was sicke :
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Isb. Why do you bend such foliome brows on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny ?
Hau'e I commandement on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossly offer it ;
So thrise it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheribance of this poore childes,
His little kingdom of a forced graue.

That blood which ow'd the breath of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; had world the while :
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Isb. They burn in indignation : I repent :
There is no fure foundation set on blood :

No certaine life atchieu'd by others death :
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes ?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather : how goes all in France ?

Msf. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land.

The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Isb. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke ?
Where hath it slept ? Where is my Mothers care ?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And the hot neare of it ?

Msf. My Liege, her ease
Is stopt with dust : the first of April di'de
Your noble mother ; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before : but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard : if true, or false I know not.

Isb. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion :
O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my Estate in France ?
Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth gi'o't out are landed heere ?

Msf. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bassard and Peter of Pomfret.

Isb. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings : Now ? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to fluffe
My head with more ill newes : for it is full.

Bass. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

Isb. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amas'd
Vnder the tide ; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bass. How I haue sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I haue collected shall expresse :
But as I traual'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantastied,
Posset with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he sung in rude harsh founding times,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.

Isb. Thou idly Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Isb. *Hubert*, away with him : imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and returne,
For I must vix thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear't thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd ?

Bass. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met Lord *Rigot*, and Lord *Salisbury*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seeke the graue

Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your
Isb. Gentle kinsman, go (suggestion.
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

b 2

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Exeunt

Enter Msf.

I have a way to winne their loves againe :
Bring them before me.

Bass. I will seeke them out.

John. Nay, but make haste : the better soote before.
O, let me have no subiect enemies,
When adverser Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout invasion.
Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Bass. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.*Exit*

John. Spoke like a sprightly Nible Gentleman.
Go after him : for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.

Maj. With all my heart, my Liege.

John. My mother dead ?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they lay five Moones were seene to
Foare fired, and the fift did whirle about (night)
The other foure, in wondrous motion.

John. Five Moones ?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously :
Yong *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anvile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on clippers, which his nimble hatte
Had falsely thrust vpon contrary secte,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthur's* death.

Jo. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares ?
Why vrge'st thou so oft yong *Arthur's* death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

H. No had (my Lord) why, did you not prouoke me ?

John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By flauers, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Mailety, when perchance it frunwes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.

Hub. Here in your hand and Seale for what I did.

John. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against vs to damnation.

How oft the fight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done ? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murder had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhor'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie :

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death :
And thou, to be ender'd to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

John. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face ;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words :
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with mine,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to sle
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my fight, and neuer see me more :
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with ranks of forraigne powres ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdom, this Confinde of blood, and breathe
Hoffilise, and euill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Conscience death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies :
He make a peace betweene your soule, and yoo.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimion spots of blood,
Within this bosome, neuer enter'd yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a sayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent child.

John. Dost *Arthur* liue ? O haue thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule imaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my Closet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haif,
I coniure thee but slowly : run more fast.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the waller.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yett will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not :
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yett I leaue it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
He finde a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to dye, and go ; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones. *Dis*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sol. Lords, I will meet him at S. Edmundsbury,
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall ?

Sol. The Count *Melane*, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose pr-uate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then these lines import.

Big.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.

Sal. Or rather thete fet forward, for 'twill be
Two loog dayes Iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Baffard.

Baff. Ooce more to day well met, diftemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your prefence ftraight.

Sal. The king hath difpoffest himfelfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thio-beftained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.

Returne, and tell him fo: we know the worke.
Baff. What ere you thioke, good words I thioke
were beft.

Sal. Our griefes, and not our manners reafon now.

Baff. But there is little reafon in your griefe.

Therefore 'twere reafon you had manners now.

Pm. Sir, fir, impatience hath his priuiledge.

Baff. 'Tis true, to hurt his matter, no mans elfe.

Sal. This is the priuile: What is he lyres here?

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had out a hole to hide this deede.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himfelfe hath dooe,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.

Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you haue beheld,

Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?

Or do you almoft thinke, although you fee,

That you do fee? Could thought, without this obieft

Forme fuch another? This is the very top,

The height, the Cref: or Cref vnto the Cref

Of mothers Armes: This is the bloodieft shame,

The wildeft Saugery, the wildeft ftroke

That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or ftaring rage

Prefected to the teares of foft remorie.

Pm. All murderers paft, do ftand exco's'd in this:

And this fo fule, and fo vnmatchable,

Shall giue a holineffe, a puritie,

To the yet vobegotten finne of times;

And proue a deadly blood-fhed, but a ieff,

Exampl'd by this heynous fpedacle.

Baff. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,

The gracelefle xchou of a heauy hand,

If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?

We had a kinde of light, what would enfeut

It is the shamefull worke of *Hubert's* hand,

The practice, and the purpofe of the king:

From whose obedience I forbid my foule,

Kneeling before this ruine of fweete life,

And breathing to his breathelefse Excellence

The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:

Neuer to tafte the pleasures of the world,

Neuer to be infected with delight,

Nor conuerfant with Eafe, and Idlenefle,

Till I haue fet a glory to this hand,

By giuing it the worfhip of Reuenge.

Pm. *Big.* Our foules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with hafte, in feeking you,

Arthur doth lye, the king hath fet foot for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blufhes not at death,

Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?)

Hub. I am no villaine, *Sal.* Muft I rob

Baff. Your fword is bright fir, put it vp againe.

Sal. Not till I fteath it in a murderers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salisbury, stand backe I fay:

By heauen, I thioke my fword's as fharpe as yours.

I would not haue you (Lord) forget your felfe,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Leaft I, by marking of your rage, forget

your Worth, your Greatneffe, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: dar'ft thou braue a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend

My ionocent life agaiuft an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murderer.

Hub. Do not proue me fo:

Yet I am none. Whofe tongue fo ere fpeakes falfe,

Not truly fpeakes: who fpeakes not truly, Lies.

Pm. Cut him to peeces.

Baff. Keepe the peace, I fay.

Sal. Stand by, or I fhall gaul you *Faulconbridge.*

Baff. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salisbury.

If thou but frowne on me, or ftirre thy foote,

Or teach thy hafte fpiene to do me shame,

Ile ftirre thee dead. Put vp thy fword betime,

Or Ile fo maule you, and your toting-Iron,

That you fhall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*

Second a Villaine, and a Murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis oot an houre fince I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weep

My date of life out, for his fweete lynes loffe.

Sal. Truft not thofe cuening waters of his eyes,

For villanie is not without fuch rheume,

And he, long traded in it, makes it fceme

Like Rivers of remorfe and innocence.

Away with me, all you whose foules abhorre

Th'vncleanly fauours of a Slaughtre-houfe,

For I am rifed with this fmell of finne.

Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex. Lords.*

Be. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?

Beyond the infinite and boundlefse reach of mercie,

(If thou didft this deed of death) art y' damn'd *Hubert.*

Hub. Do not heare me fir.

Baff. Ha! He tell thee what.

Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay othing is fo blacke,

Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince *Lucifer*:

There is not yet fo vgly a fiend of hell

As thou fhalt be, if thou didft kill this childe.

Hub. Vpon my foule.

Baff. If thou didft but confent

To this moft cruell Act: do but difpaire,

And if thou waot't a Cord, the fmalleft thred

That euer Spider twifted from her wombe

Will ferue to ftangle thee: A ruth will be a beame

To hang thee on. Or wouldest thou drowne thy felfe,

Put but a little water in a fpoone,

And it fhall be as all the Ocean,

Enough to fiftle fuch a villaine vp.

I do fufpect thee very greuously.

Hub. If I io act, confent, or finne of thought,

Be guiltie of the ffingling that fweete breath

Which was emboudied in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want paines enough to torture me:

I left him well.

Baff. Go, beare him in thine armes:

I am amas'd me thinks, and loofe my way

Among the thores, and dangers of this world.

How easie dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is tied to heaven: and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th'tooth
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pick't bone of Maistie,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry ereile,
And sharleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Raven on a sieke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wretched pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
A thousand businesse are briefe in hand,
And heaven it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land.

Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Jobn and Pandolph, attendants.

K. Jobn. Thus haue I yielded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pas. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

Jobn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holinesse vfe all your power
To stop their marches: for we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countie doth revolt:
One people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of foule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royaltie;
This inundation of misfempered humor,
Refits by you onely to be qualished.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or ouerthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Vpon your stubborne visage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering laod:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes.

Jobn. Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bassard.

Bass. All Kent hath yielded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath recei'd
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer seruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.

Jobn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard young Arbur was aliue?

Bass. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

Jobn. That villaine Hubert told me he did lise.

Bass. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you haue bene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
Gouerne the motion of a kingley eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

Jobn. The Legat of the Pope hath bene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bass. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send sayre-play-orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Inuasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockred-filken wanton braue our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like foyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idly sped,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

Jobn. Haue thou the ordering of this present time.

Bass. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a powder foe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melvone, Pembroke, Bigot, Soldiers.

Dol. My Lord Melvone, let this be copied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuolable.

Sal. Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To yore proceedings: yet beleuee me Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contrain'd revolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many : Oh it grieues my soule ,
That I must draw this mottle from my side
To be a widow-maker : oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defense
Cries out vpon the name of *Solihury*.
But such is the infection of the time ,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Iniustice, and confuted wrong ;
And it's not pity, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the fones and children of this Isle,
Was borne to see so fad an houre as this ,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this enforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote ,
And follow vnacquainted colours here :
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
That *Neprunes* Armes who clipteth thee about,
Would bare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The blood of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly.

Dulph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastling in thy bolome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility :
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a braue respect :
Let me wipe off this honourable dew ,
That sliuery doth progresse on thy cheekes :
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares ,
Being an ordinary Inundation :
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shewre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I seene the vaulted top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned *Solihury*)
And with a great heart heave away this stormet
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts ,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goddipping :
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As *Lewis* himselfe : so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your finewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To glorie vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France :
The next is this : King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in ,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome :
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp ,
And tame the sauge spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion folloied vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in shewe.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe :

I am too high-borne to be proportioned
To be a secondary at controll,
Or vfefull seruing-man, and Instrumēt
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betwene this chafin'd kingdome and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake winde, which enkindled it :
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land ,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome* ? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arbur*, claime this Land for mioe ,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome* ?
Am I *Rames* slave? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men prouided? What munition sent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I,
That vnder-geoe this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Swear in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the bell Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, paid for a Crowne?
And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised ,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre ,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Euen in the lawes of danger, and of death :
What lusty Trumpet thus doth fummon vs?

Enter Bayford.

Bayf. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience : I am sent to speake :
My holy Lord of Millene, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him :
And, as you answer, I doe know the Scope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dulph* is too willfull opposite
And will not temperize with my intreaties :
He flatly saies, he'll not lay downe his Armes.

Bayf. By all the blood that euer fury breath'd,
The youth saies well. Now heare our *Englishe* King ,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me :
He is prepar'd, and reason to he should ,
This spith and vnmanly approach ,
This harnes'd Maske, and vnaduis'd Reuell,
This vn-heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, euen at your doore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch ,
To die like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chefts and trunks ,
To hog with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake ,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
Shall that victorious hand be feeble heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chaffinment?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his aerie towres,
To fowle annoyance that comes neere his Neck;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blun for shame!
For your owne Ladies, and pale-viſag'd Maides,
Like *Amans*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gaotlets change,
Their Needl's to Laoces, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Del. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-fild vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With ſuch a brabber.

Par. Giue me leave to ſpeake.

Boſt. No, I will ſpeake.

Del. We will attend to neither:

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our intereſt, and our being heere.

Boſt. Indeede your drums being beaten, will cry out:
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That ſhall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vi'd rather for ſport, then neede)
Is warlike *Iohn*: and in his fore-head ſits
A bare-rib'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt vpon whole thouſands of the French.

Del. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Boſt. And thou ſhalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maieſty?

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heaue on me: oh, my heart is ſicke.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord: your valiant kiſman *Falconbridge*,
Deſires your Maieſtie to leaue the field,
And fend him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swiſſed*, to the Abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good comfort: for the great ſupply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* lands.
This newe was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelues.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant *Feauer* burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swiſſed*: to my Litter ſtraight,
Weakneſſe poſſelleth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King ſo flor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: I put ſpirit in the French,
If they miſcarry: we miſcarry too.

Sal. That miſbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,

In ſpight of ſpight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They lay King *Iohn* ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloun wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloun*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and ſold,

Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe diſcarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworne,
And I with him, and many more with mee,
Vpon the Altar at *S. Edmundsbury*,
Euen on that Altar, where we ſwore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlaſting loue.

Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waie
Reſolueth from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceiue,
Since I muſt looſe the life of all deceite?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I ſay againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworne, if ere thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the Eaſt:
But euen this night, whoſe blacke contagious breath
Already ſmoakes about the burning Creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire,
Paying the fine of ſated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis*, by your aſſiſtance win the day.

Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The loue of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my Grandſire was an Engliſhman)
Awakes my Conſcience to confeſſe all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noſe and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my ſoule
With contemplation, and deuout deſires.

Sal. We do beleeue thee, and beſewh my ſoule,
But I do loſe the fauour, and the forme
Of this moſt faire occaſion, by the which
We will vntread the ſteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauiſng our rankneſſe and irregular courſe,
Stooping lowe within thoſe bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
My arme ſhall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnelle, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set;
But flaid, and made the Weltherne Welkin bluth,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needles shot,
After such bloody toyle, we bid good night,
And woud' our tott'ring colours clearely vp,
Lift in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Mef. The Count Meloun is flaine: The English Lords
By his perswasion, are againe false off,
And your fopply, which you haue with'd so long,
Are cast away, and funke on Goodwin sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, threw'd newes. Betwixt thy very
I did not thinke to be so sad to night (hart t)
As this hath made me. Who was he that fild
King Isen did flie an houre or two before
The fumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mef. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Whoe there? Speake ho, speake quickly, or
I shoote.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will vpon all hazards well beleue
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Hast done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accident breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: I am complement, What newes
abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Bast. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet fir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not f'wound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolu'd villaine
Whose Bowels sodainly borst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recouer.

Bast. Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,

And brought Prince Henry in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maiestie.

Bast. With-old this Indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare about our power.

He tell thee Hubert, halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Walhes haue deuoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the foules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speake, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; euen now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feeble themselves.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them inuisible, and his feige is now
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Counfound themselves. 'Tis strange y death should sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To let a forme vpon that indigert
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

Isen brought in.

Isen. I marrie, now my foule hath elbow roome,

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bofome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to duft:
I am a fcribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and againft this fire
Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiefty?

Job. Payfon'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
Aod none of you will bid the winter come
To thruff his icye fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course
Through my burn'd bofome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kiffe my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releue you.

Job. The fault in them is hot.

Within me is a hell, and there the payfon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannise,
On vnapreueable condemned blood.

Enter Bassford.

Bassf. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiefty.

Job. Oh Cosen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bassf. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knows how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Waters* all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bassf. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,

As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.

Now, oow you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetual shame
Out of the weakke doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphin rages at our verie heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

Bassf. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bassf. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worther must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bassf. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
And true subiection euerlastingly.

Sal. Aod the like tender of our loue wee make
To rest without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bassf. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath bene before hand with our griefes.
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

Exeunt.





The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

*Enter King Richard, Isb of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King Richard.

Ld Isb of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Halt thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold son:
Heere to make good 'boistrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou founded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could fit him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our prefence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare
Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack d're they both, and full of ire,
In rage, desfe as the sea; hatle as fire.

Enter Bullingbrook and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heuens enioyng earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what doest thou obiekt
Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbecoming hate,
Come I appeallat to this Princely prefence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and chritfall is the skie,

The vglyer seeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
And with (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speake, my right drawn sword may proue

Mow. Let not my cold wordes heere accuse my seale:

'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.

First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would pozt, vntill it had return'd
These termes of treason, doubly downe his throat.

Setting aside his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odde,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman dorst set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltye,
By all my hopes most falsly doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a Kings
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine Honours pawne, then stoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuide.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrons designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aloue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vnrightly fight.

King. What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbrays* charge?

It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought n'ill in him.

Bul. Lookke what I said, my life shall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,

In

In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and iniquitous Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That cuer was suruey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eightene yeres
Comploited, and contriued in this Land,
Fetche'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
Suggest his soone beleueing aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificiing *Achilles* cries,
(Euen from the toongleffe cauerne of the earth)
To me for iustice, and rough chaficement :
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares :
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this ?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deaf,
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a liar.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne ;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneffe to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuileage him, nor partialize
The vn-suspecting firmeneffe of my vpright soule.
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou yest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburth I to his Highness soldiers;
The other part refer'd I by confite,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since last I went to France to fetch thy Queene :
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworn duty in that case :
For you my noble Lord of *Langcaster*,
The honourable Father to my sue,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my greued soule :
But ere I last receiue'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assigne our Trial day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me :
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physician,

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
Wee' calme the Duke of Norfolk; you, your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

King. And Norfolk, throw downe his.
Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.

King. Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke dishonours vie, thou shalt not haue.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare :
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poison.

King. Rage must be withstood :
Giue me his gage : Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yes, but not change his spot; take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation : that away,
Men are but gilded isme, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyal brest.

Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one :
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I live; and for that will I die.

King. Cousin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Bal. Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar-fears impeach my right
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle : my teeth shall tear
The flauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrays* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)
At Cosentree, vpon *S. Lamberts* day :
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your fetted hate :
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheffe of Gloucestre.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more sollicite me then your exclames,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

But

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauens,
Who when they see the hooues ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?

Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards feuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as feuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or feuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those feuen are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my *Glouster*,
One *Viol* full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his must Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all vaded
By *Enui*s hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou flaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou fcest thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is dispaire,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching *Herne* murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breuts:
What shall I say, to safeguard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my *Glousters* death.

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.

Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?

Gaunt. To heauen, the widowes Champion to defence

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to Couentre, there to behold
Our Cosine *Herford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O fit my husbands wrongs on *Herford*s speare,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*s breast:
Or if misfortune misse the first carriere,
Be *Mowbray*s finnes so heauy in his bosome,
That they may brake his foaming Couersers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caystiffe recraunt to my Cosine *Herford*:
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion *Greene*, must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister farewell: I must to Couentre,
As much good Ray with thee, as go with mee.

Dut. Yet one word more: *Greene* boundeth where it
Take with the empty hollownes, but weight: (falls)
I use my leaue, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmond* *Turk*.
Loe, this is all: I say, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plaffie* visit mee.
Alacke, and what shall good old *York*e there see?
But empty lodgings, and vn furnish'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vtrodden stones?

And what heere there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:
Defolate, defolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Amerle.

Mar. My L. *Amerle*, is *Harry* *Herford* arm'd.

Amer. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolke*, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the Appellants Trumpet.

As. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach. *Flewjke.*

*Enter King, Gaunt, Bejly, Bagot, Greene, &
others: Then Mowbray is Ar-*
mer, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, say who? art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As to defend thee heauen, and thy valour.

Amer. My name is *Thos. Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Herford*, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Herford, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plac'd in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherof com'st? hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

Bal. *Harry* of *Herford*, *Lincaester*, and *Derbie*,
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolke*,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire defenses.

Bal. Lord *Marshall*, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

c

Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farewell of out feuerall friends.

Mar. The Appellant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our armes.

Cofin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shedd,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh! let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be go'd with *Hembrays* speare:

As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.

My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord *Aumerle*;

Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheereley drawing breath.

Loe, as at English Feasts, fo I regrette
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,

Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayes,
And with thy blessings Steele my Lances point,

That it may enter *Mowbrays* waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,

Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cause make thee prop'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,

And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caikes

Of thy amas'd perniciouse enemy.

Rouse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and lioe.

Bul. Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thrive.

Mow. How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,
There lioes, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,

A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,

Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vocontrol'd enfranchisement,

More theio my dancing foule dole celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Adoerfarie.

Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,

As gentile, and as incoynd, as to left,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breift.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I epy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:

Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. *Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D.* of Norfolk.

1. Har. *Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby*,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,

On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To prooe the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*,

A Traitor to his God, his Kings, and him,
And dares him to left forwards to the fight.

2. Har. Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending hut the signall to begin. *A charge sounded*

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and let forward Combataints:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warde downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmes & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:

Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and lift
What with our Councell we haue done.

For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plough'd vp with neighbors swords,

Which so rous'd vp with boytous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grating thicke of wrathfull vpon Armes,
Might from our quiet Confinnes fright faire peace,

And make vs wade euen in our kindred blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.

You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers haue enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regret oor faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you heere, shall shine on me:

And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk: for thee remains a heavier dombe,
Which I with some vnwillingeffe pronounce,

The flye slow houres shall not determine
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:

The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:

A deerer merit, not so deepe a maiime,
As to be cast forth in the common syre

Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares

(My native English) now I must forgoe,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more,

Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,

Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you haue engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly perculist with my teeth and lippes,

And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Goele to attend on me:

I am too old to swaine vpon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:

What is thy sentence then, but spechelesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in foleme shades of endlesse night.

Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banish hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banish with your feloes)

To keepe the Oath that we administer:
You swear shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)

Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor ever write, regrets, or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complur any ill,
'Gainst Vs, our State, nor Subiects, or our Land.
'Bull. I sweare.

Ans. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolk, so fare, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our Soules had wandered in the ayre,
Banish'd this faire sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou hast fare to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mow. No 'Bullingham: If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Exit.

Rich. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy greued heart: thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment:
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gauw. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my finnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.
Gauw. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;
Shurten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to loose?

Gau. Things sweet to tast, prone in digestion soure:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leave to my vnwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich. Cofine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit.

Flourish.

An. Cofine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mir. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As fast as land will let me, by your side.

Gauw. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou return'st not greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an enforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The fullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to let
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frostie Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?

Or Wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastick summers heate?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Gines but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gau. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soyl adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:

Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Anselme, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obserue. Cofine *Anselme*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

An. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
but to the neat high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what hore of parting tears were shed?

An. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,

Awak'd the sleepe rheume, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What said our Cofin when you parted with him?

An. Farewell: and for my hart disdained; my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,

That word seem'd buried in my sorowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of Farwells,
but since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Eubly*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obseru'd his Courtesy to the common people:
How he did seeme to die into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courteisie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Oft goss his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his foppie knee,
With thanks my Countreimen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leaſure, yeeld them further meanes
For their advantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.

Ric. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coſſers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to ſarme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come ſhort
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke-charters:
Where to, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our want
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old Iohn of Gaunt is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt baſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely houſe.

Ric. Now put it (hæuen) in his Phyſitions minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coſſers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray hæuen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with York.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In whoſome counſell to his vnſaid youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, our ſtrive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying meo
Inforce attention like deepe harmony:
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldom ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
Gau. That no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eafe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends mark'd, then their lyes before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweeteſt, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though Richard my lyes counſell would not heare,
My death's ſid tale, may yet vndeſe his eare.

Yor. No, it is ſlope: with other flat'tring founds
As praifes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laciuous Meeters, to whoſe venom found
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whole manners ſtill our tardie apish Nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.

Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly boſ'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direſt not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gau. Me thinks I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His riſh ſierce blaſe of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſonne burne out themſeloes,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſudaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too fall betimes;
With eger feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſtiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſonne preyes vpon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſcripted Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paraſe,
This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the filuer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defence to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true Chivalrie,
As is the ſculcher in ſtubborne Iury
Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed eMarſie Sonne.
This Land of ſuch deepe ſoules, this deepe-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Lea'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme,
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſledge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blotches, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe,
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

*Enter King, Queens, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene,
Bager, Ros, and Willoughby.*

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Ry. How fares our noble Vncle Lancater?

Ric. What comfort man? How ſit with aged Gaunt?

Gau. Oh how that name beſtirs my compoſition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old!
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious ſiſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtriſt fiſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein ſiſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſecke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?
Gau. No, no, men living flatter those that dye.
Ric. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I see theicker be.
Ric. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.
Gau. Now be that made me, knowes I see thee ill:

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
 Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
 Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
 And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,
 Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those Phyticians, that first wounded thee.
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
 Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
 And yet incaged in so small a Verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:
 Oh had thy Grandfathers a Prophets eye,
 Seene how his sonnes fonnes, should destroy his sonnes,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Depoling thee before thou wert posselt,
 Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.
 Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let his Land by lease:
 But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
 Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?
 Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
 Thy state of Law, is bondslawe to the law,
 And——

Ric. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
 Prefuming on an Agnes priuiledge,
 Dar'st with thy frozen adimonition
 Make pale our cheekes, chasing the Royall blood
 With fury, from his native residence?
 Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,
 Wer't thou not Brother to great Edwards sonne,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy vntreuernt shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards sonne,
 For that I was his Father Edwards sonne:
 That blood already (like the Pelican)
 Thou hast tap't out, and drunkenly carow'd.
 My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning foule
 (Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy foules)
 May be a president, and witnesse good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edwards blood:
 Ioyne with the present sic knesse that I haue,
 Add thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,
 To creep at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
 Loe in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
 These words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.
 Conoeie me to my bed, then to my graue,
 Loe me to lye, that loue and honor haue.

Exit

Ric. And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,
 For both haue thou, and both become the graue.

Yor. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
 To wayward sickliness, and age in him:
 He louses you on my life, and holds you deere
 As Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

Ric. Right, you say true: as Herfords loue, so his;
 As theirs, fo mine: and as be as it is.

Enter Northumberland,

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gauent* commends him to your
 Maiestie.

Ric. What sayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is laid:

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt fo,
 Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Ric. The ripest fruit first fall, and so doth he,
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
 So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
 Which line like venom, where no venom else
 But onely they, haue priuiledge to lye.
 And for these great assayes do wike some charge
 Towards our assistance, we do feise to vs
 The plate, coine, reuennewes, and mousables,
 Whereof our Vncle *Gauent* did stand posselt.

Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
 Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
 Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,
 Nor *Gauents* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,
 Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
 About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
 Haue euer made me fowre my patient cheeke,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:
 I am the last of noble Edwards sonnes,
 Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
 In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
 In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
 Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
 His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:
 But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends: his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend: and spent not that
 Which his triumphant fathens hand had won:
 His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
 Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
 Or else he neuer would compare betwene,

Ric. Why Vncle,

What's the matter?

Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not
 I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
 Seeke you to feise, and gripe into your hands
 The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Herford*?
 Is not *Gauent* dead? and doth not *Herford* lye?
 Was not *Gauent* iust? and is not *Harry* true?
 Did not the one deserve to haue an heyre?
 Is not his heyre a well-deseruing sonne?
 Take *Herfords* rights away, and take from time
 His Charters, and his customearie rights:
 Let not to morrow then infuse to day,
 Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
 But by faire sequence and succession?
 Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
 If you do wrongfully feise *Herfords* right,
 Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
 By his Atruneyes generall, to sue
 His *Liuerie*, and denie his offer'd homage,
 You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
 You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we feise into our hands,
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What

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What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good.

Exit.

Rich. Go *Bulbow* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* freight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse : to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow :
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle *York*, Lord Gouernor of *England* :
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our *Queene*, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Annet Nurib. Willoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Ross. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennue.

Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great : but it must break with silence,
E'er be disburthen'd with a libellal tongue.

Nor. May speake thy mind : & let him ne'r speake more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th'*Du.* of *Hereford*,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quickie is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnielise you call it good to picke him,
Berett and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land ;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Ross. The Commons hath he pil'd with greuous taxes
And quite lost their hearts : the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are deu'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what :
But what o'Gods name doth become of this ?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yielded vpon compromise,
That which his Ancestors achieu'd with blowes :
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in Farme.

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Ross. He hath not monie for these Irish warres :
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King :
But Lords, we heare this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to avoid the storme :
We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailles,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so : enen through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering : but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ross. Be confident to speake *Northumberland*,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking fo,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus : I haue from *Port le Blau*
A Bay in *Britaine*, recei'd intelligence,
That *Harry Duke of Hereford*, *Rainold Lord Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishops, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainsford*,
Sir John Norbury, *Sir Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shores :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wings,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in posse to *Rauespurg*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Ross. To horie, to horie, vrge doubts to them y' feare.

Wil. Hold out my horie, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Queene, Bulbow, and Bagot.*

Bulbow. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Que. To please the King, I did : to please my selfe
I cannot do it yet : I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard* : yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bulbow. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so :
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Dioides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguish forme : so your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shap'es of greefe, more then him selfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, it taught but shadowes
Of what it is not : then three-gracious *Queene*,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie, (scene;
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Que. It may be so : but yet my inward soule
Perlwades me it is otherwise : how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad : so heauy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrink.

Bulbow. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Queene.

Que. 'Tis nothing lesse : conceit is still derio'd
From some fure-lather greefe, mine is not fo,
For nothing hath begot my fomething greefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greewe,
'Tis in reuerfion that I do poffeffe,
But what it is, is that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelefse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gre. Heaven faue your Maiefty, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet fhip't for Ireland. (meo:

Que. Why hop'ft thou fo? Tis better hope he is
For his delignes craue haft, his haft good hope,
Then wherefore doft thou hope he is not fhip't?

Gre. That be our hope, might hise retyr'd his power,
and driven into difpaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath fet footing in this Land.
The banifh'd *Bullingbrooke* repales himfelfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is fafe arriu'd
At *Raunfburg*.

Que. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gre. O Madam 'tis too true : and that is worfe,
The L. Northumberland, his yong fonne *Henric Percie*,
The Lords of *Riffe*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

Bulb. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reft of the reuolted fclaves, Traitors?

Gre. We haue : whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his ftaffe, refign'd his Stewardfhip,
And al the houhold feruants fled with him to *Bullingbrooke*.

Que. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke* my forrowes difmall heyre :
Now hath my foule brought furth her prodigie,
Aod I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, forrow to forrow ioy'n'd.

Bulb. Difpaire not Madam.

Que. Who fhall hinder me?
I will difpaire, and be at enmitie
With couaening hope : he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would difsolue the bands of life,
Which falf hopes linger in extremitie.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Que. With fignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull bufineffe are his lookes :
Vncle, for heauens fake fpeake comfortable words :

Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crofter, care and greefe :
Your husband he is gone to faue farre off,
Whilft others come to make him loofe at home :
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot fupport my felfe :
Now comes the ficke houre that his fufet made,
Now fhall be try thy friends that flattered him.

Enter a feruant.

Ser. My Lord, your fonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was : why fo : go all which way it will :
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reult on Herford's fide.
Sirra, get thee to *Plafhy* to my fther Glofter,
Bid her fend me prefently a hundred poods,
Holl, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot

To tell your Lordfhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I fhall greue you to report the reft.

Yor. What is't knoe?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheffe di'de.

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rufhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do : I would to heauen
(So my vntrufth had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poffes difpatcht for Ireland?
How fhall we do for money for thefe warres?
Come fiter (Cofen I would fay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide fome Caris,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you mufter men?
If I know how, or which way to order thefe affaires
Thus diforderly thruft into my hands,
Never belecue me. Both are my kinfmen,
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend : th'other againe
Is my kinfman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom confcience, and my kindred bids to right :
Well, fometwat we muft do : Come Cofen,
He difpofe of you, Gentlemen, go mufter vp your men,
And meet me prefently at *Barkley Caftle* :
I fhould to *Plafhy* too : but time will not permit,
All is vneuen, and every thing is left at fix and feuen. *Exit*

Bulb. The winde fits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returns : For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoffible.

Gre. Befides our neceffitie to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thofe loue not the King.

Be. And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purfes, and who fo empties them,
By fo much falfs their hearts with deadly hate.

Bulb. Wherein the king ftands generally condemn'd
Be. If iudgement lye in them, then fo do we,
Because we haue bene euer neere the King.

Gre. Well : I will for refuge ftraight to *Bristoll Caftle*,
The Earle of *Wiltfhire* is already there.

Bulb. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like *Curra*, to teare vs all in peeces :
Will you go along with vs?

Be. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieftie :
Farewell, if hearts prefages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r fhall meete againe.

Be. That's as *Yorke* thrives to beate back *Bullingbrooke*
Gre. Alas poore Duke, the tafke he vndertakes
Is numbring fands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his fide fights, thousands will fye.

Bulb. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meete againe.

Be. I feare me neuer.

Exit.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to *Berkley* now?

Nor. Beleuee me noble Lord,
I am a ftranger beere in *Gloufterfhire*,
Thefe high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearifome :
And yet our faire difcourfe hath bene as fugar,

Mark in

Making the hard way sweet and delectable :

But I bechoke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurgh to Cottthold will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse, and procelle of my travell ;
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse ;
And hope to loy, is little lesse in loy,
Then hope enioy'd : By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By fight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words : but who comes here ?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worcester* : Whence soeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle ?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene ?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispers'd
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason ?

He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.

But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,

And sent me ouer by *Barkely*, to discourse
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord ; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember : to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now : this is the
Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approved seruice, and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be fure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembering my good Friends ;
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Coueoant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

North. How farr is it to *Barkely* ? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre ?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymour*,
None else of Name, and noble estate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, ferie red with battle.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht Traitor ; all my Treasure
Is yet vnscit thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Will. And farr furmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thanks, th'Eschequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeres,
Stands for my Bountie ; but who comes here ?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkely*, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to *Lawcaster*,
And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, tis not my meaning
To raise one Title of your Honor out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)

From the most glorious of this Land,

The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on

To take aduantage of the absent time,

And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is dectuable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Yorke. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,

I am no Traytors Vnckle ; and that word Grace,

In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,

Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground ?

But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march

So many miles vpon her peaceful Bosome,

Fighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,

And offention of despised Armes ?

Com'it thou because th'anyoynted King is hence ?

Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.

Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe

Refused the *Black Prince*, that yong *Chari* of men,

From forth the Ranks of many thousand French :

Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,

Now Prisoner to the Pallie, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,

On what Condition stands it, and wherein ?

Yorke. Euen in Condition of the worst degree,

In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason :

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come

Before th'expiration of thy time,

In brauing Atmes against thy Sueraigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,

But as I come, I come for *Lawcaster*.

And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace

Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye :

You are my Father, for me thinks in you

I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,

Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandering Vagabond ; my Rights and Royalties

Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away

To vpstart Vnthrifts ? Wherefore was I borne ?

If that my Cousin King, be King of England,

It must be granted, I am Duke of *Lawcaster*.

You haue a Sonne, *Asmerl*, my Noble Kinsman,

Had you first died, and he bene thus trod downe,

He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,

To rouse his Wrongs, and chafe them to the bay.

I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,

And yet my Letters Patents giue me leave :

My Fathers goods are all diftrain'd, and sold,

And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What

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What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Discent.

Norrb. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roff. It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.

Bulb. Bafe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Colens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

Norrb. The Noble Duke hath sworne his coming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neu'r fee loy, that breaks that Oath.

York. Well, well, I fee the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vntilse you please to eoter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held
By *Baybie*, *Bager*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue sworne to weed, and plucke away.

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet lye pawfe,
For I am loth to breake out Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foets, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrey men together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our felues: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposest all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fix'd Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fie'd Moone looks bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrey men are gone and fled,
As well affur'd Richard their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the bafe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne fets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Wee, and Vnrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foets,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, York, Northumberland,
Roffe, Percie, Willoughby, with Baybie
and Greene Prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men:

Baybie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much wring your pernicious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappy, and disgrud' eleane:
You haue in manner with your finfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn frō her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And figh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and sell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: fee them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.

Baybie. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,
And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, fee them dispatch'd:
Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your Hoode,
For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I fend to her my kind commendis;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendore*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holiday.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late toiling on the breaking Seas?Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Hories hooves:As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,

And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.

Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauensome fenec:

But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,

And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,

Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,

Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.

Yield stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;

And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,

Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch

Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.

Mock not my senselesse Coniuration, Lords;

This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones

Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native King

Shall falter vnder soule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King

Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,

Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,

Growes strong and great, in subltance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,

That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid

Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,

Then Theeues and Robbers range abroad vnscene,

In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:

But when from vnder this Terrestrial Ball

He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,

And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,

Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes

(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,

Who all this while hath reuelli'd in the Night,

Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,

His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of Day;

But felle-affrighted, tremble at his fenne.

Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea

Can wash the Balm from an anyoynt King;

The breath of worldly men cannot depole

The Deputie elected by the Lord:

For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,

To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,

Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly payA glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heauen fill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,

Then this weake arme; difcomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:

One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)

Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:

Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,

And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:

To day, to day, vnhappy day too late

Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;

For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,

And till so much blood thither come againe,

Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?

All Soules that will be faine, flye from my fide,

For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?

Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest!

Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?

Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes

At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,

Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not high?

High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Turky*

Hath Power enough to ferue our turne.

But who comes here? Enter *Scrope*.

Scrope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,

Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:

The world is worldly losse, thou canst not withold:

Say, is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:

And what losse is it to be rid of Care?

Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?

Greater he shall not be: If hee ferue God,

Wee'll ferue him too, and be his Fellow so.

Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,

They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:

Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,

The world is Death, and Death will haue his day.

Scrope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd

To beare the tidings of Calamitie.

Like an vnseasonable Storme day,

Which make the Silver Riuers drowne their Shores,

As if the World were all dissol'd to teares:

So high, about his Limits, twells the Rage

Of *Bullingbrooke*, ouerwring your fearfull Land

With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:

White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps

Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,

Strive to speake bigger, and clap their female ioints

In fesse vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne

Thy very Beadi-men learne to bend their Bowes

Of double fatall Egge: against thy State

Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:

Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,

And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.

Where is the Earle of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagot*?What is become of *Basford*? where is *Greene*?

That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confinnes with such peacefull steps?
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they haue made peace with him indeede (my Lord.)
Scrape. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, easily woun to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ring my heart,
Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scrape. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the fowrest, and most deadly hate:
Againe incurse their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse
Haue felt the worke of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Ans. Is *Bolton*, *Greene*, and the Earle of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scrape. Yes, all of them at *Brighthelm* lost their heads.

Ans. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:

Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duff our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoued bodies to the ground?

Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serueth as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,
Some payfon'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Fleish, which walls about our Life,
Were Braile impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
I lue with Bread like you, feeble Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Card. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently preuent the wayes to wail:
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worke can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where feare, dying, payes death feruile breath.

Ans. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou child'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This age fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An easie tanke it is to winne our owne.

Say *Scrape*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scrape. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The Rate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worke, that must be spoken.
Your Vnckle *York* is ioynd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Southerne Castles yielded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despair:
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes slau, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Ans. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,
York, Northumberland, Attendants.*

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would befeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard*: aslack the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene,
Would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would
Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking for the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.

York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppoie not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Tercie.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy.

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scrope*, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlike.

Bull. Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Cistle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and fends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, Ile vfe th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how faire off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene Lasp of faire King *Richards* Land,
My slooping dutie tenderly shall shew.

Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinks King *Richard* and my felie should meet
With no lesse terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smooke
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within: then a Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlike, Aumerle, Scrope, Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the seric Portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as in the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe,
That our harme should staine so faire a shew.

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?

If we be not, then vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophane, Reale, or vsurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbeget,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinks he is,
That every stride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he looks for, lye in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Palours Grassie with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be rusht vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the Honourable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandfathers Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Corrents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie granted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious hearing thou hast,
Speake to his gentle vntier kind commands.
We doe debate our felie (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorly, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue bene,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell't thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. What must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he loose
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Jewels for a fitt of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obfcure Graue.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howely trample on their Soueraignes Head;
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I live;
And buried once, why not vpon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Couſin)
Wee'l make foole Weather with deſpised Teares;
Our fighes, and they, ſhall lodge the Sommer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make ſome prettie Match, with ſhedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them fill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
Two Kinfmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I fee
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Moſt mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I.

Norrb. My Lord, in the bafe Court he doth attend
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of varuſly Iades.
In the bafe Court? bafe Court, where Kings grow bafe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.

In the bafe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls ſhrike, where moiting Larks ſhould ſing.
Bull. What ſayes his Maieſtie?

Norrb. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to his Maieſtie.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Couſin,
You deſaue your Princely Kneer,
To make the bafe Earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might ſeele your Loue,
Then my vnpleaſ'd Eye ſee your Courtſie.
Vp Couſin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your Kneer be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſeruite ſhall deferue your loue.

Rich. Well you deferu'd:
They well deferue to haue,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares ſhew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, lie giue, and willing to,
For doe we muſt, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London:
Couſin, is it ſo?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I muſt ſay ſo, no.

Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queens, and two Ladies.

Q. What ſport ſhall we deuſe here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'l play at Bowles.

Q. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'l Dance.

Q. My Legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no meaſure keeps in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.

La. Madame, wee'l tell Tales.

Q. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of eyther, Madame.

Q. Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It adds more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:

For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile ſing.

Q. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:

But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Q. And I could ſing, would weeeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Seruants.

Bot ſay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe Trees,
My wretchedneſſe, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'll talke of State: for euery one doth lo,
Againſt a Change; Woe is ſore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruſy Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreſſion of their prodigall weight:
Giue ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.

Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too ſalt growing ſprays,
That looke too loſie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen, in our Government.

You thus implo'd, I will goe root away
The noyſome Weedes, that without profit ſueke
The Soyles fertillie from wholeſome flowers.

Ser. Why ſhould we, in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Eſtate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the Fall of Leaſe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſcem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltſhire, *Buſbie*, *Greene*.

Ser. What,

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pity is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and be to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd

'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorke,
That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeness, set to dress this Garden:
How darest thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing
What Eve? what Serpent hath suggest'd thee, (newes)
To make a second fall of curst man?
Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighs King *Richard* downe.
Posses you to London, and you'll finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knows it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, London King in woe.
What was I borne to this? that my sad lookes,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may never grow. Exit.
G. Poore Queene, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did the drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, fowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, ev'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke*, *Aumerle*, *Nor-*
thumberland, *Yorke*, *Fitz-Water*, *Surrey*, *Carlisle*, *Abbot*
of Westminster. *Heralds*, *Officers*, and *Bagot*.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble *Glousters* death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Bag. Then bet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bal. Cousin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnsway, what it hath once deliv'rd.
In that dead time, when *Glousters* death was plotted,
I heard you say, I am not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reffull English Court
As farre as *Calis*, to my *Vnkles* head.

Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cousins death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
On equal termes to give him chasitment?
Either I must, or have mine honor foyl'd
With th'Attainder of his slanderous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuell Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though bring all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bal. *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this prefrence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathise:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wert cause of Noble *Glousters* death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapien point.

Aum. Thoo dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. *Aumerle*, thou lyest: his Honor is as true
In this Appelle, as thou art all vnjust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extremest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in prefrence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heauen,

As Heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. *Surrey*, thou lyest.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;
That Lye, shall lie so heuy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz.

Flour. How fondly dost thou spur a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or live,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wilderness,
And spit vpon him, whilst I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tie thee to my strong Correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeal.
Beside, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at *Calis*.

Ann. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
And (though mine Enemy) restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.

Carl. That honorable day shall ne're be seene.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toy'd with workes of Warre, retr'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. As sure as I live, my Lord.

Bull. Sweet Peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Bosome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appellants, your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bull. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.

Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worst in this Royall Prefence may I speake,
Yet best beseeching me to speake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Prefence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Maiesty,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie eld,
Anyoynted, Crown'd, plantd many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himselfe not present? Ob, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'd
Should thew so heynous, black, offensive deed.
I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to proud *Hereford* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophesie,

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houfe, against this Houfe
It will the wofullest Diuision proue,
That euer fell vpon this curst Earth.
Preuent it, refit it, and let it not be so,
Lest Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminister, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceede
Without suspition.

York. I will be his Conduft.

Exit.

Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and York.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I haue shooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue leasn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Kneec.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to turtur me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The fauors of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All haile to me?
So *Iudas* did to Christ: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.
God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God saue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what seruise, am I sent for hither?

York. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maiesty did make thee owe:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrook*.

Rich. Giue me the Crowne. Here Cousin, seize y^e Crowne:
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ouer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnfeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Tresses am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst you mount vp on high.

Bull. I thought you had been willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but fill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes: fill am I King of those.

Bull. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Cares let vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

Bull. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

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Rich. I,

Rich. I, no; no, I; for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I refuse to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe,
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly fway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releafe all diuious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee,
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haue all achieu'd.
Long may'st thou lue in *Richards* Seat to sit,
And foone lye *Richard* in an Earthe Pit.
God saue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* dayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remains?

North. No more: but that you reade
These Acculations, and these grievous Crymes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.
Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weu'd-up folliyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Containing the depouing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate*, with your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my fowre Croffe,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I torne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;
Proud Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pefant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurp'd: attack the heauie day,
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.
North. Read o're this Paper, while y^e Glasfe doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou tormentest me, ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfi'd.
Rich. They shall be satisfi'd: I lie reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasfe.
Giue me that Glasfe, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow stricke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasfe,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his Houle-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many folliyes,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiers.
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.
The shadow of my Sorrow: ha! let's see,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And these external manner of Laments,
Are merely shadowes, to the vnseene Griefe,
That swells with silence in the torrur'd Soule.
There lyes the subllance: and I thank thee King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ie begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.
Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge,

Bull. Yet aske.
Rich. And shall I haue?
Bull. You shall.
Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights.
Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That sife thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly fet downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your felous. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The Woe to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this as sharpe to them as Thorne.
Abbot. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.
Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What ever I shall happen to deuide.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qe. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæsars ill-erected Tower;
To whose fust Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Hauē any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

Bot soft, but fee, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rofe wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may difsolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true, loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houfe Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not fo,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious Houfe:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane hours here haue stricken downe.

Qe. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath hee bene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-pow'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A Lyon, of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had bene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folke, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the fencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will moune in ashes, some coale-black,
For the depofing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule finne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little vr'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurp'd Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deferred Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd! (had men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; twist my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
Part vs, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, fet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowman, or short't' of day.

Qe. And must we be diuided? must we part?
Rich. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frō heart.

Qe. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qe. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.

Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.

Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qe. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, if Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,

Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:

One Kisse shall shut our mouthes, and dumbly part;

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qe. Giue me mine owne againe: were no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart,

So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may stride to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-guerrn'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

d 3 *Yorke.* Then

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
 Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
 Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
 While all tongues cried, God save thee *Bullingbrooke*.
 You would haue thought the very windowes spake,
 So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
 Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
 Vpon his visage: and that all the waller,
 With painted Imagery had said at once,
 Iesu preferre thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.
 Whil' he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
 Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countreimen:
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
 After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
 Did scowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God save him!
 No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
 But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
 His face still combating with teares and smiles
 (The badges of his griefe and patience)
 That had not God (for some strong purpose) steeld
 The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
 And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.
 But heauen hath a hand in these euent,
 To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
 To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now,
 Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my Sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
 But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
 And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:
 I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,
 That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
 God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time
 Least you be crop't before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? Hold those iests & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
 Yes, look't thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who fees it,
 I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 It is a matter of small consequence,
 Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see
 I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
 For gay apparel, against the Triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
 That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. *Snatches it*
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
 Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
 Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,

I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, 'f art amas'd,
 Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yor. Giue me my Boots, I say.

Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?

Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,

And rob me of a happy Mothers name?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:

Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?

A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,

And interchangably fet downe their hands

To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:

Woe'll keepe him heere: in that what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my
 Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groon'd for him as I haue done,

Thou wouldst be more pittifull:

But now I know thy minde: thou do'st suspect

That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,

And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:

Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:

He is as like thee, as a man may bee,

Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,

And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way, vnruely Woman.

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horse,

Sporre post, and get before him to the King,

And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,

lie not be long behind: though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:

And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,

Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthrifte Sonne?

'Tis full three monethes since I did see him last.

If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,

I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:

Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauerne there:

For

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So disolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphs held at Oxford.

Bal. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common't creature plucke a Glooe
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorle the lustiest Challenger.

Bal. As disolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bal. What means our Cofin, that hee stares
And lookes so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

Bal. Withdraw your felmes, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofo within my mouth,
Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

Bal. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the firft, how heynous ere it bee,

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bal. Haue thy desire.

York within.

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,

Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bal. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengfull hand, thou hast no cause
to feare.

York. Open the doore, secure soole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will brake it open.

Enter York.

Bal. What is the matter (Vnkle) speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my halfe forbids me shew.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.

Fears, and not Loue, begets his penitence;

Forget to pity him, least thy pity proue

A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bal. Oh heinous, frowne, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne!

Thou there, immaculate, and sinner fountaine,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages

Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.

Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,

And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse

This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

York. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;

As thriflesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Duchesse within.

Dut. What hea (my Liege) for heaues like let me in.
Bal. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pity me, open the doore,

A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bal. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.

My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,

I know she's come, to pray for your soule fin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoe'er pray,

More finnes for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fetter'd ioynt cut off, the rest refts found,

This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchesse.

Dut. O King, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, losing not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost y' make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bal. Rise vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,

And neuer see day, that the happy feces,

Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayes, I bend my knee.

York. Against them eath, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleadest he in earnest? Lookte vpon his Face,

His eyes do drop no teares: his prayes are in left:

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breest.

He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,

We pray with heart, and soule, and all befid:

His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,

Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrie,

Ours of true zeale, and deepe integrity:

Oor prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue

That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bal. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp.

But Pardon firft, and afterwards stand vp.

And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:

Say Pardon (King), let pity teach thee how.

The word is short: but not so short as sweet,

No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's fo meet.

York. Speake it in French (King) say *Pardonnez moy*.

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?

Ah my fowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,

That let's the word to selfe, against the word.

Speake Pardon, as 'tis current in our Land,

The chopping French we do not vnderstand.

Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,

Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine care,

That hearing how our plaints and prayes do pearce,

Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bal. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dut. I do not fue to stand,

Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.

Bal.

Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I sick for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comfort crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order severall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:
They shall not live within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cofin adieu:

Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

Dut. Come my old fon, I pray heaven make thee new.

Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee
spake?

Haue I no friend will rid me of this living feare:
Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wisely look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would duorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I live, vnto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do fet the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith: thus Come little ones: then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the postern of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonden; how these vaine weakke nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison wall:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many haue, and others must fit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
Perfwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
Ha, ha! keepe time: How fowre sweet Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintieffe of care,
To heere time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing still, to cleansing them from teares.
Now fir, the found that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Hournes, and Times: but my Time
Runs positing on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling here, his iacke o' th' Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wife-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Gloome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks Noble Peere,
The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?

Groo. I was a poore Groomer of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London Streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully haue dress'd.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand,
This hand hath mad him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vnrp his backe?
Forgiuenesse horse! Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

And

And yet I beare a borthen like an Affe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dyb.

Kep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.

Gro. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
say. *Exit.*

Kep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.

Kep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee;
Patience is faine, and I am weary of it.

Kep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now! what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yelds thy deaths instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That stagers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my foule, thy feast is vp on high,
Whil't my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deepe is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

*Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with
other Lords & attendants.*

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue confum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?

Nor. First to thy Sacred State, with I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*.

The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoured in this paper heere.

Bul. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of *Braccas*, and Sir *Bunet Serly*,
Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dire oerthrow.

Bul. Thy paines *Fitz-waters* shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With elog of Conscience, and fowre Melancholly,
Hath yielded vp his body to the graue:
But heere is *Carlile*, liuing to abide

Thy Kingly doome, and fenetene of his pride.

Bul. *Carlile*, this is your doome:

Chooose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it loy thy life:
So as thou liu'lt in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy, thou hast euer beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bul. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deepe of Slaughtre, with thy fittall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They loue not payson, that do payson neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour,
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on fullen Blacke incontinent:

Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
Mareh fadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntime Beere.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you Cose
Of this young Percie pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his owne use he keepes, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

Wyl. This is his Vnckles teaching, This is Worcester
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

Cohn, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Wyl. I will my Liege.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Fal-
laffe, and Poins.*

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
vpon Benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotte to
demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know.
What a diuell hath thou to do with the time of the day?
vntill houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,
and clockes the tongues of Bowdies, and dialls the signes
of Leaping-bouies, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason,
why thou shouldst bee so superfluous, to demand the
time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that
take Purfes, go by the Moone and seven Starres, and not
by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I
prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue
thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt
have none.

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to
an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd
Theeves of the Dayes besutie. Let vs be *Dianaes* Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Government, being
gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe
and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the
Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most refo-
lutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely
spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by;
and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe
as the foot of the Lader, and by and by in as high a flow
as the ridge of the Gallies.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of
the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the honey, my old Lad of the Cuffe: and is
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy
goips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe
with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-
stesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a
time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.
Prin. Yes and elfewhere, so farre as my Coine would
stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yes, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant,
that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,
shall there be Gallies standing in England when thou
art King? and resolution thus fob'd as it is, with the rus-
tie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou
when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeth falsly already. I meane, thou shalt
haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare
Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it lumps with
my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell
you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Haog-
man hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly
of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnflauoury smiles, and art in-
deed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince.
But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names
were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated
me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd
him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded
him not, and yet hee talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vn-
to me *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee
Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake
truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue o-
uer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a
Villaine. Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings sonne in Chri-
stendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purfe to morrow, lacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe
not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From
Praying, to Purfe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation! 'Tis no sin for a
man to labour in his Vocation.

Poins. Now shall wee know if Gods hill haue set a
Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole
in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-
potent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Poins.

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What faies Monsieur Remorfe? What fayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar lacke? How agrees the *Diuell* and thee about thy Soule, that thou foldst him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elfe he had damn'd for cosening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yeward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will ehops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. *Sir Iohn*, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a left to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe, Hervey, Ruffill*, and *Gads-bill*, shall robe those men that we haue already way-lay'd, your selfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner achieved, but wee'll let vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and firrah, I haue Cafes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poines. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he fees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this left will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endur'd, and in the reproofe of this, lyes the iest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile spee. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Poines

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold

The vnycak'd humor of your idleness:

Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,

Who doth permit the safe contagious cloudes

To smother vp his Beauty from the world,

That when he please againe to be himselfe,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foule and vgly mists

Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.

If all the yeare were playing holidays,

To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;

But when they feldome come, they wiht-for come,

And nothing pleaseeth but rare accidents.

So when this loofe behauiour I throw off,

And pay the debt I neuer promised;

By how much better then my word I am,

By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,

And like bright Metall on a fullen ground:

My reformation glittering o're my fault,

Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,

Then that which hath no foyle to set it off.

Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,

Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath bene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to stirre at these indignities, And you haue found me; for accordingly, You tread vpon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath bene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lost that Title of respect, Which the proud soule ne're pays, but to the proud. *Wor.* Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deferres The scourge of greatness to be vied on it, And that same greatness too, which our owne hands Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O fir, your preference is too bold and peremptory,

And Maiestie might neuer yet endure

The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,

You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need

Your vife and counsell, we shall find for you.

You were about to speake.

Norib. Yea, my good Lord.

Thofe

Those Prisoners in your Highness demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Hulmedon* tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was deliuered to your Maiesty :

Who either through enuy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hut. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreme Toyle,
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, and trimly drest;
Freih as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest-home.

He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And 'twist his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box : which euer and anon
He guse his Nose, and took't away againe :
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Souffe : And fill he smil'd and talk'd :
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knauets, Vnmannerly,
To bring a sloiously vnhandsome Coasie
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.

With many Holiday and Lady tearme
He question'd me : Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behaile.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Poppingay)
Out of my Greeke, and my Impatience,
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He should, or should not : For he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds : God saue the marke ;
And telling me, the Soueraign'th thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise :

And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier.
This bald, vnyoynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indiretly (as I said.)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What euer *Harry Percy* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably dye, and neuer rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnay it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
Bot with Prouilo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ranfome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who (in my soules) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower* :
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home ?
Shall we buy Treason ? and indent with Feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves.

No : on the barren Mountaine let him sterue :
For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny coft
To ranfome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hut. Reuolted *Mortimer* ?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre : to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes fiedge banke,
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood ;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crise-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did bale and rotten Policy
Colours her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receiue so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with Reuolt.

King. Thou do'st bely him *Percy*, thou do'st bely him ;
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower* :

I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the duell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not alham'd ? But Sirrall, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We Licenise your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hut. And if the duell come and roare for them
I will not send them. I will asier straight
And tell him so : for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? *Ray & pause awhile,*
Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worcester.*

Hut. Speake of *Mortimer* ?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behaile, Ile empty all these Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bulbinger*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone ?
Hut. He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners :

And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood ?

Nor. He was : I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish Expedition :

From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murder'd.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hut.

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer,
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my kelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That with'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his fake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curfes vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cordes, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I defend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gaze them both in an vnusu behalle
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off?
By him, for whom these flames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Revenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say—

War. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I vnclasp a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stierres
To rowe a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or due into the bottom of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

War. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

War. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Hee keeps them all.

By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

War. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ranfome Mortimer:
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.
But I will finde him when he lies asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

War. Heare you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would haue payn'd him with a pot of Ale.

War. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Walpe-tongue'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womens mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Fifmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.

In Richard's time: What d'ye call the place?

A plague vpon't, it is in Gloucestershire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Caffe.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Diuell take such Cousenars, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

War. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
Wee'll stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done infooth.

War. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl'y'd,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

War. True, who beares hard
His Brother's death at *Briekw.* the Lord *Screpe*.
I speake not this in eblimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choosethat be a Noble plot,

And

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.

War. And so they shall.

Hor. Infamie it is exceedingly well aym'd.

War. And 'tis no railing bids vs speed,
To fust our heads, by rafting of 2 Head
For, beare our feloes as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we, thinke our feloes vnatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home,
And fee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strengers to his lookes of loue.

Hor. He does, he does; we'll be reueng'd on him.

War. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your courte
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vn certainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrise, I trust.

Hor. Vncle, adieu : O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.*exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, lie be hang'd. *Charles* waite is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horie not packt. What Ofler?

Ofl. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point : the poore lade is wrung in the withers, out of all celfe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peafe and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore lades the Bottes : This house is turned vpside downe since *Robin* the Ofler dyed.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer loy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas : I am fting like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney : and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ofler, come away, and be hang'd : come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse.

1. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Ofler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in that head? Can't not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, ha't no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

ding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, can't tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry lie see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier : What time do you mean to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge. *Exeunt*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine : For thou varriest no more from picking of Purfes, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Maister *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper ; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knows what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarke, lie ge thee this necke.

Cham. No, lie none of it : I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worships't S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, lie make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Staruelling. Tnt, there are other Troians that y dream't not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am loyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillitie ; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake ; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray ; and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Common-wealth ; or rather, not to pray to her, but pray on her for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cockfure : we haue the receipt of Fern-seede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fern-seede, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Glue me thy hand.

Thou shalt haue a share in our porpoise,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe.

Gad. Goe too : *Hums* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ofler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt*

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Scena

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.**Paines.* Come helter, helter, I have remoued *Falstaff* Horfe, and he fets like a gum'd Velvet.*Prin.* Stand clofe.*Enter Falstaff.**Fal.* *Paines, Paines,* and be hang'd *Paines.**Prin.* Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a bawling doft thou keepe.*Fal.* What *Paines.* *Hal!**Prin.* He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.*Fal.* I am accurst to roh in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horfe, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourly any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile behang'd it could not be elfe: I haue drunke Medicines. *Paines, Hal,* a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto:* Ile starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threefcore & ten miles asoft with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.*They Whistle.**Whew:* a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horfe you Rogues: giue me my Horfe, and be hang'd.*Prin.* Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare clofe to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.*Fal.* Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far asoft again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?*Prin.* Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.*Fal.* I prether good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horfe, good Kings sonne.*Prin.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ofler?*Fal.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a left is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.*Enter Gad-a-hill.**Gad.* Stand.*Fal.* So I do against my will.*Pain.* O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:*Bardolph,* what newes?*Bar.* Caffe ye, caffe ye; on with your Vitards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.*Fal.* You lie you Rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauerne.*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.*Fal.* To be hang'd.*Prin.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lang: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.*Pain.* But how many be of them?*Gad.* Some eight or ten.*Fal.* Will they not rob vs?*Prin.* What, a Coward Sir *Iohn Pouch?**Fal.* Indeed I am not *Idon* of *Gauent* your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal.**Prin.* Wee'l issue that to the prooffe.*Pain.* Sirra Iacke, thy horfe stands behinde the hedg, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguises?*Pain.* Heere hard by: Stand clofe.*Fal.* Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.*Enter Trauellers.**Tra.* Come Neighbour: the boy shall leade our Horfes downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and cafe our Legges.*Theeues.* Stay.*Tra.* Iesu blesse vs.*Fal.* Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorfon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.*Fal.* Hang ye gorbelled knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Baccans, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand lurers, are ye? Wee'l lure ye if lieth.*Heere they rob them and blinde them. Enter the Prince and Paines.**Prin.* The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I roh the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good lief for euer.*Poynes.* Stand clofe, I heare them comming.*Enter Theeues againe.**Fal.* Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horffe before day: and the Prince and Poynes be not two arand Cowards, there's no equity flirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.*Prin.* Your money.*Pain.* Villaines.*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all run away, leauing the busy behind them.**Prin.* Got with much cife. Now merrily to Horfe: The Theeues are scattred, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, *Falstaff* twentes to death, and Lords the lease earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I should pittie him.*Pain.* How the Rogue roar'd.*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

*Enter Hotspurre folow, reading a Letter.**But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the love he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loves his owne Barne better then he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: Is't dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke? but I tell you (my Lord Foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time is selfe enforced, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an Opposicion.* Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frothy-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courte of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord at Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the *Dreglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mune? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for musing such a dith of skimm'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forward to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight bin A banish'd woman from my Harriets bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth? And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes? And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-cy'd musing, and curst melancholly? In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht, And heard thee murmur tales of Iron Warres: Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Basilikes, of Canons, Culuerins, Of Prisoners ranisme, and of Souldiers faint, And all the current of a heady flight. Thy spirit within thee hath bene so at Warre, And thus hath vs bestir'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath flood vpon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Stream; And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sodaine haile. O what portents are these? Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses fro the Sheriff?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Love), my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weasell hath not such a deale of Spieene, as you are tist with. In foote Ile know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go—

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, *Loue*.

La. Come, come, you Parasquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeepe Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: *Loue*, I loue thee nut, I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world

To play with Mammetts, and to tilt with lips.

We must haue bloodie Nufes, and crack'd Crownes,

And passe them currant too. Gods me, my harfe,

What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iell, or nu.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare

I loue thee infinitely. But heare you *Kate*,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.

Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,

This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.

I know you will, but yet no further will

Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecie,

No Lady clofe. For I will beleuee

Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know,

And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But heare you *Kate*,

Whither I go, thither shall you go too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you.

Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat room, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogheads. I haue founded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leath of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Falstaff*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breath in your watering, then

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they

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action : but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight billings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome* : with this shrill addition, *Anon*, *Anon* fir, *Scere a Pint of Ballard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to drine away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-rooms, while I question my puny *Drawer*, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon* : I step aside, and lie thew thee a *President*.

Paines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Pain. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Francis. *Anon*, *anon* fir ; looke downde into the Pomgranet, *Relfe*.

Princes. Come hither *Francis*.

Francis. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, *Francis* ?

Francis. Forsooth fise yeares, and as much as to——

Pain. Francis.

Francis. *Anon*, *anon* fir.

Prin. Fise yeares : Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it ?

Francis. O Lord fir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Pain. Francis.

Francis. *Anon*, *anon* fir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis* ?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe——

Pain. Francis.

Francis. *Anon* fir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not ?

Francis. O Lord fir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound : Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Pain. Francis.

Francis. *Anon*, *anon*.

Prin. *Anon* *Francis* ? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* : or *Francis*, on Thursday ; or indeed *Francis* when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Francis. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Lestherne Ierkin, Christfall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Pike stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Francis. O Lord fir, who do you meane ?

Prin. Why then your browne Ballard is your onely drinke : for looke you *Francis*, your white Canuas doublet will fulley. In Barbary fir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What fir ?

Pain. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call ?

Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling ? Looke to the Guests within : My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore : shall I let them in ?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

Paines.

Enter Paines.

Pain. *Anon*, *anon* fir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry ?

Pain. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this ielt of the Drawer ? Come, what's the issue ?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old dayes of Goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis* ?

Francis. *Anon*, *anon* fir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrot, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Horspurre of the North, he that killes me some fise or seauen dosen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and faies to his wife ; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* faye thee, how many hast thou kill'd to day ? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourtene, an houre after : a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Perry*, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame *Morision* his wife. *Rise*, sayes the drunkard. Call in *Riba*, call in *Tallow*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Pain. Welcome lacke, where hast thou bene ?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile fowe neither flocks, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant ?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne ? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, beere's Lime in this Sacke toothere is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous maniyet a Coward is worfe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring : there liues not three good men vnhand'd in England, & one of them is fat, and grows old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolfsicke, what murther you ?

Fal. A Kings Sonne ! If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales ?

Prin. Why you borlon round man, what's the matter ?
Fal. Are you not a Coward ? Answer me to that, and *Paines* there !

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward ? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Cowards but I would giue a thousand pound I could run arifst as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who fees your backe : Call you that

that hacking of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippen are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk't last.

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all Cowards fill, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Lack?* where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, say?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hofs, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake first, how was it?

Gad. We foure fet vpon some dozen.

Falst. Siatrene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogues, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were fluring, some fixe or seuen fresh men fet vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radifis: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Lack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Prince. Pray Hesuus, you haue not murdered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for; I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horfe: thou knowest my olde words here I say, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drie at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Peto. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their feuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Peto. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by thes Hills, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Prince. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Doe'st thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prince. I, and marke thee too, *Lack*.

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prince. So, two more aleadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Peto. Downe fell his Hofs.

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me

close, came in foot and handpand with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prince. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growoe out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three misbegotten Knaoes, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drie at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prince. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foule, thou Horfion obscene greafie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prince. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Prince. Come, your reason *Lack*, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue you a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prince. He be no longer guiltie of this sinoe. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-preffer, this Horf-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleth.

Falst. Away you Strucling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bull's-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breath to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prince. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast ty'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Prince. Marke lacke.

Prince. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you dowoe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outc'd you from your price, and haue it; yea, and can shew it you in the Hofs. And *Falstaff*, you caried your Guts away as nimble, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roud, as euer I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what device? what starting hole caost thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Prince. Come, let's heare lacke: What tricke hast thou now?

Falst. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware *Indict*, the Lioo will not touch the true Prince; *Indict* is a great matter. I was a Coward on *Indict*: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hoffesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.

Prince. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing away.

Falst. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou lovest me.

Enter Hoffesse.

Hoff. My Lord, the Prince?

Prince.

Prin. How ow my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grautite out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe *lacke*.

Falst. Faith, and he send him packing.

Exit.

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you raone away vpon infinit: you will not touch the true Prince; no, he.

Bard. Faith, I ranoe when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstuffs* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was dooe in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blauid extempore: thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what infinit hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter *Falstuffs*.

Heere comes leane *lacke*, heere comes bare-booe. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *lacke*, since thou saw'st thine owne Knees?

Falst. My owne Knees? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Wasse, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of fighting and griefe, it blowes a maio vp like a Bladder There's villanoous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must goe to the Court to the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Ammon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falst. Owee, Owee; the same, and his Sonne in Law *Morriwer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that *Rascall* hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a *Rascall* art thou then, to praye him so for runoing?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *lacke*, vpon infinit.

Falst. I grant ye, vpon infinit: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. *Worcester* is foloe away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackiell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if these come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Dost not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy infinit.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible childe to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a loyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Lenden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holds his countenance!

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen, For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see.

Falst. Peace good Plot-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it grows; yet Youth, the more it is waited, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinoo; but chiefly, a villanoous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berries? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch : this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companion thou keepest : for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion ; not in Words onely, but in Woes also : and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie ?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull Looker, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threecore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaffe* : if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe* : him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughty Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou bene this month ?

Prin. Do't thou speake like a King ? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me : if thou do't it halfe so grauely, fo maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbit-fucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand : iudge my Matters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you ?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false : Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearst thou, vngracious Boy ? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace : there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man ; a Tunn of Man is thy Companion: Why do't thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulding-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropfies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuf Cloake-bagge of Guts, that roasted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? where-in is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein in Cunnio, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you : whom meanes your Grace ?

Prin. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do't.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to flay more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it : but that hee is (saying your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wyked : if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then may an olde Hoste that I know, is damnd : If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Phearches* leane Kine are to be looed. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Paines* : but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish

not him thy *Harryes* companie ; banish plumpe *Lacy*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play : I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke : what's the matter ?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore : they are come to search the Housfe, shall I let them in ?

Falst. Do't thou heare *Hel*, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Countersfeit : thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prin. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your Maier : if you will deny the Sherife, so : if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp : I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I haue had : but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee ?

Sher. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him :

And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will by to morrow Dinner time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withall :

And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord : there are two Gentlemen

Haue to this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.

Prin. It may be so : if he haue robb'd these men,

Hee shall be answerable : and so farewell.

Sher. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not ?

Sher. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

Exit.

Prin. This only *Rasbail*, is knowne as well as Poules : goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe* ? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prin. Harke, how hard he fetches breath : search his Pockets.

He

*He searches his Pockets, and finds
certain Papers.*

Prince. What hast thou found?

Pets. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Pets. Item, a Capon.

li.s.ii.d.

Item, Sawce.

iii.d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

v.s.viii.d.

Item, Anchoses and Sacke after Supper.

li.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread.

ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, we'll reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day. He to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. He procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow *Pets.*

Pets. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,
Owen Glendower.*

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties faire, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh, He witheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower speake of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natitiue, The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapcs, Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had neuer bene borne.

Glend. I fy the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I fy the Earth was not of my minde, If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke

To fee the Heauens on fire,

And not in feare of your Natitiue.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth

In strange eruptions: and the teeming Earth

Is with a kinde of Colick pinchd and vexd,

By the imprisoning of vnuly Winde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement struing, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diftemperature, In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men

I doe not beare these Croffings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapcs,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,

And all the courtes of my Life doe shew,

I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,

Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh: lie to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vassie Deepe.

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:

Bot will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill,

By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,

And in foule Weather too,

How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:

Which being sealed enterchangelly,

(A Buike that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meeete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteen dayes:

Within that space, you may haue drawne together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall fend me to you, Lords:

And in my Condukt shall your Ladies come,

From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hofp. Me thinks my Moly, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:

See, how this River comes not cranking in,
And cots me from the bed of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cante out.
He haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bortome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his courfe,
And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,
Gelding the oppossed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and euen.

Hofp. He haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. He not haue it alter'd.

Hofp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hofp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hofp. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in
Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being bot young, I fram'd to the Harpe
Many an English Dittie, louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hofp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;

'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

Hofp. I doe not care: He giue thrice so much Land
To any well-deferring friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
He caull on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,

You may away by Night:

He haste the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much she doeth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Fa-
ther.

Hofp. I cannot chuse: Sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a Sinne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Rauens,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skumble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning vp the feuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horfe, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smoakie Houfe. I had rather lue
With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-Houfe in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements:

Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous asseble,
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you doe crosse his humor: faith he does,
I warrant you, that man is not aloue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not vie it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your coming hither, haue done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.

You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguilng them of commendation.

Hofp. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speede;
Heere come your Wives, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes, she'll not part with you,
Shee'll be a Souldier too, shee'll to the Warren.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she an-
swers him in the same.*

Glend. Shee is desperate here:
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no persuasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pow'r't down from that swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a Troant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welch as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Song by a faire Queene in a Summert Bowre,
With raushting Diuision to her Late.

Gleed. Nay, if thou melt, then will the runne madde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Gleed. She bids you,

On the wanton Ruffles lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauynesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Gleed. Doe so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hott. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy
Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goofe.

The Musicks playes.

Hott. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welch,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Moficall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hott. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in
Irish.

Lady. Would'st haue thy Head broken?

Hott. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hott. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hott. To the Welch Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hott. Peace, three sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hott. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good faith.

Hott. Not yours, in good faith?

You sweare like a Commit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good faith; and, as true as I lye;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giuest such Sarcent suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finbory.
Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in faith,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veleot-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hott. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-
breast teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when yee
will. *Exit.*

Gleed. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne: wee'll bot feale,
And then to Horfe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leue:

The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue don;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'll breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me belecue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punish my Mistradings. Tell me elfe,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deuic'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:

Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy afflictions, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancedors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of eery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I fo lauish of my prefence benee,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stule and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldom seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wonder'd at,

That

That men would tell their Children, This is hee :
Others would say, Where, Which is *Bullingbrook*.
And then I stole all Courtlike from Heaven,
And dress't my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Shows and Salutations from their mouths,
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
My Prefence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wonder'd at : and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rareneffe such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee smil'd vp and downe,
With shallow Iesters, and rash Baile Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophand with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery Beardless vaice Comparatiue ;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Esoff'd himselfe to Popularitie :
That being daily swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfetted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow in June,
Heard, not regarded : seene but with such Eyes,
As sick and blunted with Commuotie,
Affoord oo extraordinary Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it shies seldome in admiring Eyes :
But rather drow'd, and hung their eye lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men vie to doe to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou :
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is sweare of thy common fights,
Sawe mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more :
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall heresafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this house, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foot at *Rauenspurgh* ;
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now :
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succession ;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harnesse in the Realme,
Tornes head against the Lyons armed Jawes ;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Battalles, and to bruing Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas* ? whose high Deedes,
Whose hot Incurfions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* *Marr*, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and fafetic of our Throne.
And what say you to this ? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-bishops Grace of *Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
Bot wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee ?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foies,
Which art my neer'r and dearest Enemy ?
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Bafe Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and cortise at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so :
And Heauen forgioe them, that so much hue fway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me :
I will redeeme it this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And staine my fcouors in a bloody Maske :
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whee ere it lights,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed Knight,
And your vothought-of *Harry* chance to meet :
For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Insignities :
Percy is bot my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauco, I promise here :
The which, if I performe, and doe foruiue,
I doe befeech your Maiestie, may falue
The long-growne Wounds of my Intemperature :
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this :
Thou shalt hue Charge, and fouveraigne trust heren.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt* ? thy Lookes are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the Buifnesse that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury* :
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day :
With him my sonne, *Lord Iohn* of *Lincolster*,
For this aduertisement is fve dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward :
On Thursday, wee our felues will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth* : and *Harry*, you shall march
f
Through

Through Gloucestershire : by which account,
Our Business valued some twelve dayes hence,
Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Business : let's away,
Adantage feeds him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not faire away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinnie hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne : I am withered like an olde Apple. *Jhn.* Well, lie repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-fide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horfe, the in-fide of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath bene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Jhn.*, you are so fretfull, you cannot lye long.

Falst. Why there is it : Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry : I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough, I swore little, dic'd not above seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or four times ; liued well, and in good compasse : and now I lye out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *Jhn.*, that you must needs bee out of all compasse ; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *Jhn.*

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and lie amend thy Life : Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Jhn.*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, lie be sworn : I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento *à Morti*. I never see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple ; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would swear by thy Face ; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire* : But thou art altogether giuen ouer ; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkness. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light : thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne : But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirte yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Parlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir *Jhn.*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Jhn.* ? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House ? I have search'd, I have enquired, I haue my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant : the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse : Bardolph was shaw'd, and lost many a hayre ; and lie be sworn my Pocket was pick'd : goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I ? I defie thee : I was neuer call'd fo in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *Jhn.*, you doe not know me, Sir *Jhn.* : I know you, Sir *Jhn.* : you owe me Money, Sir *Jhn.*, and now you pick'e a quarrell, to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulast, filthy Doulast : I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wives, and they haue made Boulsters of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell : You owe Money here besides, Sir *Jhn.*, for your Dyet, and by Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee ? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face : What call you Rich ? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, lie not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me ? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd ? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Markes.

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a Lacke, a Sneake-Cuppet : and if hee were here, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad ? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march ?

Bard. Yes, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly* ? How does thy Husband ? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Lacke* ?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt : this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Lacke* ?

Falst. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal* ? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apiece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord ; and I said, I heard your Grace say so : and (my Lord) hee speaks most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not ?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prunce;
nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for
Woman-kind, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife
of the Ward to thee. Go, you nothing: go.

Hot. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Hot. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou
shouldst know it: I am an honest man wife: and feting
thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast
to say otherwise.

Hot. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Falst. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, fir John? Why an Otter?

Falst. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes
not where to haue her.

Hot. Thou art vnusit man in saying so; thou, or anie
man knowes where to haue me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou say'st true Hotelle, and he flanders thee
most grossely.

Hot. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other
day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound Hal! A Million. Thy loue is
worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.

Hot. Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and said hee
woud endgell you.

Falst. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed Sir John, you said so.

Falst. Yes, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as
thy word now?

Falst. Why Hal! thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I
dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the
roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Falst. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon:
Do'st thou thinke I feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay
if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should. how would thy guttes fall about
thy knees. But firra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth,
nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe
with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman
with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent
imboist Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but
Tauerne Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houles,
and one poore penny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee
long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie o-
ther injuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will
stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not
asham'd?

Falst. Do'st thou heare Hal? Thou know'st in the state
of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore *Lacke*
Falstaffe do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue
more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty.
You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appears to by the Story.

Falst. Hotelle, I forgive thee:

Go make ready Break-fast, loue thy Husband,
Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:
Thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason:
Thou seest, I am pacified still.
Nay, I prettise be gone.

Exit Hotelle.

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Kobery, Lad?
How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beeffe:
I must still be good Angell to thee.

The Monie is paid backe againe.

Falst. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double
Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do
any thing.

Falst. Rob me the Eachequer the first thing thou do'st,
and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Lacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Falst. I would it had bene of Horse. Where shal I finde
one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and
twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprovided. We'l
God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but
the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord John of Lanesher
To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Westmerland,
Go *Peto*, to horse: for thou, and I,
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Lacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue
Money and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Perie* stands on hye,
And either they, or we must lower lye.

Falst. Rare words! braue words.

Hotelle, my break-fast, come:

O, I could with this Taucarne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Harrie Hotspurres, Worcester,
and Douglas.*

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,
As not a Souldiour of this seasons slumpe,
Should go so generall currant through the world.
By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place
In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, take me to my word: I approue me Lord.
Dow. Thou art the King of Honor!
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beare him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?
I can but thanke you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greuous sick.

Hot. How? hax he the leysure to be sicke now
In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whose Government come they along?

f 2

Mess

Moff. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.

Wer. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?

Moff. He did, my Lord, four dayes ere I fet forth :
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Physician.

Wer. I would the state of time had first beene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited :

His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hotsp. Sicke 'now' droope now? this sicknes doth infect

The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,

'Tis cateching hither, euen to our Campe.

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,

To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs :

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possid

Of all our porpocles. What say you to it?

Wer. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off :

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to fet the exact wealth of all our states

All at one Calt? To fet so rich a mayne

On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good : for therein should we reade

The very Bottom, and the Soule of Hope,

The very Lift, the very vtmost Boond

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so wee should,

Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.

We may boldly fpend, vpon the hope

Of what is to come in :

A comfort of retrement liues in this.

Hotsp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,

If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge

Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Wer. But yet I would your Father had beene here :

The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt

Brookes no diuifion : It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.

And thinke, how such an apprehension

May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,

And breede a kinde of question in our cause :

For well you know, wee of the offering side,

Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,

And stop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence

The eye of reason may pric in vpon vs :

This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,

That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,

Before not dreamt of.

Hotsp. You frayne too farre,

I rather of his absence make this vse :

It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,

A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,

Then if the Earle were here : for men must thinke,

If without his helpe, can make a Head

To poth against the Kingdome : with his helpe,

We shall o're-turne it tope-turvy downe :

Yet all goes well, yet all our loyns are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke :

There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.

The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *John*.

Hotsp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,

The King himselfe in person hath set forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,

With strong and mightie preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,

The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,

And his Comrades, that dash the World aside,

And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,

All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde

Bayned like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,

Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,

As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,

Wanton as youthfull Goats, wilde as young Bulls.

I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,

His Castles on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,

And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,

As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,

To turne and wide a ferie *Pegasus*,

And witch the World with Noble Horsefmanship.

Hotsp. No more, no more,

Worse then the Sunne in March :

This prayle doth nourish Agues : let them come.

They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,

And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoskie Warre,

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :

The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit

Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,

To heare this rich reprisall is so nigh,

And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horfe,

Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,

Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.

Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horfe to Horfe

Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Course &

Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Vern. There is more newes :

I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Power this foureteen dayes.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of

yet.

Wer. I by my faith, that beares a fruitly sound.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaille reach

vnto?

Vern. To thirty thousand.

Hotsp. Forty let it be,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powres of vs, may serue fo great a day.

Come, let vs take a muster speedily :

Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exit all Owners.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'll be to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Capitaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile answer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Capitaine: farewell.

Exit.

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowc't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse damnable. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good Houfe-holders, Yeomen Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme flaves, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Caluier, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I presse me none but such Tostens and Butters, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as Lemmings in the painted Cloth, where the Glottons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded vniu't Seruingsmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, revolted Tapfers and Officers, Trade-faloes, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Drasse and Hunkes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnload all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyves on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Herald's Coat, without sleeves: and the Shirt, to say the truth, steele from my Hoof of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dauiotry. But that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Lack? how now Quilt?

Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir Iohn, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we must away all to Night.

Falst. Tot, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, Lack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rafcals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to toll: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better tosh man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but Sir Iohn, me thinke they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field.

Falst. What is the King encamp'd?

West. Hee is, Sir Iohn, I feare wee shall stay too long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotst. Wee'll fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotst. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotst. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counsaile well!

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, Douglas: by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,

If well-respected Honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsaile with weak feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,

Which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotst. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being made of such great leading as you are

That you fore-see not what Impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my Cousin Vernon are not yet come vp,

Your Vnckle Worcesters Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotst. So are the Horses of the Enemy

In generall journey bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

f 3

Wor. The

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours :
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hoth. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt :
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well : and euen those some
Enuie your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anyoynted Maiestie.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You censure from the Breck of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Hauie any way your good Deferts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest ;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and thefe,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hoth. The King is kinde :
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares :
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poore vnmined Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore :
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and teares of Zeale ;
My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceio'd *Northumberland* did leane to him.
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, flood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gauie him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as *Grestenfe* knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Yow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at *Rauenfpargh* :
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth ;
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to wepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs : and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hoth. Then to the point.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life :
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worfe, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to the forfeited ;
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismi'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to ficke out
This Head of facketie ; and withall, to prie
Into his Title : the which wee finde
Too indired, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King ?

Hoth. Not so, Sir Walter.

Wee'll with-draw a while :
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.

Hoth. And't may be, so wee shall.

Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Serpe*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry* : and I feare, Sir Michell,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose Power was in the first proportion ;
And what with *Owen Glendouers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *eMortimer*.

Arch. No, *eMortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Person*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The special head of ell the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, end warlike Blunt;
And many moe Couriinals, end deare men
Of estimation, end command in Armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppon'd
Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, Sir Michell speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisdome to make strong against him:
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,
and Falstaff.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill: the day lookes pele
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leuees,
Fortels a Tempest, end a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well
That you end I should meet vpon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You heere deceiu'd our trust,
And mede vs doffe our casie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of ell-aborred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue e faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhell'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, end a Portent
Of broached Mischiefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Louge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I heue not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not fought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion ley in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes
Of Favour, from my Selfe, end ell our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my Rasse of Office did I breake
In Richards time, end poast'd day and night
To meete you on the wey, end kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, end his Sonne,
That brought you home, end boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-faine right,
The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we swore our aide: Bot in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune shewing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fill on you,
What with our helpe, what with the eulent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton borne,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vn lucky Irish Werres,
Thet all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As thet vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vteth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Neff,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great e bulke,
That euen our Loue durst not come neere your fight
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your fight, end raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde viage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprise.

King. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosse, read in Churches,
To face the Germent of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may pleese the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innoation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, haruing for e time
Of pell-mell haucke, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More eciue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more hold, in now alioe,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue e Truant beene to Chislay,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do

Do make against it: No good Worther, no,
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and lie be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduicdly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt.*

March Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal,* and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heaven a death.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet; I would bee loath to pay him
before his day. What needs I bee so forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour prickes
me on. But how if Honour prickes me off when I come
on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an
arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerye, then? No. What is Ho-
nour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre! A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednes-
day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it
isensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not lye with
the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, there-
fore lie none of it. Honour is a meere Scotcheon, and so
finds my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all vnder.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feede like Oaten at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespasss may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptoiledge,
A haire-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuier what you will, lie say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newe?

Ver. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas: Go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greiuances,
Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hateful name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance to King Henries teeth:

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales slept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and prooue of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, vau'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he maltrest there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-lie the enue of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much miscontrived in his Wattonneffe.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet ooce ere night,
I will embrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my cortise.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Souldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Diall point,
Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,
And if we liue, we line to treade on Kiogs;
If dyes, braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. My Lord prepare, the King comes oo apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeffe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to staice
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.
Now Esperance Percy, and set on;
Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musicke, let vs all imbrace;
For heuoe to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a currence.

*They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth
with his power, alarm vnto the battell. Then enter
Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blu. What is thy oame, that in battell thus y crossiest me?
What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeness: for insted of thee King Harry,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeld thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's woo, here breathles lies the king
Hot. Where?
Dow. Heere.

Hot. This Douglas! No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly furnis'd like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,

Our Soldiers hand full fairly for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarm, and enter Falstaffe alone.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft
who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vaioity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea-
uy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more
weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of

Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's oot three of my
150. left aliue, and they for the Towoes end, to beg dur-
ing life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here! Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman likes starke and stiff
Vnder the hooues of vaulting enemies,
Whose deaths are vnreueug'd. Prethy lend me thy sword
Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile:
Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue
done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Pri. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Falst. Nay Hal, if Percy bee aliue, thou getst oot my
Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Pri. Giue it me: What, is it in the Case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Pri. What, is it a time to iest and dally now. *Exit.*

Throes it at him.

Fal. If Percy bee aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in
my way, so: if he do oot, if I come in his (willingly) let
him make a Carbonado of me. I like oot such grinning
honour as Sir Walter hath: Giue mee life, which if I can
saue, fo: if oot, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an
end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

*Alarm, extrusions, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle
of Westmerland.*

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou blea-
dest too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Joh. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Pri. I beleech your Maiesty make vp,
Least your retirement do amasse your friends.

King. I will do so:
My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

Wes. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Pri. Lead me my Lord? I do need your helpe:
And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should driue
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

Joh. We breath too long: Come cofin Westmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heuens sake come.

Pri. By heauen thou hast deciu'd me Lancaster,
I did not thioke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Joh;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Pri. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Another King! They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeist the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: I who Douglas grieues at hart

So

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King, I have two Boyes
Secker *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field;
But feeling thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee : so defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit :
And yet infaieth thou bear'st thee like a King :
But mine I am sure thou art, where thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the King in danger,
Enter Prince.*

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Newer to hold it vp againe : the Spirits
Of valiant *Sheriff, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flyeth.
Cheerly My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gensy hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifford*: Ile to *Clifford* straight.
King. Stay, and breath awhile.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to their death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone

The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And saw'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifford*, Ile to *Sir Nicholas Gensy*. *Exit
Enter Hotspur.*

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.
Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percie*.

Prin. When I see a very valiant rebel of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more :

Two Starres keepe out their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no
Boyas play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas he fights with Falstaff, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth :
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought'st a the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes surcey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue : No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for —

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heath
Ill-wear'd Ambition, how much art thou thrunk't!
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound :
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alioe so flout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't fenible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalf, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing thesfe fayre Rites of Tenderesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grane,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore lacke, farewell :
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not stricke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray :
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth vp.
Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
give you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.

'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid ine scot and lot too, Counterfeit? I am no coun-
terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man : But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby lieth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-
deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I haue fau'd my life. I am affraide of this
Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rise? I am affraide hee would
proue the better counterfeit; therefore Ile make him sure:
yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
well as I : Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along me. *Takes Hotspur on his backe.*

Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.
Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely hast thou sleight
thy Maiden sword.

Iohn. But soft, who haue we heere ?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead ?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alioe ?
Or is it fantasie that plays vpon our eye-sight ?
I prethee speake, we will not truit our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine : I am a lacke a double man ; but
if I be not lacke *Falstaffe*, then am I a lacke : There is *Percy*,
if your Father will do me any Honor, fo : if not, let him
kill the neat *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.
Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying! I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may be beleue-
ued, so : if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh : if the man were a-
liue, and would deny it, I would make him eat a peece
of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.
Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Com_g

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe :
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
He gi'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours :
Come Brother, let's to the height of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*
Fal. He follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
wards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
He grow lesse ? For He purge, and leaue Sacke, and lye
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &
Uernon Prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you ?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary ?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust ?
Three Knights vpon our party shaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had bene aloue this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt out Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Uernon too :
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Uernon.

How goes the Field ?

Frie. The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy shaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of leare, fled with the rest ;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Douglas is, and I befeech your Grace.
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Frie. Then Brother Iohn of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free :
His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains : that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne Iohn, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your dearest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day :
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.





The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

 Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumor speakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horfe) still vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports
I speake of Peace, while euery Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but Rumour, who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil't the bigge yeare, swoine with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour heere?
I run before King *Harris* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hutburge*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hutburges* Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Betwene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hutburges* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sick. The Postes come tying on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wronges. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere ho?
Where is the Earle?
Per. What shall I say you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Per. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minnte now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horfe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heauen will,
L.Bar. As good as heart can with:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harris* slaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *John*,
And *Westmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harris Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *John*)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæsars* Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deua'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me the newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (happily) may retake from me.
Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?
Tra.

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Isen Umfreuil* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rode me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what News from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percie* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

Norrb. Ha? Again:
Said he yong *Harry Percie* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hut-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: He tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point
He giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then such instances of Loffe?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was some holding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Look, here comes more News.

Enter Mortua.

Nor. Yes, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnes Vfurpation.

Say Mortua, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hateful death put on his vilest Maske
To fright our party.

Norrb. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. *Douglas* is liuing, and your Brother, yet
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

Norrb. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath:
He that but fears the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Infirmitie, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet I speake (*Mortua*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Disuasion Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainesaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

Norrb. Yet for all this, say not that *Percie* died.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth finne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which fayer the dead is not aliu:
Yet the first bringer of vnewelcome News
Hath but a loofing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a fallen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henric Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more sprang vp.
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dullest Peasant in his Campe)
Being bruitd once, took fire and heate away
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party fled;
Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, flies with greater speed,
So did our Men, heauy in *Hatpurs* loffe,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
That Arrows fled not (swifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (syming at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
Too soone ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Douglas*) whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th'apparence of the King,
Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Condukt of yong Lancaster
And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

Norrb. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyson, there is Phyllicke: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me sicke,
Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weaken'd ioynts,
Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes
(Weak'n'd with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Must gloze this hand. And hence thou flicky Quail,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleth'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
Now hide my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged't hour, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Nature hand
Keep the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one spirit of the First-borne Gaine

g

Reigne

Reigne in all bowomes, that each heart being fet
On bloody Courtes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead. (Honor.

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your

Mrs. The lues of all your loving Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'uent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And sum'd the account of Chance, before you laid
Let vs make head : but your preformiance,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're !
You were aduiz'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scarses ; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth : and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restrain
The stiffe-borne Adon : What hath then befall'd ?
Or what hath this bold enterprise bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be ?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one :
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Chok'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-fet, venture againe.

Come, we will all put forth Body, and Goods,
Mrs. 'Tis more then time : And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth :
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres : he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had only but the Corpses,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with quaintnesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions ; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side : but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts :
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde :
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause :
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, vnder great Ballingrooke,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.
Norib. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell euery man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge :
Get Poets, and Letterers, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giuant, what saies the Doct. to my water?
Page. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
improvements then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
uice for any other reason, then to let mee off, why then I
haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now : but I will fette
you neyther in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparel, and
send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The
Jauensell (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
siedg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme
of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will
not flie to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
finishe it when he will, it is not a haire amiss yet : he may
keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
earne six pence out of it, yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can assure him. What said *M. Dumbleton*, about
the Satten for his short Cloake, and Slops ?

Page. He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-
rance, then *Bardolfe* : he would not take his Bond & yours,
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horson *Abbotpel* ; a Rascally-yea-
forsooth-knaoe, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand vpon Security ? The horson smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles : and if a man is through with them in ho-
nest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Security : I
had as lief they would put Rans-bane in my mouth, as
offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance : and the
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's *Bardolfe* ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'll buy mee a horse
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hor'd, and Win'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Seruant.

Page. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery ?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice
at Shrewsbury, (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord *John of Lancaster*.

Just. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir John Falstaffe.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Page. You must speake louder, my Master is deafe.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir John.

Fal. What's a yong knaue and beg? Is there not warre? Is
there not imprisonment? Dorth not the K. lack subiects? Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
on

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it without then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Sir. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why fir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Soldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Sir. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Soldiership aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay a-side that which grows to me? If thou get't any leave of me, hang me if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd; you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Sir. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Inf. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord, give your Lordship good time of the day, I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not cleare past your youth) hath yet some smacke of age in you: some reliſh of the feltheite of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Inf. Sir John, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Inf. I talke not of his Maiestie: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is faime into this same whorlous Apoplexie.

(you.)

Inf. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speke with Fal. This Apoplexie is as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a sleepe of the blood, a horlon Tingling.

Inf. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originell from much greefe; from study and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafnesse.

Inf. I thinke you are faime into the diseafe: For you heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the diseafe of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Inf. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physitian.

Fal. I am as poore as Job, my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Powerie; but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.

Inf. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Counsel, in the lawes of this Land-ſervice, I did not come.

Inf. Well, the truth is (fir John) you lye in great infamy Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, canot lye in leſſe.

Inf. Your Meanes is very slender, and your waite great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waite slenderer.

Inf. You haue misſed the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath misſed mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Inf. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heald wound: your daies ſervice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gadshill. You may thanke the

vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-poſſing that Action.

Fal. My Lords (Wolfe.)

Inf. But ſince all is wel, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Inf. What you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did fay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Inf. There is not a white haire on your face, but ſhould haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Inf. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his cuill Angell.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that looks vpon mee, will take mee without weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe Collo-mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beere-beard. Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, and hath his quicke wit waſted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not worth a Gooseberry. You that ere old, conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you meaſure the heat of our Li-uers, with the bitternes of your gala: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I moſt confeſſe, are wages too.

Inf. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Haue you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ſhort? your wit ſingle? and eury part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your ſelfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, fir John.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & ſomething a round belly. For my voice, I haue loſt it with hal-lowing and ſinging of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely old in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thouſand Markes, let him lend me the money, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in aſhes and Locke-cloth, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Inf. Well, heaven ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heaven ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Inf. Well, the King hath ſeu'd you end Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord John of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thanke you pretty ſweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiſſe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies loyn not in a hot day: for if I take hot two ſhirts out with me, and I meſne not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer ſpit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Well, I cannot liſt euer.

Inf. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heauen bleſſe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Inf. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare croſſes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cofin Wellmerland.

Fal. If I do, ſillap me with a three-men-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Couetouſneſſe, then he can part yong limbes and lethargy: but the Gout galls the one,

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the De-greases preuent my corles. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seuen groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purfe. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the difease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Urfula, whome I haue weekly fwrone to marry, since I perceiue'd the first white haire on my chin. About it you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poae: for the one or th'other plays the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Penion shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne difeases to commoditie. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardulf.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our cōfesses, & kno our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues To looke with forshed bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File To fūe and twenty thousand men of choise: And our Supplies, lūe largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whole bolome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus Whether our present fūe and twenty thousand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My iudgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Thesme so bloody sic'd, as this, Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes uncertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardulf, for indeed It was yong Hotspurres case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the syre, on promise of Supply, Flat'ring himself with Promise of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And ('winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot, Lūes so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruit, Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build, We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Ereccion, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, defist To build at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And set another vp) should we suruey The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Consent vpon a sure Foundation: Question Surueyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vñing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to build it; who (halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be still-borne: and that we now possist The vñmost man of expectation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fūe & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardulf. For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against Glendower: Perforce a third Must take vp vs: So is the vnfringe King In three diuided: and his Coßens foond With hollow Poverty, and Empineesse.

Ar. That he should draw his seuerall strengths together And come against vs in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland: Against the Welch himselfe, and Harrie Marmouth. But who is substituted 'gainst the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choise, Their ouer-greedy loue hath forgotten: An habitation giddy, and vnsture Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applaue Did'st thou beate beauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke*, Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires, Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him, That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp. So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*, And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp, And how'st to finde it. What truft is in these Times? They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue. Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came fighting on, After th'admir'd heeles of *Bullingbrooke*, Cri' now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is this onely drinking : and for thy wallee a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worthe a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, with thy face, and draw thy Action : Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast't set on to this.

Hoff. Prethee (Sir *Juba*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest I.

Fal. Let it alone, Ila make other shift : you'll be a fool still.

Hoff. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper : You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her : hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hoff. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Inf. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord)?

Ch. Inf. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord *Jall*)s well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Inf. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No! Fifteene hundred Foot, fissa hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. Inf. You shall have Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre*.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Inf. What's tha matter?

Fal. Master *Gowre*, shall I entreate you with mea to dioner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thanke you, good Sir *Juba*.

Ch. Inf. Sir *Juba*, you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gowre*?

Ch. Inf. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir *Juba*?

Fal. Master *Gowre*, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Inf. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Pois. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth mee though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildly in me, to desire small Beere?

Pois. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got : for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indrede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings y' haist? (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones): Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for Superfluity, and one other, for vfe. But that the Tenois-Court-keeper koooves better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Pois. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pois*?

Pois. Yes : and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding thee thine.

Pois. Go to : I staad the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke : albeit I could tell to thee (as to ooe it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Pois. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farr in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and persequencie. Let tha end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke : and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ottentation of sorrow.

Pois. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?

Pois. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought : and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinks : neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better thea thine : every man would thinke me so Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Pois. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much iografted to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Pois. Nay, I am well spokoe of, I can heere it with mine owne eares: the worth that they can lay of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands : and those two things I coofesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prin. And the Boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villaine haue not trans form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

Pois. Come you peritious Affe, you ballfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blash you now? What a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discernoe oo part of his face from tha window :

window : at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wines new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horlon upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Alibon* dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct vs Boy : what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was deli-er'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crowne-worth of good Interpretation : There it is, Boy.

Prin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers : Well, there is six pence to preferue thee.

Bar. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Well, my good Lord : he heard of your Graces coming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Prin. Deli-er'd with good respect : And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bar. In bodily health Sir.

Prin. Marry, the immortal part needs a Physician : but that moves not him : though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge : and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Prin. Letter. *John Falstaffe Knight* : (Every man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe :) Even like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is some of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow-ed cap : I am the Kings poore Cousin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they will fetch it from *Lupher*. But to the Letter : — *Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, merest his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Prin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honorable Remaines in brevitie.

Prin. Sure he meanes brevity in breath : short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Points, for bee wifely thy Favours so much, that hee sweares thou art in marrie his Sister Nell. Repeat at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*

Time, by you and no : which is as much as to say, as thou sayst him. *Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars :*

John with my Brothers and Sister : & Sir

John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Saek, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse me thus *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

Prin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wise, fit in the clouds, and mocke vs : Is your Master here in London?

Bar. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bar. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Chuteh.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistis *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Tearsheet*.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinfwoman of my Masters.

Prin. Eoen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfores are to the Towne-Boll?

Shall we steale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Prin. I am your shadow, my Lord, lie follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well; go.

This *Doll Tearsheet* should be some Rode.

Prin. I warrant you, as common as the way betwene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not out selues be scene?

Prin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie deflection : It was loues caxe. From a Prince, to a Preenice, a low trans-formation, that shall be mine : for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned*. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter, Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires : Put not you on the visage of the Times, And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more, Do what you will : your Wisedome, bee your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne, And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Wars : The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it, then now, When your owne Percie, when my heart-deere *Harry*,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father Bring vp his Powres : but he did long in vaine.

Who then perfwaded you to stay at home? There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it : For His, it stooke vpon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vault of Heauen : and by his Light Did all the Cheshire of England moue

To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse Wherein the Noble Youth did dresse themselves.

He had no Legges, that practis'd not his Gate :

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish) Became the Accents of the Valliant.

For those that could speake low, and tardly, Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,

To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate, In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Roles, Humors of Blood,

Hc

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In dis-advantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the fount of *Hothurs* Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hothurs* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Menmouts* Graue.

Norrb. Beshrew your heart,
(Faie Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

Norrb. Come, come, go in with me: tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-land, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? *Apple-lohns*? Thoo know'st *Sir Iohn* cannot endure an *Apple-lohn*.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of *Apple-lohns* before him, and told him there were five more *Sir Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leaue of thee: *sic* drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cooe, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Swaggers* Noys; *Mistris Tears* shewt would faine haue some Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, here will be the Prince, and *Master Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and *Sir Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath forgot word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Fris*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out *Swaggers*. Exit.

Enter *Hothurs*, and *Dol*.

Hoth. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperallie: your Pulside beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous fearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoth. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes *Sir Iohn*.

Enter *Falstaff*.

Falst. When *Arthur* first in Court—(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: Hw now *Mistris Dol*?

Hoth. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-footh.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddle Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, *Mistris Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our lewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owehes: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgeirie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Hoth. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tolles, you cannot one beare with others Confinities. What the good-ye? One must beare, and that must be you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *lacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter *Drawer*.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pissell* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in England.

Hoth. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou heare, *Hothers*?

Hoth. Pray you pacifie your selfe (*Sir Iohn*) there comes no Swaggers heere.

Falst. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hoff. Tilly-fally (Sir *John*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores, I was before Master *Tyke* the Deputie, the other day; and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dumbe*, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that are Cuiil; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name; now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and will thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoffesse;) a tame Cheater, hee; you may sroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoff. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater; but I doe not loue swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shaketh looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoffesse.

Hoff. Doe I? yes, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen Lease: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistoll, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Saeue you, Sir *John*.

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistoll*. Here (*Pistoll*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine Hoffesse.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (Sir *John*) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is Pistoll-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

Hoff. Come, Ile drinke no Prooves, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (Mistris *Dorastie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorue you (scorue Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, Mistris *Dorastie*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the fawle Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale lugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Hoff. No, good Captaine *Pistoll*: not heere, sweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunction you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you flue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and dry'd Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Heareke thee hither, Mistris *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Pag. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile fee her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fate: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoff. Good Captaine *Pistoll* be quiet, it is very late: I belecke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horres, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cesar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Weikin roare: shall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoff. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoff. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-ye, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calpurnie*.) Come, giue me some Sack, *Sir* fortune me seruente, *therato* me contente. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fires: Giue me some Sack; and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistoll*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaife: what? wee haue seene the fewen Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe flayres, I cannot endure such a Fullian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe flayres? know we not Gallow-Naggas?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe flayres.

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gallie, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Arsipoli*, I say.

Hoff. Here's good Ruffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee lack, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe flayres.

Hoff. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping house, before Ile be in these dirts, and frights. So? Murder I warrant now, Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee lack be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoff. Are you not hurt I'th' Groyn? me thought hee made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke; you haue hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*, and tenor times better then the nice Worthies: ah Villain.

Fal. A rascally Slave, I will tuffe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile cannae thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Kneet, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou follow'd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines digni'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol.*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: I doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee's a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee plays at Quits with, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinke off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and lumps vpon Ioynd-shooles, and sweares with a good grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge, and breeds no bate with telling of discrete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himfelfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Heber-de-pai.*

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Lookie, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not frange, that Desire would so many yeeres out-lieue performance?

Fal. Kill me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And lookie whether the sterie *Trigen*, his Man, be not lisping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flat'ring Buffs.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scarie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Mooney on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt fet me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *French.*

Prin. *Poin.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preferre thy good Graces Welcome to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face of thine: what are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Malestie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing on your good heart, and so thee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: oot so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hof.*) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hof.*)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: hooff *Ned* none. I dispraise him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a careful Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hof.*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to clofe with vs: Is thee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead Elme, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifer's* Priuy-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but roast Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, there is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Mooney; and whether thee bee damo'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not : I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hufl. All Victuallers doe so : What is a loynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent ?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace ?

Fal. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hufl. Who knocks so lowd at doore ? Look to the doore there, *Francis* ?

Enter Pets.

Prince. *Pets*, how now ? what newes ?

Pets. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Polices, Come from the North : and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauerne, And asking every one for Sir *Liba Falstaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Paines*) I feele me moech to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnrained heads. Glue me my Sword, and Cloake :

Falstaffe, good night.

Exit.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore ? How now ? what's the matter ?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Mustians, Sirrha : farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol*. Yoo see (my good Wenches) how men of merit are sought after : the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches : if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake : If my heart bee not readie to burst--- Well (sweete *Lacke*) haue a care of thy selfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Hufl. Well, fare thee well : I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pesod-time : but an honeste, and truer-hearted man--- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistris *Teare-beet*.

Hufl. What's the matter ?

Bard. Bid Mistris *Teare-beet* come to my Master.

Hufl. Oh runne *Dol*, runne : runne, good *Dol*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of *Sorrey*, and of *Warwick* : But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them : make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
Are at this howre asleepe ? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures soft Norfe, how haue I fought thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness ?
Why rather (*Sleepe*) leyst thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vnesie Pallads stretching thee,
And huist with bustling Night, fyes to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great ?
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie ?
O thou dull God, why leyst thou with the vilde,
In loathsome Bedds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell ?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Russian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heds, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the slippry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes ?
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) gude thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre for iote ?
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King ? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vnesie lyes the Head, that wears a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords ?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords) :

Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you ?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is : what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it ?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good aduice, and little Medicine :
My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the resolution of the Times

Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent

(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe

Into the Sea : and other Times, to see

The beschie Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes ; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With diuers Liquors, 'Tis not tenné yeeres gone,

Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,

Did feast together ; and in two yeeres after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,

This *Percie* was the man, neereft my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, toy'd in my Affaires,

And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot :

Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*

Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by

(You Cousin *Neuil*, as I may remember)

When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,

(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)

Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie) :

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne :
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that needful to bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption : fo went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amities.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Lues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deces'd :
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entresured :
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time ;
And by the necessitie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities ?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities ;
And that same word, even now cries out on vs :
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please to your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'r that you already haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Praise in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiue'd
A certaine instance, that *Glendore* is dead.
Your Maiesie hath bene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile :
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,
Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfie.*

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on : giue mee your
Hand, Sir ; giue mee your Hand, Sir : an early stirrer, by
the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence* ?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-daughter ?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-daughter
Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Quell (Cousin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
is become a good Scholler ? hee is at Oxford still, is hee
not ?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coile.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly : I
was once of *Clements* Inne ; where (I thinke) they will
talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing : and I would haue done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little *John Dair* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Barre*,
and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squale* a Cot-fal-man, you
had not foore such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe : And I may say to you, wee knew where
the *Bona-Robis* were, and had the best of them all at
commandement. Then was *Lucky Falstaffe* (now Sir *John*)
a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Nor-
folke.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-
boot Souldiers ?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same : I saw him
breake *Saggon's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
a Crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight
with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde *Greys-
Inne*. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent ! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead ?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine : 'tis certaine : very sure, very sure :
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre ?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne
liuing yet ?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead ? See, see : hee drew a good Bow : and
dead ? hee shot a fine shoote. *John* of Gaunt loued
him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead ?
hee would haue clapt in the Clout at Twelue-score, and
carried you a fore-hand Shaft at foortene, and foure-
tene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
good to see. How a score of Ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good Ewes
may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead ?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John Falstaffe's* Men (as I
thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow* ?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace :
What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you :
my Captaine, Sir *John Falstaffe* : a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greets me well : (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight ?
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommoda-
ted, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir ; and it is well said, indeede,
too : Better accommodated ? it is good, yea indeede is it :
a good phrase is surely, and every where very com-
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommoda* :
very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
call you it ? by this Day, I know not the Phrase : but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated : that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated : or, when a man is, being
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir Iohn. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir Iohn.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert *Shallow*: Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No fir Iohn, it is my Cousin *Silence*: in Commiſſion with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me heere halfe a doren of sufficient meat?

Shal. Marry have we fir: Will you fir?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: fo, fo, fo, fo: yea marry fir. *Ralph Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call: let them do fo, let them do fo: Let mee see, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (*Sir Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vs: very singular good. Well saide *Sir Iohn*, very well saide.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be vndoe now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other fir Iohn: Let me see: *Simon Shallow*.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to sit vnder: he's like to be a cold fouldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Heere fir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whole sunne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, fir.

Falff. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: fo the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often fo indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, fir Iohn?

Falff. *Shadow* will serue for Summer: prick him: For we have a number of shadows to fill vpp the Muster-Booke.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*?

Falff. Where's he?

Wart. Heere fir.

Falff. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea fir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him downe, *Sir Iohn*?

Falff. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame floods vpon pines: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can do it: I commend you well.

Francis Feble.

Feble. Heere fir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feble*?

Feble. A Womans Taylor fir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, fir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battail, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoat?

Feble. I will doe my good will fir, you can haue no more.

Falff. Well saide, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious *Feble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or most magnanimous Moose. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master *Shallow*, deepe Master *Shallow*.

Feble. I would *Wart* might haue gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that I might mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate fouldier, that is the Leader of fo many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feble*.

Feble. It shall suffice.

Falff. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcasse* of the Greene.

Falff. Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcasse*.

Bul. Heere fir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, prick me *Bulcasse* till hee roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do't thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh fir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall riog for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere fir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. O fir Iohn, doe you remember since wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falstaff. No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say thee could not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chooſe but be

EE old:

Hail. Wee have sent forth alreadie.

Bibb. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumbreland*:
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
Here doth bee with his Person, with such Powers
As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leue: whereupon
Hee is retr'y'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearfull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hail. Now! what newses?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Mow. The iust proportion that we gree them out.
Let vs iway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bibb. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bibb. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your coming?

West. Then (my Lord)

Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in bafe and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and thrise Noble Lords)
Had not bene here, to dresse the ugly forme
Of bafe, and bloodie Insurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Inuements figure Innocence,
The Dowe, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boytrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bibb. Wherefore do I this? is the Question stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
Hau'e brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And wee must bleed for it: of which Disease,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sick of happinesse,
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heere me more plainly.
I haue in equall balance iustly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Sult, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd access vnto his Person,
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly come,
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes influence (present now)
Hath put vs in these ill-becoming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein haue you bene galled by the King?
What Peere hath bene suborn'd, to grate on you,
That you should feele this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of furdg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

Bibb. My Brother generally, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruias of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should haue an ynch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembered Father?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be reuiv'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State flood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowld in their Seates,
Their neighing Couriers darding of the Spurre,
Their armed Stau'es in charge, their Beausers do wne,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
My Father from the Brest of *Bullingbrooke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threwe)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Hau'e since mis-carried vnder *Bullingbrooke*.

EE 2

Hail. You

Wyl. You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what. The Earle of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knows, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd? But if your Father had bene Vidur there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrey. For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him; and all their prayers, and loue, Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on. And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this is meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall, To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are iust, You shall enioy them, euery thing set off, That night so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer, And it procedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

Wyl. *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it so: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.

For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To giue admittance to a thought of feare.

Our Battaille is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vie of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.

Wyl. That argues but the shame of your offences: A rotten Cause abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

Wyl. That is intended in the Generalls Name: I mule you make so slight a Question.

Bish. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Griouances: Each seuerall Article herein redress'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are infewned to this Action, Acquitted by a true substantiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

Wyl. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords, In sight of both our Battailles, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large termes, and so absolute, As our Conditions shall consist vpon, Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such, That euery slight, and false-deriued Cause, Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue, Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie Of daintie, and such picking Griouances: For hee hath found, to end one dooth by Death, Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life. And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane, And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his loffe, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land, As his mis-doubts present occasion: His foes are so en-rooted with his friends, That plucking to vnize an Enemy, Hee doth vnloosen so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an offensive wife, That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme, That was vprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wafted all his Rods, Oo late Offenders, that hee now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chastisement: So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion May offer, but not hold.

Bish. 'Tis very true: And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal) If we do now make our attennement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so:

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

Wyl. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are wel encountered here (my cosin *Mowbray*) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop, And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all. My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reuerence Your exposition on the holy Text, Then now to see you heere an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Dromme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death: That man that sits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-bline of his floor, Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefs might hee set abroad, In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop, It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament; To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe: The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Betwene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen, And our dull workings. O, who shall beleuee, But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen, As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name, In deedes dishonorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder

Vnder the counterfeit Zeale of Heauen,
The Subjects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Hauē here vp-sworned them.

Bib. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our life vp. I fist your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shew'd from the Court:
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnelle cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Mischiefe.

Mow. If not, wee ready are to trye our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hoff. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplies, to second our Attempt:
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Iohn. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,

To sound the bottome of the after-Times.
Wesl. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And (weare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes haue bene misooke,
And some, about him, haue too lausfully
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their severall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betwene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may heare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

Bib. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

Iohn. I give it you, and will maintaine my word:
And therupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Hoff. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them. *Exit.*

Bib. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

Wesl. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bib. I doe not doubt you.

Wesl. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.
Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the fadaine, something ill.

Bib. Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauineesse fore-runneth the good euent.

Wesl. Therefore be merry (*Coore*) since fadaine sorrow
Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

Bib. Beloeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: I hearken how
they shewt.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

Bib. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie looser.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*
Wee should haue cop'd withall.

Bib. Goe, good Lord *Hastings*:

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I trust (Lord) wee shall lye to night together.

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

Wesl. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,

Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hoff. Our Army is dispers'd:

Like youthfull Steeres, vn-yok'd, they tooke their coorse
East, West, North, South, or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

Wesl. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,

I doe arrest thee (Taytor) of high Treason:

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,

Of Capitall Treason, I attatch you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

Wesl. Is your Assembly so?

Bib. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,

I will performe, with a most Christian care.

But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due

Meer for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,

Foodyly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stay,

Heauen, and not wee, haue lifely fought to day.

Some guard these Traytors to the Block of death.

Treasons true Bed, and yielder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaff and Calleside.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are
you? and of what place, I pray?

Cal. I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is *Calleside* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Calleside* is your Name, a Knight is
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Calleside* shall
still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-
geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be
still *Calleside* of the Dale.

Cal. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falstaff*?

Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee
yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they
are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,
therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obser-
uance to my mercy.

Cal. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falstaff*, & in that thought
yeeld me.

Falst. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of
mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other
word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-
rence, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe:
my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere
comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.

Iohn. The heat is past, follow no farther now :
Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmerland*.
Now *Falstaff*, where have you bene all this while ?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.

Falst. I would be sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
thus : I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet ? Have I, in my poore and olde Motion,
the expedition of Thought ? I have speeded hither with
the very extremest ynh of possibilitie. I have fowndred
nine score and odder Postes : and heere (travell-tainted
as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir *Iohn Collesle* of the Dale, a most furious Knight,
and valorous Enemy : But what of that ? hee saw mee,
and yielded : that I say lustily say with the hooke-nos'd
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and over-came.
Iohn. It was more of his Courtisie, then your deser-
ving.

Falst. I know not : heere hee is, and heere I yield
him : and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
the rest of this dayes deedes ; or I sweare, I will haue it
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
of it (*Collesle* kissing my foot) To the which course, if
I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me ; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeve not
the Word of the Noble : therefore let mee haue right,
and let desert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falst. Let it thine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to thine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name *Collesle* ?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebelle art thou, *Collesle*.

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,

That led me hither : had they bene rul'd by me,
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they fold themselves, but thou
like a kinde fellow, gav'st thy selfe away ; and I thanke
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

Iohn. Have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

Iohn. Send *Collesle*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt. leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collesle.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him :

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to goe
through Gloucestershire : and when you come to Court,
stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falstaff* : I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserve. *Exit.*

Falst. I would you had but the wit : 'twere better
then your Dukedome. Good faith, this fame young fo-
ber-blooded Boy doth oore love me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh : but that's no marvaile, hee drinks no
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
to any prooffe : for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole
their blood, and making many Fifth-Meales, that they
fall into a kiode of Male Greene-sicknesse : and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Foolles, and Cowards ; which some of vs should be too,
but for inflammation. A good Sherrie-Sack hath a two-
fold operation to it : it ascends me into the Braine, dryes
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
which enuiron it : makes it apprehensive, quicke, forge-
tative, full of nimble, serie, and delectable shapies ; which
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of
your excellent Sherrie, is, the warming of the Blood :
which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liuer white, and
pale ; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-
dise ; but the Sherrie warms it, and makes it course
from the inwards, to the parts extremes : it illuminateth
the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme : and then
the Vitall Commonment, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
me all to their Captaine, the Heart ; who great, and puff
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage : and this
Valour comes of Sherrie. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that gets it a-worken) and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, ill
Sack commences it, and sets it in ad, and vsf. Hereof
comes it, that Prince *Henry* is valiant for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
leane, firrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded,
and tyll'd, with excellent endeaueur of drinking good, and
good store of fertile Sherrie, that hee is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sommes, the first Principle
I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potations,
and to additt themselves to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.*
How now *Bardolph* ?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe : Ile through Gloucestershire,
and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire : I
haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my
thombe, and shortly will I feale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth give successefull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Naue is address'd, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And every thing lyes leuell to our wit ;
Onely wee want a little personal Strength :
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hum-

King. *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windfor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in prefence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas*.)

Thou bast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,

For seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd:

Hee hath a Teare for Pitee, and a Hand

Ope (as Day) for melting Charitie:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it recurrently,

When you perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working. Learne this *Thomas*,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoop of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnited Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestiue,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As *Aquilum*, or rath Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windfor with him (*Thomas*)?

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With *Pointes*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subiect is the fatest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) th'inguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsellors,

When Meanes and lawfull Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaue the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,

Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther will,

But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,

The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memorie

Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,

By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,

Turning past-cuils to aduantages.

King. 'Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe

In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? *Westmerland?*

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse

Added to that, that I am to deliuer.

Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scrope*, *Hasting*, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsteath'd,

But Peace put forth her Olive eury where:

The manner how this Action hath bene borne,

Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,

With eury course, in his particular.

King. O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As those that I am come to tell you of.

The Earle *Norhamberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sherife of Yorkshire ouerthrowne:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,

But write her faire words still in foule Letters?

Shce eyther giues a Stomack, and no Food,

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,

And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,

That haue abundance, and enioy it not.)

I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.

Clar. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke

vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits

Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.

Stand from him, giue him ayre:

Hee'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,

So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue

Vnfather'd Heires, and loothly Births of Nature:

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere

Had found some Moneth asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:

And the old folke (Times doting Chronicle)

Say it did so, a little time before

That our great Grand-fire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de.

EE 4 *War.* Speake

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-
uers.

Gls. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber: I lustily pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Vnlesse some dull and fawourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hullo, and hee changes much.

War. Lette noyse, lette noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none
abroad? How doth the King?

Gls. Exceeding ill.

P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?

Tell it him.

Gls. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P.Hen. If hee be sicke with loy,

Hee'le recouer without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will't please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P.Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,

Being so troublefome a Bed-fellow?

O polli'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Parts of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so found, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snore doth the Watch of Night. O Maieslie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit

Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,

That scald'st with fasetie: by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a dowloey feather, which fires not:

Did hee inspire, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found in deepe: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuor'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernes,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plentifully.

My due, from thee, is this Imperial Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Loee, heere it sits,

Which Heaue shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maieslie? how fares your
Grace?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords)?

Clar. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee
see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Gls. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee
layd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it
heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:

Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so haffie, that hee doth suppose

My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his coynyes

With my diseafe, and helpe to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,

When Gold becomes her Obiect?

For this, the foolish oer-carefull Fathers

Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,

Their braines with care, their bones with indolence.

For this, they haue ingroffed and pyl'd vp

The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:

For this, they haue bene thoughtfull, to inuett

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower

The vertuous Sweetes, oer Thighes puckt with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hie;

And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.

This bitter taste yields his engroffements,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demesure, in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which neuer quaffs but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife

With gentle eye-drops. Hee is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)

Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.

Exit.

P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy with was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my empty Chayre,

That thou wilt needes inuett thee with mine Honors,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thoo seek'st the Greatnesse, that will oer-wheele thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thoo hast stolne that, which after some few howres

Were thee, without offence: and at my death

Thoo hast feild vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thoo lou'd'st me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,

To stab at half an howre of my Life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an howre?

Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy care
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fifth is Crown'd: vpon Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you fage Counsellors, hence:
And to the English Court, assemble now
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idleneffe.
Now neighbor-Confinnes, purge you of your Scum:
Haue you a Ruffian that I will sweare? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fifth Harry, from curb'd License pluckes
The muzzle of Restraint: and the wilde Dogge
Shall sheath his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryt is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The most Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fure-shall'd this decree, and deepe Reboke,
Ere you (with griefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that wears the Crowne Immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renouwe,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward dutious Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending.
Heauen witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,
How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faime,
O let me, in my present wildernesse, dye,
And neuer liue, to shew th' incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sent)
And thus vbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, lesse fine in Charact, is more precious,
Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Hast eat the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accoing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdered my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Giue entertainment to the might of it,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the poorest Vassalle is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.
King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither Harrie, sit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-patches, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
How troublesome it fate vpon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with boyf'rous band,
And I had many liuing, to vbraide
My gaine of it, by their Adulterances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.
All these bold Feares,
Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:
For all my Reigne, hath bene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayer sort,
So thou, the Garland wear'st successfully.
Yet, though thou stand'st more fure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greiue are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Haue but thy flings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe displac'd. Which to auoid,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my Harrie)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is vtterly deny'd mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgieue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.
Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, were it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gaint all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
and Warwick.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster:
Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.
King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace
(Sonne Iohn:
But health (lacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Trin. My Lord of Warwick.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heaven:
Even there my life must end.
It hath bene prophes'de to me many yeares,
I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,
Page, and Duns.*

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
What *Duns*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excus'd.
Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
serue: you shall not be excus'd.

Why Duns?

Duns. Heere fir.

Shal. *Duns*, *Duns*, *Duns*, let me see (*Duns*) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. *Sir Iohn*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Duns. Marry fir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
seru'd: and againe fir, shall we fowe the head-land with
Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate *Duns*. But for *William Cooke*:
are there no yong Pigeons?

Duns. Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: *Sir Iohn*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Duns. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee
had: And *Sir*, doe you meane to stuppe any of *Williams*
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*
Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:

Some Pigeons *Duns*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a
soynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tyme Kick-shawes,
tell *William Cooke*.

Duns. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night fir?

Shal. Yes *Duns*:

I will vse him well. A Friend I'th Court, is better than a
penny in purse. Vse his men well *Duns*, for they are ar-
rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Duns. No worse then they are bitten. fir: For they
haue marvellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited *Duns*: about thy Businesse,
Duns.

Duns. I beseech you fir,
To countenance *William Ujor* of Woncot, against *Cle-
ment Perkin* of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Duns*, against that
Ujor, that *Ujor* is an arant Knaue, on my know-
ledge.

Duns. I graunt your Worshipp, that he is a knaue Sir:)
But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some
Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man fir,
is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue
seru'd your Worshipp truly fir, these eight yeares: and
if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,
against an honest man, I haue but a very little credite with
your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
therefore I beseech your Worshipp, let him bee Counte-
nanc'd.

Shal. Go too,

I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Duns*.

Where are you *Sir Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.

Give me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worshipp.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master

Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:

Come *Sir Iohn*.

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.
Bardolfe, looke to our Horfies. If I were saw'd into
Quintilles, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
Hermites staves, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull
thing to see the fembable Coherence of his mens spirits,
and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselves
like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is
turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are
so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-
ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-
ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I
would humour his men, with the imputation of being
neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with
Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his
Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-
norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie.
I will deuide matter enough out of this *Shallow*,
to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing
out of five Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-
tions, and he shall laugh with *Interruptions*. O it is much
that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a fadde
brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache
in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*,

Falff. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Earle of Warwick, and the Lord
Chiefe Iustice.*

Warwick. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-
ther away?

Ch. Iust. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares

Are now, all ended.

Ch. Iust. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Ch. Iust. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.

Cb. Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester,
and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead Harries
O, that the liuing Harrie had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike faile, to Spirits of vilde fort?

Cb. Iust. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.

Iohn. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cofin.

Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

Ioh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

Cb. Iust. Peace be with vs, lest we be heauier.

Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

Iohn. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the forrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speake Sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,

Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Cb. Iust. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,

Led by th'Imperiall Conduitt of my Soule,

And neuer shall you see, that I will begge

A ragged, and fore-shill'd Remission.

If Truth, and vpright Innocency sayle me,

Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,

And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Cb. Iust. Good murther: and heauen faue your Maiesty

Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,

Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sidelasse with some Feare:

This is the English, not the Turkish Court:

Not *Amarab*, an *Amarab* succeds,

But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)

For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:

Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,

That I will deeply put the Fashion on,

And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,

But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)

Then a toynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.

For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)

Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:

Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;

But weepe that *Henric*'s dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares

By number, into houres of Happinesse.

Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Maiesty.

Prince. You all looke strangely on me: and you moft,

You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.

Cb. Iust. I am assur'd (if I be meazur'd rightly)

Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget

So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly fend to Prison
Th' immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Cb. Iust. I then did vfe the Perlon of your Father:

The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th' administration or his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealt,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:
Whereoo (as an Offender to your Father)

I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your sweetfull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?

Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity so much prophand,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne diuided:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft filencing your Sonne:
After this cold conferance, fence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My perlon, or my Lieges Souerainete.

Prince. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th' vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vfe the same
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine care,
And I will steepe, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.

And Princes all, beleeue me, I beseech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I Iurure,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To frustrate Prophecies, and to reeue out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now dorth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall have formost hand,
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before rememberd) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall have iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harris* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard : where, in an
Arbor we will eate a lust yeares Pippin of my owne graf-
ting, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come *Cofin*
Silence, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren : Beggars all, beggars all
Sir Iohn : Marry, good ayre. Spread *Davy*, spread *Dauie* :
Well said *Dauie*.

Falff. This *Dauie* serues you for good vices : he is your
Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, *Sir Iohn* : I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe : Come
Cofin.

Sil. Ah firra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
yeeres : when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads some heere, and there : so merrily, and euer among
fo merrily.

Fal. There's a merrie heart, good *M.Silence*, Ile giue
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good *M.Bardolfe* : some wine, *Dauie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit : Ile be with you anon : most sweete
sir, sit. Master *Page*, good *M.Page*, sit : Proface. What
you want in meate, wee'll haue in drinke : but you beare,
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry *M.Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall :

'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all ;

And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke *M.Silence* had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who IF I haue beene merrie twice and once, ere
now.

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Dauie*.

Da. Your Worship : Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, fir ?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine : and a merrie heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, *M.Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merrie, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, *M.Silence*.

Sil. Fill tha Coppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottoms.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome : If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, bewhew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyne thee, and welcome indeed too : Ile drinke to
M.Bardolfe, and to all the Cautileres about London.

Da. I hope to see Loodon, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Dauie*.

Shal. You'll cracke a quart together ? Ha, will you not
M.Bardolfe ?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee : the knaue will sticke by thee, I
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, fir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King : lack nothing, be merry.
Looke, who's at doore there, ho : who knockes ?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samings*. Is't
not so ?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so ? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.
Da. If it please your Worthip, there's one *Pistoll*
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court ? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll* ?

Pist. Sir *Iohn*, haue you fir.

Fal. What winde blew you hithar, *Pistoll* ?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes nows to good,
sweet Knight : Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of
Barfon.

Pist. *Puffe* ? *puffe* in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base. *Sir Iohn*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend : helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer thcm, like a man of this
World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes ?

Let King *Cowbr* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pist. Shall danghill Curres confront the *Hellicons* ?

And shall good newes be baffel'd ?

Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.

If fir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to concale
tham. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King ?

Bensonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth' or Fifth ?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,

Harry the Fifth' the man, I speake the truth.

When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and figge-me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow*, choote what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carry Master *Shallow* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my
Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boote, wee'll ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistol*:
Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistol*, vnto more to mee: and
withall deuide something to thy felis good. Boote,
boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for
mee. Let vs take any mans Horfies: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which
haue bene my Friends: and woe vnto my Lord Chief
Iustice.

Pist. Let Vultures wil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-foote,
and Bredbit.*

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
and thee shall haue Whipping chere enough, I warrant
her. There hath bene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, not-hooke, you Lye: Come on, lie
tell thee what, thou damnd Tripe-vilg'd Rascall, if the
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
laine.

Host. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
againg, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pis-
toll* beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew
Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correc-tionner, if you
be not swindg'd, Ile forswere halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'come might. Wel
of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iustice.

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound,

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:

Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Gro.* More Ruthe, more Ruthe.

2. *Gro.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

1. *Gro.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
from the Coronation. *Exit Groe.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will
make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as
he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee
will giue me.

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistol*, stand behind me. O if I had
had time to haue made new Liveries, I would haue be-
stowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre
the scale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaille, and sweating
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
all assayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee
done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *abique hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all
in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeede.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Luer, and
make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helio* of thy noble thoghes
is in bafe Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither
by most Mechanicall and dirty hand. Rowze vpp
Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecho's Snake, for
Dol is in. *Pistol*, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Pistol. There roard't the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
found.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the
Fifth, Brabers, Lord Chief
Iustice.*

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
Impe of Fame.

Fal. Saue thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chief Iustice, speake to that vaine
man.

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iesser?

I haue

I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So furtiv (well'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaze gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne left,
Perfume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie.
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should giue me your Doublet, and stufte me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let mee haue five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heare, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*, I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Iust. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* to the Fleete, Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone: Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contento.*

Exit. Marcell Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings: He hath intent his wonted Followers Shall all be very well prouided for: But all are banisht, till their conuersations Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Iust. And so they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament, My Lord.

Ch. Iust. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay odde, that ere this yeere expire, We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Native fire As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing, Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King. Come, will you hence?

Exeunt

FINIS.





EPILOGVE.



FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie: And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately beere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and beere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vse my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen beere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloyd with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already be be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.



THE ACTORS NAMES.

REMOVR the Prefentor.
 King *Henry* the Fourth.
 Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fifth.
 Prince *Iohn* of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.	}	Opposites again st King <i>Henrie</i> the Fourth.
The Arch Byshop of Yorke.		
Mowbray.		
Hastings.		
Lord Bardolfe.		
Trauers.		
Morton.		
Coleuile.		

Warwicke.	}	Of the Kings Partie.	Pointz.	}	Irregular Humourists.
Westmerland.			Falstaffe.		
Surrey.			Bardolphe.		
Gowre.			Pistoll.		
Harecourt.			Peto.		
Lord Chiefe Iustice.			Page.		

Shallow.	}	Both Country Iustices.	}	Northumberlands Wife. Percies Widdow. Hostesse Quickly. Doll Teare-theete. Epilogue.
Silence.				
Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.	}	Country Soldiers		
Phang, and Snare, 2. Sericants				
Mouldie.				
Shadow.				
Wart.				
Feeble.	}			
Bullcalfe.				

Drawers
 Beadles.
 Groomes





The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Mass of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heavens of Invention !
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Least in, like Heavels) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all !
The flat unweildy Spirits, that both dar'd,
On this unworlthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vastie fields of France ? Or may we cramme
Within this wooden O, the very Cakes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt ?
O pardon : since a crowded Figure may
Assaile in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Account,

On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high top reared, and adverting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Trace out our imperfections with your thoughts :
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissances.
Thinke when we talke of Horset, that you see them,
Printing their proud Huses t'ib' receiving Earth :
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there : Jumping o're Times ;
Turning t'accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Hower-glasse ; for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Hillarie ;
Who Prologue-like, your humble pationes pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

Y Lord, He tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleventh yere of y^e last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now ?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on if it passe against vs,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession :
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs ; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Equires :
And to reliefe of Lazaris, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporal toyle,
A hundred Almshouses, right well supply'd :
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th' yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Bish. Cant. I would drinke the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what prevention ?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too ; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him ;
Lezuing his body as a Paradise,
T'inselap and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a fadaine Scholler made :
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currence scowring faults :
Nor neuer Hydra-headed Willfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat ; and all at once ;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie ;

And all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the King were made a Prelate ;

Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires ;

You would say, it hath been all in all his study :

Lift his discourse of Warre ; and you shall heare

A fearefull Battaille rendred you in Mutique.

Turne

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honeyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addition was to Courtes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Honours fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holtsome Berries thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, fastest by Night,
Vnseen, yet cressive in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; and Miracles are cast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon your part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Sue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine haue dooe,
The funeralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impeachment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crao'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embasie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Humphrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Willmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vncle,
H'sm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become to it.

King. Sure we thank you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salique*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should *fashion*, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impune our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Wee, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience wast,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cam. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruises,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salique Land*:
Which *Salique Land*, the French vnjustly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* is in Germanie,
Betwene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles the Great* hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritor in *Salique Land*:
Which *Salique* (as I said) twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meissen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salique Law*
Was not deuic'd for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salique Land*,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly oppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles the Great*
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fise. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pyrrus*, which depose'd *Chulderick*,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blutbild*, which was Daughter to King *Clutbeir*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France,
Hagb Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady Lingere,
Daughter to *Charlemaigne*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the *Viurper Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his confidence,
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to Charles the forelaide Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-ynited to the Crowne of France.

So, that as cleare as is the Summers Soone,
King *Yepias* Title, and *Hugh Capet* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bibb. Con. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vncles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bibb. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Armes renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines; and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Moone of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exr. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowle your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might)

Wf. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,
And lye psuilion'd in the fields of France.

Bibb. Con. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spirituallie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'insade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road vpon vs,
With all advantages.

Bibb. Con. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraigne,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting fatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath beene still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdomes,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fullnesse of his force,
Gailing the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,
Girding with grievous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Con. She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her bot example'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King *Edward* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praye,
As is the Owle and bottoome of the Sea
With sunken Wreck, and sun-lesse Treasuries.

Bibb. Ely. But there's a laying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nest, the Wexsell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and haucke more then she can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that 'is but a cruell necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adois'd head defends it selfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreering in a full and naturall close,
Like Musicke.

Con. Therefore doth heauen diuise
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motions:
To which is fixed as an sygne or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule io Nature teach
The AQ of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of force,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their Rings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Velvet budde:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who buisied in his Maiesties surueyes
The singing Masons building rootes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens keoeading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his furly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone : I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
As many Arrows loofed severall wayes
Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea ;
As many Lynes close in the Dial's center :
So may a thousand actions once a soote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and pollicie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well refoln'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there we'll sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrine,
Tomblesse, with no remembrance ower them :
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshippt with a wasen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin : for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to give vs leave
Freely to render what we haue in charge :
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
As is our wretches fetted in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amb. Thus than in few :
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Says, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduin'd : There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne :
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes thence.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

King. What Treasure Vncle ?

Ext. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for :
When we haue matcht our Racketts to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not mesuring what we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore feate of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
To barbarous licenſe : As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrier, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowle me in my Throne of France,
For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes :
But I will rise there with full a glorie,
That I will daale all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his foule
Hath turn'd his balles to Gon-floues, and his foule
Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them : for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:
And some are yet vnnoten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tel you the Dolphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-bailow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace : And tell the Dolphin,
His left will fauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Ext. This was a merry Messaige.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it :
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition :
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Sauve thofe to God, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings : for God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore,
Therefore let every man now take his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

Fifteenth. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes :
Now thrise the Armors, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged helmes, as English Mercuries.
For now fits Expedition in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hills vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French adu'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
O England! Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart

What

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall;
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bowemes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroppe of Mafham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeede)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
Th' abuse of distance; force a play:
The fummie is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is fet from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to Corporall shall we convey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle Paffe: for it we may,
We'll not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Exit

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Nym. Well met Corporall Nym.
Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Bar. What, are Ancient Piffall and your friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I lay little: but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron: it is a fimple one, but what though? It will toke Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will: and there's an end.
Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let's be to good Corporall Nym.
Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.
Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly he did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.
Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they maymen may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say, knives have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piffall, & Quickly.
Bar. Heere comes Ancient Piffall and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hostesse Piffall?
Piff. Basse Tyke, call'st thou mee Hostesse, now by this hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my Nel keep Lodgers.
Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welladay Lady, if he be not bewne now, we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.
Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing heere.
Nym. Piff.

Piff. Piff for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur of Island.

Host. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would have you solus.
Piff. Solus, egregious doge, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lunge, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nalie mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Piff's cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Bardolfe*, you cannot censure mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Piffall, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre termes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good termes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piff. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere, Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first blowe, fle run him vp to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Piff. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give: Thy spirites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Piffall. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Crete, think't thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Powdering tub at infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressida* kinde, *Doll Teere-shete*, she by name, and her couple. I have, and I will hold the *Quendam Quickly* for the onely thee: and *Pawa*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.
Boy. Mine Host Piffall, you must come to my Mayster, and your Hostesse is very sicke, & would be bed. Good Bardolfe, put thy face betwene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.
Host. By my troth he'll yeild the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home presently.

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France together: why the duel should we keep knives to cut one anothers throats?

Piff. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting?

Piff. Basse is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I will haue: that's the honor of it.

Piff. As manhood shall compound: push home. *Draw.*

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust, Ile kill him: By this sword, I will.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course.

Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to get thee put vp.

Piff. A Noble shalt thou have, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendship shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile live by Nymme, & Nymme shall live by me, is not this iust? For I shall Suttle be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give mee thy hand.

h 3

Nym.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hyliffe.

Hyl. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to see *Isbe*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Pist. *Nym.*, then hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carceres.

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed. God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Ex. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes late Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

Ex. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scrope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Mafham,

And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:

Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs

Will cut their passage through the force of France?

Doing the execution, and the acte,

For which we haue in head assembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded

We carry not a heart with vs from hence,

That grows not in a faire consent with ours:

Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not with

Success and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,

Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect

That fits in heart-greife and vnessefne

Vnder the sweet shade of your government.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,

Haue sleep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you

With beards create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner then quitance of desert and merit,

According to the weight and worthinesse.

Scro. So seruice shall with steeld finewes toyle,

And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant seruices.

King. We ludge no lesse. Vnkle of Exeter,

Inlarge the man committed yesterday,

That ray'd against our person: We consider

It was excess of Wine that set him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example

Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,

Are heauy Orisons gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scrope, and Grey, in their decree care

And tender preferuacion of our person

Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,

Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,

Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Grey. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours

There yours Lord Scrope of Mafham, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours:

Read them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,

We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you loofe

So much complexion? Lookie ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,

That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Grey. *Scro.* To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicken in vs but late,

By your owne counsaile is suppress and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,

For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere,

You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnish with all appertinents

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conspir'd

And sworne vnto the practises of France

To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,

This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to vs

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord Scrope, thou cruell,

Ingratefull, fawning, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soule,

Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vice?

May it be possible, that forraigne hyer

Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grosse

As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,

As two yoke diuels sworne to eythers purpose,

Working so grossely in an naturall cause,

That admiration did not hopee at them.

But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in

Wound to waite on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was

That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellencie:

And other duels that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glitt'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, had thee hand vp,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Demon that hath gull'd thee thou,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to visite Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with ialousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why lo didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?
Why lo didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why lo didst thou. Seeme they religious?
Why lo didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not frowning with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee.
For this result of thine, me thinks is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquir them of their praefises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas
Lord Scrope of Marham.

I arrest thee of High Treason by the name of Thomas
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Sce. Our purposes, God iustly hath discouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Gaw. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a mooue,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre: Ioy ore my selfe,
Presented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You have conspir'd against Our Royall person,
Ioy'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must to tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Bearer them hence.
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But eury Rubbe is smoothened on our way.
Then forth, deare Countrymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.

Flourish.

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hefliffe.

Hefliffe. Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to Staines.

Pistol. No: for my manly heart doth erre. Bardolph,
be blythe: Nim, rowle thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bribe
thy Courage vp: for Falstaff hee is dead, and wee must
erre therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefore hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hefliffe. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arburys
Bosome, if euer man went to Arburys Bosome: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
Child: a parted eu'n iust betwene Twelve and One, eu'n
at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fieldes. How now
Sir Iohn (quoth I?) what man? be a good chere: so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hefliffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hefliffe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
nate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Col-
our he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about
Women.

Hefliffe. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was runatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall wee hogge? the King will be gone from
Southampton.

Pistol. Come, let's awy. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
Looke to my Chateles, and my Mouebles: Let Sences
rule: The world is Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Waser-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge: My Duckie, therefore Caree be
thy Counsaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chryftalls. Yoke-
fellows in Armes, let vs to France, like Horlic-
heches

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Fifth. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Holleffe.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Fifth. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Holleffe. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concerns, To answer Royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To iynne and new repaire our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defende For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as prouideots, As feare may teach vs, out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English, Vpon our beds.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whition Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, there is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantasically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Yooth, That feare attends her not.

Confl. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Embassie, How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, How modest in expectation; and withall, How terrible in constant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus, Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh The Enemie more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weak and niggardly profection, Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King Henry strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath bene sleight vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Cressy Battell fatally was stricke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the haod Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres bene made. 'This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Native mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Wele giue them present audience. Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends. *Dolphin.* Turne head, and stop: pursuit for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Sovereigne Take vp the English flout, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England? *Exr.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you desest your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, long To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no snifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Picked from the worme-holes of long-vanish'd dayes, Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt, He sends you this most memorable Lyne, In every Branch truly demonstrative; Willing you oer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euenly deriu'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, *Edward* the third; he bids you then renigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indircely held From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what folowes?

Exr. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Joss*: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vassie Iawes; and on your head Turning the Widowes Teares, the Orphan Cries, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuerse. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vnto the Dolphin be in preference here; To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mil-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus faves my Kings and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
He'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Causes and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespass, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Says if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Odde with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'll make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'll find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects haue in wonder found,
Betwene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he matters now: now he weighs Time
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shall be gone dispatch, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue seene

The well-appointed King at Douer Peere,
Embarke his Royalties and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Peribus* lying;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
To founds confus'd: behold the threaten'd Sayles,
Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Seas,
Breasting the loffie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
For so appeares this Fleet Maiestically,

Holding due course to Harlew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sterage of this Naue,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandfires, Babies, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyce-drawne Causiers to France?
Work, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Surge:
Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harlew.
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarm, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind.

Exit.

*Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.
Alarm: Scaling Ladders at Harlew.*

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-favour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brafte Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nethermill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vpon euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
Whose blood is set from Fathers of Warre-prooffe:
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Hauie in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now atter,
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here
The mettell of your Pasture: let vs weare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the flips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.

Alarm, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Berdelph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.
Nim. Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Cafe of Limes:
the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
of it.

Tyff. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a-
bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houfe in London, I
would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and falletie.

Tyff. And

Pifl. And I : If wiſhes would prevaile with me, my porpoſe ſhould not fayle with me ; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Fis. Vp to the breach, you Dogges ; ſauant you Cullions.

Pifl. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould : a-bate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage ; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage : vie lenitie ſweet Chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humors : your Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obſer'd theſe three Swathers : I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ſerue me, could not be Man to me ; for indeed three ſuch Antiques doe not amount to a man : for *Bardolph*, hee is white-lier'd, and red-fac'd ; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not : for *Pifloll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword ; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keeps whole Weapons : for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beſt men, and therefore hee ſcornes to ſay his Prayers, left a ſhould be thought a Coward : but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds ; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunke. They will ſteale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelue Leagues, and ſold it for three hiſſelpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworne Brothers in filching : and in Callice they ſtole a ſire-ſhouell. I knew by that peece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-keichers : which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I ſhould take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I muſt leaue them, and ſeek ſome better Service : their Villany goes againſt my weake ſtomacke, and therefore I muſt caſt it vp.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mynes ; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeake with you.

Fis. To the Mynes ? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mynes : for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the diſciplines of the Warre, the conſequities of it is not ſufficient : for looke you, th'athuerſarie, you may diſcouſe vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himſelfe foure yard vnder the Countermynes : by *Chyfu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direction.

Gower. The Duke of Glouceſter, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Iriſh man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Mackmorris*, is it not ?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Chyfu* he is an Aſſe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Bead : he ha's no more directions in the true diſciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman diſciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, and Captaine Lumy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Lumy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Lumy* is a maruellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'sunchant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions : by *Chyfu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the diſciplines of the Priſtine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I ſay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captaine *Lumy*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorris*, haue you quit the Mynes ? haue the Fioners giuen o're ?

Iriſh. By Chriſt Law tiſh ill done : the Worke iſh giue ouer, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke iſh ill done : it iſh giue ouer : I would haue blowed vp the Towne, ſo Chriſt ſaue me law, in an houre. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done : by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorris*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, looke you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication : partly to ſaſtifie my Opinion, and partly for the ſaſtisfaction, looke you, of my Mind : as touching the direction of the Militarie diſcipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It ſhall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captains bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occaſion : that ſhall I marry.

Iriſh. It is no time to diſcouſe, ſo Chriſt ſaue me : the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes : it is no time to diſcouſe, the Town is beſeech'd : and the Trumpet call vs to the breach, and we talke, and be Chriſt do nothing, tis ſhame for vs all : ſo God ſa'me tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand : and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſt ſa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theſe eyes of mine take themſelues to ſlumber, ayle de gud ſeruiſe, or Ile liſſe i'th' grund for it ; ay, or gue to death : and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſuerly do, that is the breſſe and the long : marry, I wad full ſaine heard ſome queſtion twen you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorris*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Iriſh. Of my Nation ? What iſh my Nation ? Iſh a Villaine, and a Baſterd, and a Knaue, and a Raſcall. What iſh my Nation ? Who talkes of my Nation ?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwiſe then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorris*, peradventure I ſhall thinke you doe not vie me with that aſſiduite, as in diſcretion you ought to vie me, looke you, being at good a man as your ſelfe, both in the diſciplines of Warre, and in the deruation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Iriſh. I doe not know you ſo good a man as my ſelfe : ſo Chriſt ſaue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Scot. A, that's a ſoule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne ſounds a Paſley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of Warre : and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Train before the Gates.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouernour of the Towne ? This is the lateſt Parle we will admit :

There-

Therefore to our best mercy give your felues,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Desire vs to our worth : for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best ;
If I begin the batt'le once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-achieved Harlew,
Till in her ashes the lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall range
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowing Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrecht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynck't to wark and desolation ?
What is't to me, when you your felues are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation ?
What Keyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'courage'd Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harlew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not : why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrinking Daughters ;
Your Fathers taken by the filier Beards,
And their most reuerend Heads dash't to the Walls :
Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds ; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you ? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd ?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Gouverneur.

Guor. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returns vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayse fo great a Siege : Therefore great Kings,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy :
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates : Come Vncle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harlew ; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French :
We mercy to them all for vs, deare Vncle.
The Winter coming on, and Sicknesse growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retire to Calis.
To night in Harlew will be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we adrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. *Alice*, in asyle en Angleterre, & tu bien parles
le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. *Le ie prie mesmeignis, il faut que ie apprend a par-
len : Camient appelle vous le main en Anglois ?*

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doys.

Kat. Le doys, ma foy le oublie, e doys may, ie me foumeray
le doys ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, ie pense que ie
suis le bon esbalié.

Kath. J'ay gaigné deux mots d'Anglois vilement, comment
appelle vous le anglez ?

Alice. Le anglez, les appellent de Noyles.

Kath. De Noyles egleuse : dites moy, si ie parle bien : de
Hand, de Fingres, e de Noyles.

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arms, Madame.

Kath. E de toudes.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow : le men foy le repitico de tous les mots
que vous mavez, appris des a prejet.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme le pense.

Kath. Excusez moy Alice egleuse, d'Hand, de Fingres, de
Noyles, d'Arms, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, comment ap-
pelle vous le cel.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin : le cel de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sans vostre bonneur en verite vous prouou-
cien les mots aussi droict, que le Naists d'Angleterre.

Kath. *Le ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu,
& en peu de temps.*

Alice. N'aue vous y desia oublié ce que ie vous a ensignie.

Kath. Noms ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de
Fingres, de Noyles.

Alice. De Noyles, Madame.

Kath. De Noyles, de Arms, de Elbow.

Alice. Sans vostre bonneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin : comment ap-
pelle vous les pied & de robe.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il font le
mots de son mauuou corruptible griffe & impudique, & non
pour le Dames de Honneur d'ouir : le ne vouldray prononcer ce
mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le
Foot & le Count, neant moy, ie recitera en autrefoyn ma leuon
ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingres, de Noyles, d'Arms, d'Elbow, de
Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une foy, allons nous a diner.

Exit.

*Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Constable of France, and others.*

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the River Some.
Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not lise in France : let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu viuant : Shall a few Sprays of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and fange Stock,
Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-look the Grasters ?

'Brit. Normans, but bishard Normans, Norman baillards
Mort de ma vie, if they march along
Vnsought withall, but I will sell my Dukedom,

To

To buy a slobbery and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Conf. *'Dieu de Batailles, where have they this mettell?*
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in defight, the Sonne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can foulden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd lades, their Barly broth,
Deco't their cold blood to such valliant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie & O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping lfyckles
Vpon our Howies Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natue Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettelle is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodies to the Lust of English Yoothe,
To new-store France with Barfard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Loulets*' high, and swift *Garrants*'s,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heeles,
And that we are most lottie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orlance*, *Barbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alain, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Jaques Chastillon, *Rumbers*, *Vandemut*,
Beumont, *Grand Pre*, *Rouffi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Lays, *Leftrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Cheraleys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great frames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harlew:
Rush on his Host, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhueme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Conf. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'll drop his heart into the snick of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haue on *Montjoy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.
King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captaine, English and Welch, Gower
and Finesles.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Finesles*, come you from
the Bridge?

Fis. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Fis. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Ag-*

memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my lue, and my liuing,
and my vttermost power. He is not, God be prayd and
blesst, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
most valliantly, with excellent discipline. There is an an-
cient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience hee is as valliant a man as *Marke Antony*, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant seruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Fis. Hee is call'd aunchient *Fyffall*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Fyffall.

Fis. Here is the man.

Fyff. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Fis. I, I praye God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Fyff. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and found of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheeles, that Goddesse blind, that
stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone,

Fis. By your pteuence, aunchient *Fyffall*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and thee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that thee is turning and inconstant, and motabilite,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Fyff. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
death: let Gallowes geue for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Fis. Aunchient *Fyffall*, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning.

Fyff. Why then reioyce therefore.

Fis. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for ife looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vfed.

Fyff. Dye, and be dam'd, and Fige for thy friendship.

Fis. It is well.

Fyff. The Figue of Spaine.

Exit.

Fis. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Fis. He assure you, a vt'tred as prauise words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Sommers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warren, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dif-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they
conne perfitly in the phrase of Warr; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalis Cut, and a horrid Sme of the Campe, will doe among fuming Bottles, and Ale-waist Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mis-tooke.

Fla. I tell you what, Captains *Gower* I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearle you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Soldiers.

Fla. God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Fla. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prauise passages: marry, th'athursarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a prauise man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Fla. The perdition of th'athursarie hath bene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and welkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off: and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vprayed or abused in disdainefull Language; for when *Lewis* and *Cruelle* play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mountjoy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Advantage is a better Soldier then rashnesse. Tell him, we could haue rebuk'd him at *Hartfewe*, but that wee thought not good to bruile an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our *Q.* and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weaknesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ranfome, which must proportion the losses we haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master, so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. *Mountjoy.*

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairly. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not fecke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to say the looth, Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage, My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am; My Ranfome, is this fraye and worthelesse Trunke; My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*. Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe, If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood Discolour: and so *Mountjoy*, fare you well: The summe of all our Answer is but this: We would not fecke a Battaille as we are, Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it: So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Goda hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the Riuier wee'll encampe our felues, And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleans, Duplein, with others.

Cast. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleans. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my Horfe haue his due.

Cast. It is the best Horfe of Europe.

Orleans. Will it neuer be Morning?

Duple. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orleans. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Duple. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horfe with any that trades but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheual volente*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de feu*. When I bestride him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth finds, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofs, is more Muscical then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orleans. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Duple. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.

Cosin. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orlance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rining of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deferred prayse on my Palfray : it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea : Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all : 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on : And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orlance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orlance. Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the precript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Cosin. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Cosin. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike he was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Cosin. You haue good iudgement in Horseman-shipp.

Dolph. Be ware'd by me then : they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs : I had rather haue my Horse to my Mistresse.

Cosin. I had as lue haue my Mistresse a lade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

Cosin. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolph. *La chien est retourne a son propre venissement est la loue l'auue au bourkier* thou mak'st vie of any thing.

Cosin. Yet doe I not vie my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Cosin. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Cosin. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and twere more honor some were away.

Cosin. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayes, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it neuer be day ? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Cosin. I will not lay so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way : but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners ?

Cosin. Yoo most first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orlance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Cosin. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orlance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Cosin. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orlance. He is simply the most aduise Gentleman of France.

Cosin. Doing is actiuite, and he will still be doing.

Orlance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Cosin. Nor will doe none to morrow : hee will keepe that good name still.

Orlance. I know him to be valiant.

Cosin. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orlance. What's hee ?

Cosin. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orlance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Cosin. By my faith Sir, but it is : neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey : 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orlance. Ill will neuer sayd well.

Cosin. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orlance. And I will take vp that with, Gine the Deuill his due.

Cosin. Well plac't : there stands your friend for the Deuill : haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Fox of the Deuill.

Orlance. You are the better at Prouerbes, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Cosin. You haue shot ouer.

Orlance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tents.

Cosin. Who hath mesur'd the ground ?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Cosin. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day ? Alas poore Harry of England : hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orlance. What a wretched and pecuniish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Cosin. If the English had any apprehensioe, they would runne away.

Orlance. That they lack : for if their heads had any intelligence, their Armour, they could neuer wear such heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Island of England breeds very valiant Creatures ; their Mastiffs are of vnmatchable courage.

Orlance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Bear, and haue their heads crush'd like rotten Apples : you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakfast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Cosin. Iust, iust : and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffs, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives : and then giue them great Meales of Brest, and Iron and Steele ; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Deuils.

Orlance. I,

Orlance. I, but these English are throwly out of Beefe.

Caill. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomackes to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme : come, shall we about it ?

Orlance. It is now two a Clock : but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murre and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veffell of the Vniuersie,
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army silly founds ;
That the first Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their pale flames
Each Battaille sees the others vnder'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boistfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare : and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riuetts vp,
Gieue dreadfull note of preparation.

The Country Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle ;
And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice ;
And chide the creeper-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and oldfild Witch doth limpe
So tedious away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminat

The Mornings danger : and their gesture faul,
Insecting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Prefectred them vnto the gazing Moore
So many horrid Ghosts. O ow, who will behold

The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;

Let him cry, Prayre and Glory on his head :
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hosts,

Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.

Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him ;

Nor doth he dedicate one lot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night ;

But freshly lookes, and ouer-bears Attaint,
With cheerefull semblance, and sweet Maistie :

That euerie Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.

A Largeffe vniuersall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to every one,

Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.

A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And so our Scene muilts to the Battaille fye :

Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five moist vnde and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brauile ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt : Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford : God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirren,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all ; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpinghem.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpinghem :
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish rurie of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may lye, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paises,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased :
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe ;
Doe my good morrow to them, and soon
Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace ?

King. No, my good Knight :

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England :
I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleesse thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheere-
fully. *Enter Pistoll.*

Pist. Che vous la ?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
babe, common, and popular ?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the pulfant Pyke ?

King. Euen so : what are you ?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist
most valiant : I kisse his durtie shoe, and from heart-
spring I loue the lovely Bully. What is thy Name ?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy ? a Cornish Name : art thou of Cornish Crew ?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
S. Danies day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, leaue he knock that about youra.

i 2

Pist. Art

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The Fifth for thee then.

King. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It forth well with your fierceness.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. *Captaine Fluellen.*

Flu. So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble bable in *Pompeys* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Societie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Afe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe: is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Afe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*
King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir *John Erpingham.*

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that louke to be waikt off the next Tye.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smell to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Condition: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himself in Thames vnder the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ranomed, and a many poore mens liues saved.

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoever you speake this to seele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then we should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects: If his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille, shall loyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wines, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debes they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am afraid, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandise, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Seate, the Imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all voposted Souldiers: some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murder; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periuie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before goaded the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-runne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, waite every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation waa gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to thinke, that making God to free an offer, he let him out-lie that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ranfom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I lue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll neuer trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reprooffe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betwene vs, if you lue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I lue to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breath of euery foole, whose fence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-ease most Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Such Ceremonie, fane generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more

Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rentes? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,

Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in steed of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,

And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.

Thinke thou the fierie Feuer will goe out

With Titles blowne from Adulation?

Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,

That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.

I am a King that find thee: and I know,

'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,

The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,

The farrest Title running 'fore the King,

The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,

That beates vpon the high shore of this World:

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;

Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maieriticall,

Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue

Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,

Neuer fees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:

But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,

Sweates in the eye of Phoebus; and all Night

Sleepes in Elinium: next day after dawne,

Doth rise and helpe *Hesperus* to his Horle,

And followes for the euen-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue:

And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,

Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slaue, a Member of the Countreys peace,

Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,

What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace;

Whose howres, the Peasant best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles ialous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doe't, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battailles, Steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now

The fence of reckning of th'oppos'd numbers:

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault

My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.

I *Richards* body haue interred new,

And on it haue bestow'd more conrite teares,

Then from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their wisher'd hands hold vp

Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:

And I haue built two Chauntries,

Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still

For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Implicring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Rambour, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horse, Verlus Lacquay: Ha.

Orleans. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. *Via les roes & terre.*

Orleans. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dolph. *Cris, Cousin Orleans.* *Enter Conflable.*
Now my Lord Conflable?

Confl. Hearke how our Steedes, for prefont Serruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horfes blood?
How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messing.

Messing. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Confl. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.

Doe but behold yond poore and starved Band,
And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,

Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.

There is not worke enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,

To giue each naked Curtles a stayne,

That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,

And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,

The vapour of our Valour will o're-urne them.

'Tis positiue against all exceptions, Lords,

That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants,

Who in vnecessary action swarme

About our Squares of Battaille, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;

Though we vpon this Mountaine Basis by,

Tooke stand for idle speculation:

But that our Honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let vs doe,

And all is done: then let the Trumpets found

The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandprie.

Grandprie. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?

Yond lland Carriens, depaerate of their bones,

Ill-floored become the Morning field:

Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,

And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.

Bigge *Mari* seems banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,

And faintly through a riu'd Beuer peepes.

The Horfemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,

With Torch-flaues in their hands: and their poore lades

Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:

The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their pale dull mouths the lymold Bitt

Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse,

And their eacutors, the knauiſh Crows,

Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.

Description cannot fute it selfe in words,

To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaille,

In life to liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Confl. They haue said their prayers,

And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And giue their fainting Horfes Prouender,
And after fight with them?

Confl. I stay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vie it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
with all his Host: Salisbury, and
Westmerland.*

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaille.

West. Of fighting men they haue folt threefore thousand.

Exr. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salib. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.

God buy! you Princes all; He to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exr. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin *Westmerland*. No, my faire Cousin:

If we are markt to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,

The fewer men, the greater shure of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.

By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:

It yernes me not, if men my Garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,

I am the most offending Soule aliue.

No 'faith, my Couze, with not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,

As one man more me thinks would share from me.

For the best hope I haue. O, doe not with one more:

Rather proclime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,

That he which hath no stomack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,

And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:

We would not dye in that manna companie,

That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.

This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:

He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rowle him in the Name of *Crispian*.

He that shall see this day, and liue old age,

Will yearly on the Vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.

Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:

But hee'll remember, with aduantage,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups secretly remembered:
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:

And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition,
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,
That fought with vs upon Saint Crispian's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bellow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their battailes set,
And will with all experience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Wyl. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Cousen?

Wyl. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast enwithed five thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be engulged. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where(wretches)their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atheiue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast li'd, was kill'd with hooting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Native Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse lye in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your Dughills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leauing their earthy parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
Breake out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneffe and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Host:
Good argument(I hope)we will not flye.

And time bath worne vs into slouenrie.

But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vnto them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more.

Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curie.

French. *Le pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qua-*
lité.

Pist. Qualitie calme culture me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur
thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prenez misericordie aye piteu de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue sortie Moyes: for
I will fetch thy rymme oot at thy Throat, in droppes of
Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le serce de ton bras.

Pist. Bracie, Curie! thou damned and Inxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer't me Brasse?

French. O pardonne moy.

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, take me this slaue in French what is his
Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: He ser him, and sirke him, and ferret him:
discusse the fame in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for ser, and ferret, and
sirke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faictes vous
presti, car ce soldat icy est disposé tout asure de coupper vostre
gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge permafoy pesant, vneisse
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangied shalt
thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par-
donner, le suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde ma vie, &c. Il
vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Piff. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son Invention, de pardonner aucun prisonnier: nant-mais pour les escues que vous luy a promettus, il est content a vous donner la liberte le franchisement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciens, et le me estime heureux que le prays le plus brave vaillant et tres destinie signeur d'Angleterre.

Piff. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath salve into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Piff. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saluez vous le grand Capitaine?

I did never know so full a voyce issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell I th old play, that euerie one may payre his sayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Constable, Orleans, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diabbe.

Orl. O signeur le iour et perdis, toute et perdis.

Dol. *Mor Dies ma vie*, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and euerslashing shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:

Be these the wretches that we flaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransom?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame, Let vs dye in once more backe againe, And he that will not follow *Burbon* now, Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore, Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge, His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoild vs, friend vs now, Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field, To smother vp the English in our throngs, If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, lie to the throng; Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countirmen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exc. The D. of York commenda him to your Maiessty

King. Lives he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exc. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke also liyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and *Yorke* all hagled ouer Comes to him, where in gore he lay insleept, And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Cousin *Suffolke*, My soole shall thine keepe company to heauen; Tarry (sweet soole) for mine, then flye a-brest: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chiuallrie.

Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord, Commend my seruice to my Soeraigne, So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolke* necke He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippen, And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A Testament of Noble-ending-love: The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce compound With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. Bot hearke, what new alarm is this fame? The French haue re-enforc'd their fester'd men: Then euery fouldior kill his Prisoners, Giue the word through. *Exit.*

Alarum

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. This certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd euery fouldior to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at *Mowmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the greaz, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is born. *c.*

porne : I tell you Capitaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orild, I warrant you shall finde in the comparisons betwene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, & there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth* : but it is out of my praies, what is the name of the other River : but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmones in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholliers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoicates in his praies, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Oor King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it : as *Alexander* killd his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet : he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he : lie tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiefty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Barban with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill : If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field : they do offend our fight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them aker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings : Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we haue, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exc. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege *Glu.* His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what means this Herald ? Knowst thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou againe for ransom?

Her. No great King :

I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood :
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded streda
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leave great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength for it :
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Griffin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward the Placke Prince of Wales*, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most prauie battell here in France.

King. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maiefty sayes very true : If your Maiesties is remembered of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the seruice : And I do beleue your Maiefty takes no scorn to weare the Leekes vpon *S. Taulies* day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor :
For I am Welch you know good Countreiman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties Welch blood out of your body, I can tell you that : God please it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiefty too.

King. Thanks good my Countrymen,

Flu. By Iesus, I am your Maiesties Countryman, I care not who know it : I will confesse it to all the Orild, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiefty, praised be God so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Herald go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exc. Souldier, you must come to the King.

King. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Maiefty, a Rascall that swager'd with me last night : who if alive, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boae a'th ere : or if I can fee my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

King. What thinke you Capitaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine elfe, and't please your Maiefty in my confidence.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath : If hee bee periu'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a lacke swce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confidence law

King. Then keepe thy vow *Will*, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'st thou vnder?

Will.

Will. Under Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flo. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and flicke it in thy Cappe : when *Alauncy* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme : If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alauncy*, and an enemy to our Person ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do't me loue.

Flo. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects : I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreeds at this Gloue ; that is all : but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might fee.

King. Know'st thou Gower ?

Flo. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flo. I will fetch him.

Exit.

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare. It is the Souldiers : I by bargaine should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick* : If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word ; Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it : For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will retorne an iniurie. Follow, and see there be no harme between them. Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flo. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King : there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue ?

Flo. Know the Gloue ? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flo. 'Shlud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir ? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne ?

Flo. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treason his payment into blowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flo. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alauncy*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter ?

Flo. My Lord of *Warwick*, heere is, pray'd be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter ?

Flo. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alauncy*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it : and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe : I promis'd to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

Flo. Your Maiestie heere now, fusing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlife Knaue it is : I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouschment, that this is the Gloue of *Alauncy*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier ;

Looke, heere is the fellow of it :

'Twas I indeed thou promis'd'st to strike,

And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flo. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart : neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe : you appear'd to me but as a common man : witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness : and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine : for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence : therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes : And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flo. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly : Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and difentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flo. It is with a good will : I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes : come, wherefore should you be so pathfull, your shooes is not so good : 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred ?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught' red French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken, Vnckle ?

Ext. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Buckingham* : Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye laine : of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twentie six : added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred : of the which, Five hundred were bot yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in these ten thousand they haue lost, There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries : The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delebray, High Constable of France,
Jaguet of Chastillon, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
John Duke of Alanson, *Antonie Duke* of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward Duke* of Barr: of Iustice Earles,
Grandpre and *Raiffe*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyet*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Pandemon* and *Leftale*.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam Elquire*;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and even play of Battaille,
Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hosts,
To boast of this, or take that praye from God,
Which is his owely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captain: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be sung *Nix mibi*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where we're from France arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their hage and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we heare the King
Toward Callice: Grant him there; there letene,
Heave him away vpon your winged thought,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly fee him fet on to Loodon.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vaio-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophie, Signall, and Obteot,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth poure out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
Like to the Senators of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conquering *Cesar* in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelihood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Emperre,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion brouched on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in Loodon place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuite the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc'd,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.
Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? *S. Daniel* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Capitaine
Gower; the rascally, scould, beggerly, lowlie, pragg
Knaue Piffall, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
know to be no better then a fellow, looke you now, of no
merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
sault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.

Enter Piffall.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-
cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-
cocks. God plesse you sunchient *Piffall*: you scurrie low-
lie *Knaue*, God plesse you.

Piff. Ha, art thou beslam? doeest thou thirst, bafe
Troian, to haue me fold vp *Porcus* fatal Web? Hence;
I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I plesch you heartily, scurrie lowlie *Knaue*, at
my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not
loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
disfections doo's not agree with it, I will desire you
to eate it.

Piff. Not for *Cadwalader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
Will you be so good, scould *Knaue*, as eate it?

Piff. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scould *Knaue*, when Gods
will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
you

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

Geor. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Fiu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcomb.

Pif. Must I bite.

Fiu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pif. By this Lecke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

Fiu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more Lecke to try your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to sweare by.

Pif. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Fiu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coacombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes heerafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pif. Good.

Fiu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pif. Me a groat?

Fiu. Yea verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pif. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Fiu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu' you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Pif. All hell shall stirre for this.

Geo. Go, go, you are a counterfeite cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophoe of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue feneue you gleeing & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Pif. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newses haue I that my *Dell* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezuous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgell. Well, Baud le turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quick hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgell scarres, And I swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queen Isabel, the King, the Duke of Burgoyne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Voto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cousine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contri'd, We do salute you Duke of Burgoyne,

And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairly met, So are you Princes (English) euery one.

Quer. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatal Ballis of murdering Basilisks: The venome of such Lookes we fairly hope Haue lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quer. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equal loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endowes, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse. Since then my Office hath so farre preuail'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You haue congregated: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her louely Vifage? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitye.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly ouer-grown with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Fetemary, Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts, That should deracinate such Saugery: The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke; Cooceiues by idleness, and nothing teemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keekies, Barres, Looking both beautie and vilitie; And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meades, and Hedges, Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.

Euen for our Houses, and our selues, and Children, Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Countrey; But grow like Sauges, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire, And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall. Which to reduce into our former fauour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconueniences, And blesse vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgoyne, you would the Peace, Whole want giues growth to th'imperfections Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our iust demands, Whose Tenures and particular effects You haue encheadul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them to the which, as yet There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd, Lyes in his Answer.

Franc. I

France. I have but with a curfellar eye
O're-glanc'd the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell presently
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-survey them; we will fuddenly
Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarenc, and your Brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes best
Shall see advantageous for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll configne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
Goe with the Priores, or stay here with vs?

Que. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womens Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be flood on.

England. Yet leave our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compm'd
Within the sure-ranke of our Articles.

Que. She hath good leaue. Exeunt omnes.

Monet King and Katherine.

King. Faire Katherine, and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies eare,
And pleade his Looe-fuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
your Englad.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an
Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que le suis semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy orayment (sans vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

King. I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush
to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont pleines de
tromperies.

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceipts?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is full of de-
ceits: dat is de Princeesse.

King. The Princeesse is the better English-woman:
yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for it thou
could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that
thou would'st thinke, I had sold my Ferme to buy my
Crownne. I know no wayes to mince it io loue, but di-
rectly to say, I loue you; then if you vge me farther,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue
me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-
gaine: how say you, Lady?

Kath. Sans vostre honneur, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verries, or to
Dance for your like, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one
I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I
haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in
strength. If I could winne a Lady at Lespe-frogge, or by
vauing into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a lack an Ape, neuer off. But
before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaise out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation;
onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vie till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vying. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ning, & that neuer looks in his Glasse, for loue of any
thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? to fy to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou liu'st, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and
vnoyned Confiance, for he performe must do thee right,
because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
these fellows of infinit tongue, that can reame themselves
into Ladies fauours, they doe alwayes reame themselves
out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
shoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a cur'd Pace will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sonne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his course
truly. If thou wouldst haue such a one, take me? and
take me; take a Souldier, take a Souldier; take a King.
And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should loue de ennemie of
Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the En-
emie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
will not part with a Village of it: I will haue it all mine:
and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am
sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *le
quand sur le possession de France, & quand vous aies la pos-
session de moy.* (Let mee see, what then? Saint Denie bee
my speede) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.*
It is as easie for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sans vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il
& mieuux que l'Anglois le quel le parle.

King. No faith is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thinke, most truly falsely, must
needes be graunted to be much at one. But Kate, doo'st
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue
mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? He
aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
when you come into your Closet, you'll question this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to
her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your
heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
best mine, Kate, as I haue a fusing Faith within me tells
me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Denie and Saint
Georg, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,
k that

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No! 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English mytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & divin dessein*.

Kate. Your Maiestee sue fause French enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fy vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage. Now bestraw my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a flubborne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I was, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bludhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Emprise, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellows. Come your Answer to broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kate. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kate. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kate. *Laiffe mon Seigneur, laiffe, laiffe, may sey: Je ne vray point que vous abbaissiez vostre grandeur, en baissant le moins d'une nostre Seigneur indigne ieruitour excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kate. *Les Dames & Damoiseils pour estre baistes desuot leur nepce il ne pas le costume de France.*

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes thee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Angliish.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Maiestee entende better que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes curst to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak Lye of a Countreyes fashion; wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your

Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yielding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Coucell; and they should sooner periwade *Harry* of England, theso a general Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princeesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniuere vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniuere in her, you most make a Circle: if coniuere vp Loue in her so his true likeness, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet roa'd ouer with the Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked facing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to content winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maidens well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flies at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perpetually: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait so her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue consented to all termes of reason.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

Wyl. The King hath granted euery Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all, According to their firme propos'd natures.

Exit. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiesie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: *Nostre tresier filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre*
Heretier de France; and thus in Latine: *Priacelarifimus*
Filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie & Heres Francia.

France. Nor this I haue not Brother to deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood raise vp
issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and Eogland, whose very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate*: and beare me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in looe,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betwene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make diorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receiue each other. God speake this Ameeo.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'll take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for foretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosperous be.

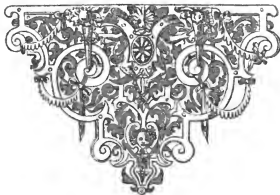
Senet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath persw'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortane made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he achieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shewne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.





The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vng be y heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your cryshall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That haue consented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deferring to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repeat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're list vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourne we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mischap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtle-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verbes haue contriued his end.

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.
The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foe.

Bed. Cease, cease these larres, & rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the Altar: Herald's wayt on vs;
In stead of Gold, we'll offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auyle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Oor Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Cæsar*, or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfort:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guyfours, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? Is Roan yielded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yield the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?
Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.

Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine feuerall Factions:
And whil'st a Field should be dispatch and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.

One would haue lingering Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wasteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my bested Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their interminue Misesies.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Myff. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.

The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rhelmes:

The Bastard of Orleans with him is loyn'd:

Royald, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,

The Duke of Alençon flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Exr. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Gloſt. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.

Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. *Gloſter*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?

An Army have I murther'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Myff. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearfe,

I must informe you of a dismal fight,

Betwixt the stout *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so?

3. Myff. O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:

The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,

Retrying from the Siege of Orleans,

Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,

By three and twentie thousand of the French

Was round compass'd, and set vpon:

No leysure had he to enranke his men.

He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:

Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges

They pitched in the ground confus'dly,

To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.

More then three houres the fight continued:

Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,

Enslaid wonders with his Sword and Lance.

Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:

Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he flew.

The French exclaim'd, the Druiſs was in Armes,

All the whole Army flood agas'd on him.

His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,

A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,

And rusht into the Bowels of the Battail.

Here had the Conquer fully been feld vpon,

If Sir *Iohn Falstaff* had not play'd the Coward.

He being in the Vauward, plac'd behinde,

With purpose to relieue and follow them,

Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroke.

Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:

Enclosed were they with their Enemies.

A faw Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,

Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,

Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,

Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,

For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,

Will't such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,

Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. Myff. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,

And Lord *Seales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ranfome there is none but I shall pay.

Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,

His Crowne shall be the Ranfome of my friend:

Four of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,

To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.

Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,

Whole bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. Myff. So you had need, for Orleans is besieg'd,

The English Army is growne weak and faint:

The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutinie,

Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exr. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne:

Eythre to quell the Dolphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,

To goe about my preparation.

Exit Bedford.

Gloſt. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,

To view th' Artillerie and Munition,

And then I will proclaim you *Henry* King.

Exit Gloſter.

Exr. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,

Being ordain'd his speciall Governor,

And for his safetie there Ile best deuise.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains:

But long I will not be lack out of Office.

The King from Eltam I intend to send,

And sit at chiefeſt Sterne of publike Weale.

Exit.

Sound a Flawish.

Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. *Mari* his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,

So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.

Late did he shine vpon the English side:

Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.

What Townes of any moment, but we haue?

At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleans:

Otherwhiles, the faintest English, like pale Ghosts,

Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Becues:

Eythre they must be dyeted like Mules,

And haue their Proudner ty'd to their mouthe,

Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reignier. Let's rayle the Siege: why lye we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we want to feare:

Remayneth none but mid-brayn'd *Salisbury*,

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Soond, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorne French:

Him I forgieue my death, that killeth me,

When he sees me goe back one foot, or fye. *Exrunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the

English, with great lisse.

Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier.

Charles. Who euer saw the liker what men haue I?

Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fied,

But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reignier. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,

He fighteth as one weary of his life:

The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,

Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

k 3

Alan. Fry-

Alonson. Freyford, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;

For none but *Samson* and *Goliath*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd *Rascals*, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacity?

Charles. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd *Slaues*,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll tear downe, then forsake the Siege.

Reignier. I thinke by some odd Gimmors or Deuise
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, we'll euen let them alone.

Alonson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes
for him.

Dolph. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to vs.

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appall'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordain'd is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The Spirit of deepe Prophecie hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Isane Pucel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wonder-
drous feats?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

Reignier. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

Pucel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.

Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamitie:
Her ayde the promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory thee reueal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which thee infus'd on me,
That beaute am I blest with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpermeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou recieue me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high termes:
Onely this prooue Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in *S. Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Isane de Pucel overcomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Deborah*.

Pucel. Christs Mother helpe me, else I were too
weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent *Pucel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from about:
When I haue chafed all thy Foies from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.
Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alonson. Doubtlesse he shrikes this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reignier. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no
meane?

Alon. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleans, or no?

Pucel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'll fight
it out.

Pucel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.

This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Holyns* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spredding, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Disperised are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud inflating Ship,
Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mabomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Isane, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet *S. Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Penns*, false downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alonson. Leauce off delays, and let vs rayse the
Siege.

Reignier. Wo-

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors,
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if these prove false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Glycer, with his Serving-men.

Glycer. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since *Henric's* death, I feare there is Conveyance;
Where be these Wardens, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, tis *Glycer* that calls.

1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?
Glycer. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

3. *Man.* Villaines, answer you to the Lord Protector?

4. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Glycer. Who willed you or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I;
Breake ye the Gates, Ile be your warrantire;
Shall I be howled thus by dunghill Groomes?

*Glycer's men ruff at the Tower Gates, and Woodville
the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Woodville. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
wee here?

Glycer. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?

Open the Gates, here's *Glycer* that would enter.

Woodville. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:

From him I haue expresse commandement,

That thoo nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glycer. Faint-hearted *Woodville*, prizest him fore me?

Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,

Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the King;

Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

Servants. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
and his men in Tawny Coates.*

Winchell. How now ambitious *Vmpheir*, what meanes
this?

Glycer. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out?

Winch. I doe, thoo most vsurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Consistor.

Glycer. Stand back thou misleif Reclinator,

Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead Lord,

Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,

Ile cauate thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou curst Cain,

To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glycer. I will not slay thee, but Ile drive thee back:

Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,

Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beare thee to thy
face.

Glycer. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?

Draw men, for all this privileged place,

Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,

I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.

Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.

Winch. *Glycer*, thou wilt answer this before the
Pope.

Glycer. Winchester Goofe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.

Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?

There Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.

Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here Glycer's men beat out the Cardinalls men,
and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
of London, and his Officers.*

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Glycer. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's *Beauford*, that regards our God nor King,

Hath here distraynd the Tower to his vie.

Winch. Here's *Glycer*, a Foe to Citizens,

One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,

O're-charging you free Purles with large Fines;

That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,

Because he is Protector of the Realme;

And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,

To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince.

Glycer. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught refts for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thoo canst, cry:

All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
against Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command
you, in his Highness Name, to repaire to your severall dwell-
ling places, and not to wear, handle, or vse any Sword, Wea-
pon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.

Glycer. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law;

But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. *Glycer*, wee'll meet to thy cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:

This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.

Glycer. Maior farewell: thou doo'st bot what thou
may'st.

Winch. Abhominable *Glycer*, guard thy Head,

For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*

Maior. See the Coast cleare'd, and then we will depart.

Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,

I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Master Gunner of Orleans, and
his Boy.*

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,

How e're vnfortunate, I mis'd my aime.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:

Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,

Something I must doe to procure me grace:

The Princes cypalls haue informed me,

How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,

Weut through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,

In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,

And thence discouer, how with most aduantage

They may vse vs with Shot or with Assault.

To intercept this inuasionence,

A Peece of Ordnance gainst it I haue plac'd,

And

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could fee them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can slay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Governours.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them.

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.*

Salib. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord Penton de Saintreyle,
For him was I echang'd, and ransom'd.
For him with a haire man of Armes by force,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I disdain, scorn'd, and crused death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd euen'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But O, the trecherous Falstaffe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fist I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:

Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrightes our Children so.
Then brough I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fyre,
None durst come neerer, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:

So great feare of my Name'monght them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Poole of Adamant.

Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did bot stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linck.

Salib. I grieve to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleans:

Here, through this Gate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glonsdale,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargrave. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

Glonsdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge.

Talib. For ought I see, this Citie must be samisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they fight, and
Salisbury falls downe.*

Salib. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
Gargrave. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

Talib. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accur'd Tower, accur'd fittall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedie.

Exit.

In thirteene Battailles, Salisbury o'recame:
Henry the Fifth he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.

The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Bear hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speake vnto Talbot, say, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheere thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles—

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantagenet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Towners burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarm, and the Thunders and Lightnes.
What fire is this? what tumult in the Heauens?
Whence cometh this Alarm, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one Iane de Pamel loyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury listeth himselfe up, and groanes.
Talib. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, be be a Salisbury to you.
Pamel or Pajjel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts Ile stamp out with my Horfes heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.

Convey me Salisbury into his Tent,
And then wee'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarm. Exit.

*Here an Alarm againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driueth him: Then enter Iane de Pamel,
driving Englishmen before her.*

Then enter Talbot.

Talib. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troups retire, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Pamel.

Here, here they come. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Drull, or Drulls Dam, Ile conlure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

Pamel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee.
Here they fight.

Talib. Heuens, can you suffer Hell so to preuyle?
My brekt Ile borit with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chafike this high-minded Scrumper.

They fight againe.

Pamel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Vicuall Orleans forthwith:

*A short Alarm: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.*

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starved meo,
Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

Exit.

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our trouper, and conqners as she lists:
So Bees with smoke, and Doves with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driue away.
They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coast;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons flead:
Sheepe run out halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horle or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-fobbedd flaves.

Alarum. Here another Storme.

It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
You all contented vnto *Salisbury* death,
For none would strike a stroke in his reuenge.
Paul is coted into Orleans,
To spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Paul, Dolphin, Reignier, Alenjon, and Soldiers.

Paul. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Refu'd is Orleans from the English.
Thus *Isone de Paul* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Diuine Creature, *Affra's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteisse,
Recover'd is the Towne of Orleans,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reignier. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.

Alenj. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
Who they shall heare how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Isone*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.

A Rateler Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodope's* or *Atemple's* ener was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Urne more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd Coffet of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Denis* will we cry,
But *Isone de Paul* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Cooftrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladder: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carow'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorceria.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispaire of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witcher, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Paul* whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.
Bur. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolute scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes:
That if it chauce the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue.
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much is duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape on the walles in their shirts. Enter severall wayes, Bastard, Alenjon, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnrady.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnradye so?
Bast. Vnradye! I and glad we scap'd so well.
Reg. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Boff. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fieod of Hell.

Rag. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alanf. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvel how he sped?

Enter Charles and Iane.

Boff. Tut, holy *Iane* was his defencive Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gaynes,

That oow our losse might be ten times so much?

Iane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?

At all times will you haue my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preuaile,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improuident Souldiers, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue faile.

Charl. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alanf. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not beene thus shamefully forpris'd.

Boff. Mine was secure.

Rag. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precious,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Iane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakly guarded, where the breesh was made:

And oow there refs no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay oew Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a *Talbot*, a *Talbot*;
they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. He be so bold to take what they haue left:

The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,

For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,

Vfing oo other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,

Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.

Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,

And here adoaice it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.

Now hane I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soole:

For every drop of blood was drawne from him,

There hath at least fise Frenchmeo dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in reuenge of him,

Within their chiefeft Temple He erect

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,

Shall be engrau'd the Sacke of Orleans,

The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,

And what a terror he had beene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Maffacre,

I mofe we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous *Iane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Row'd on the sudden from their drowne Bed,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discern,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of losing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'll follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Boff. All hayle, my Lords; which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Afts

So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Boff. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Quergne,

With modestie admiring thy Roovence,

By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe

To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,

That the may boast the hath beheld the man,

Whose glory fills the World with loud report.

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, thesse I see our Warres

Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,

When Ladies craue to be encountered with.

You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men

Could not preuaile with all their Oratorie,

Yet hath a Womans kindoffice ouer-ru'd?

And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,

And in submissioo will attend on her.

Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:

And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)

I meane to proue this Ladies courtesie.

Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Wife.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,

And when you haue dooe so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,

And his atchievements of no lesse account:

Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,

To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Boff. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,

By Messaige crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what 't is this the man?

Boff. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?

Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?

I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seene some *Hercules*,
A second *Heitor*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfie !
It cannot be, this weak and withlited shrimpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I have bene bold to trouble you !
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
Ile fort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now !
Goe aske him, whither he goes ?
Meff. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure ?
Talb. Marry, for that thee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.
Talb. Prisoner ? to whom ?
Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord !
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my Houfe.
Long time thy shadow hath bene thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hang !
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Country, staine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiue.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laughest thou Wretch ?
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you have ought but *Talbots* shadow,
Whereon to practise your feueritie.

Count. Why ? art not thou the man ?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then haue I substance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe !
You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here ;
For what you see, it but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie ;
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spicius losie pitch,
Your Roofs were not sufficient to contain't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contraries agree ?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.
*Winds his Horse, Drummes strike up, a Peale
of Ordnance : Enter Souldiers.*
How say you Madame ? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe ?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yokeseth your rebellious Neckes,
Raseth your Cities, and subuerbs your Townes,
And in a moment maketh them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruided,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconfer
The misde of *Talbot*, as you did mislike
The outward composition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me :
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,

But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers Romacks alwayes serue them well.
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast to great a Warrior in my Houfe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
Poole, and others.*

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence ?
Dare no man answer in a Cafe of Truth ?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more conuenient.

York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth ;
Or else was wrangling *Somerfet* in th'error !
Suff. Faith I haue bene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-
twene vs.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horfes, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement :
But in these nice sharpe Quilles of the Law,
Good faith I am no wifer then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance !
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dombé significants proclaime your thoughts !
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,

From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,

Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.
War. I loue no Colours : and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,

I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.
Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerfet*,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Fernox. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side
The fewest Roses are crompt from the Tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Fernox*, it is well objected :
If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.
Fernox. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Cafe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Fernox. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else ?

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

York. Now *Somerfet*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.
York. Meane time your cheeks doe counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No *Plantagenet*!

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

York. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerfet*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?

York. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy confuming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,
Where false *Plantagenets* dare not beene.

York. Now by this Maiden Bloosome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

York. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerfet*!
His Grandfather was *Lynel* Duke of Clarence,
Thirde Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?

York. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou tainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reitor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

York. My Father was attainted, not tainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor!
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerfet*;
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foies,
For these, my friends in sight of thee shall weare.

York. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*

York. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure it!

Warw. This blot that they obiect against your Houfe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:

And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not lye to be accounted *Warwick*.
Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,
Against proud *Somerfet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophesie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betwene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

York. Good Master *Uernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Vern. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

York. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs soure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exit.

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayer,
and laylers.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.

Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of death,
Naylor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his fappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was glory in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration haue I had:
And euen since then, hath *Richard* bene obscur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaire,
Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recouer what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Vncle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe,
Oh tell me when my Lipps doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly gve one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from *Kerles* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First

Rich. First, leave thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Dislike.
This day in argument upon a Cafe,
Some words there grew twixt *Somerfet* and me :
Among which teares, he wd his laudie tongue,
And did vprayd me with my Fathers death ;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathems sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowering Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curst Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Defcent.
During whose Reigne, the *Peries* of the North,
Findiog his Vfurpation most vniust,

Endeuor'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reason mou'd these Warrilike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage :

For by my Mother, I deriued am
From *Lions* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third ; whereas hee,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke : as in this haughie great attempt,
They laboured, to plact the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their *Lions*.

Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne ;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was ;
Again, in pittie of my hard distresse,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue install'd me in the Diademe :
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were suppress'd.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou see'st, that I no Issue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death :
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I with thee gather :
But yet be wary in thy Rudiuous care.

Rich. Thy graue admooniements preuayle with me:
But yet we think, my Fathems execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick,
Strong fix'd is the Houle of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as 't slaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Woodes, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Onely giue order for my Funerall.

And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermit oer-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Cosacell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.

Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*
Here dyes the duckie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meane sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
Which *Somerfet* hath offer'd to my Houle,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haile I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be restor'd to my Blood,
Or make my will th' aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, *Exeter*, *Glyster*, *Winchester*, *Warwick*,
Somerfet, *Suffolk*, *Richard Plantagenet*. *Glyster* offers
to put up a Bill: *Winchester* snatcheth it, tears it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines
With written Pamphlets, studiously deuiz'd?

Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend't to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporal speech,

Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect.
Gly. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dishonor'd me.

Thinke not, although in Writing I preferre'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Prooe.

No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickedoesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious Viceroy,
Froward by nature, Enemy to Peace,
Lasciuous, wanton, more then well beleeues
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.

And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were list'd,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart.

Winch. *Glyster*, I doe desse thee. Lords vouchsafe
To giue me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
As he will haue me : how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance

Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd?
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke :
It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King ;
And that engenders Thounder in his breast,

And

And makes him sore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Gloſt. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloſt. Am I not Protector, ſucceſſive Prieſt?

Winch. And am not I a Preſlate of the Church?

Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keeps,
And ſteth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloſter*.

Gloſt. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome ſhall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Sen. I, ſee the Biſhop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinks my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.

Warw. Me thinks his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It ſitteth not a Preſlate to pleaſe.

Sen. Yes, when his holy State is toucht ſo neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhalow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Riſh. *Plantagenet* I fee muſt hold his tongue,
Leaſt it be ſaid, Speake Sirrha when you ſhould:

Muſt your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Elſe would I haue a ſling at *Wincheſter*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpeciall Watch-men of our Engliſh Weſle,

I would preauſe, if Prayers might preauſe,
To ioyn your hearts in looe and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two ſuch Noble Peeres as ye ſhould iarre?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Cuill diſſention is a vipers Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

*A noyſe within. Dewar with the
Tawny Coat.*

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vproue, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhops men.

A noyſe againe. Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:

The Biſhop, and the Duke of Gloſters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Pockets full of pebble Stones;
And banding themſelues in contrary parts,

Doe pelt ſo faſt at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to ſhut our Shops.

Enter in ſkirmiſh with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our ſelfe,
To hold your ſlaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vnckle *Gloſter* mitigate this ſtrife.

1. Seru. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'll fall
to it with our Teeth,

2. Seru. Doe what ye dare, we are as reſolute.

Skirmiſh againe.

Gloſt. You of my houſehold, leaue this pecciſh broyle,
And let this vnaccuſtom'd fight ſiſe.

3. Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
luſt, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maieſtie:
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weſle,
To be diſgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wines and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodies ſlaughtred by thy foe.

1. Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Gloſt. Stay, ſtay, I ſay!

And if you loſe me, as you ſay you doe,
Let me perſwade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this diſcord doth afflict my Soule.

Can you, my Lord of Wincheſter, behold

My lighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who ſhould be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who ſhould ſtudy to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeld my Lord Protector, yeld *Wincheſter*,

Except you meane with obſtinate repulſe

To ſlay your Sovereigne, and deſtroy the Realme.

You fee what Miſchief, and what Murther too,

Hath beene enſued through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thiſt for blood.

Winch. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will neuer yeld.

Gloſt. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſcoupe,

Or I would fee his heart out, ere the Prieſt

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Wincheſter, the Duke

Hath baniſht moodie diſcontented fury,

As by his ſmoothed Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you ſtill ſo ſterne, and tragicall?

Gloſt. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vnckle *Beaufort*, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grievous ſinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offender in the ſame.

Warw. Sweet King: the Biſhop hath a kindly gyrd:

For ſhame my Lord of Wincheſter relent;

What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloſter, I will yeld to thee

Loe for thy Lone, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Gloſt. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and loving Countreymen,

This token ſerueſh for a Flage of Truce,

Betwix our ſcholes, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I diſſemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh loving Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloſter,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contraid,

Away my Maſters, trouble vs no more,

But ioyn in friendſhip, as your Lords haue done.

1. Seru. Contrid, Ile to the Towers.

2. Seru. And ſo will I.

3. Seru. And I will fee what Phyſick the Tauerne af-
fords. *Exeunt.*

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, moſt gracious Sovereigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maieſtie.

Gloſt. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwicke: for ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumſtance,

You haue great reaſon to doe *Richard* right,

Eſpecially for thoſe occaſions

At Eltam Place I told your Maieſtie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force :
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc'd.

Winch. As will the rest, so willett *Wincheshier*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the House of *Torky*,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in requerdon of that dutie done,

I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torky* :

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,

And rise created Princely Duke of *Torky*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torky*.

Sum. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torky*.

Glyst. Now will it best auale your Maiestie,

To crosse the Sea, and to be Crown'd in France :

The presence of a King engenders loue

Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,

As it dis-animates his Enemies.

King. When *Glyster* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,

For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foos.

Glyst. Your Ships already are in readinesse.

Sent. *Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Monet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :

This late diffention growne betwixt the Peeres,

Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,

And will at last breake out into a flame,

As festered members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,

So will this base and enuious discord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,

Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,

That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,

And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all :

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth with,

His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguised, with foure Souldiers with
Swords upon their backs.*

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,

That come to gather Money for their Corne.

If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,

And that we finde the flourishful Watch but weake,

Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,

That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'll knock. *Knock.*

Watch. Obe la.

Pucell. *Peuons la pauvre gent de France,*

Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarke to the
ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Boffard, Alougin.

Charles. Saint Denis bleste this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'll sleepe secure in Roan.

Boffard. Here entered *Pucell*, and her Practifants :

Now she is there, how will she specifie?

Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,

Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,

No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entered.

*Enter Pucell on the top, throwing out a
Torch burning.*

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,

That ioyneth Roan vnto your Countrymen,

But burning fatall to the *Talhouites*.

Boffard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,

The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now thinne it like a Commet of Reuenge,

A Prophet to the fall of all our Foos.

Reig. Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,

Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,

And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarm.*

An Alarm. Talbot in an Escursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,

If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,

Hath wrought this Hellish Michiefe vnto us,

That hardly we escap'd the Pride of France. *Exit.*

*An Alarm: An Escursion. Bedford brought
in sick in a Chaire.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,
Charles, Boffard and Reigneir on the Walls.*

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?

I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,

Before hee'll buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,

I trust ere long to chooske thee with thine owne,

And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may sturue (perhaps) before that
time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deede, reuenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?

Breake a Lunsce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,

Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,

Incompar'd with thy lustfull Paramours,

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,

And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?

Damnell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,

Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,

If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

1 2 *Talb.* Dare

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
 To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayingling *Hecate*,
 But vnto thee *Alansin*, and the rest.
 Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out?
Alans. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
 Like Pefant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
 And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
 For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
 God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
 That wee are here.

Exeunt from the Walls.
Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
 Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatestt fame.

Vow *Burgoin*, by honor of thy House,
 Prickt on by publike Wrongs fulmain'd in France,
 Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
 And I, as sure as English *Henry* liues,
 And as his Father here was Conqueror;
 As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
 Great *Cordeliers* Heart was buryed;
 So sure I swear, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equal partners with thy
 Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
 The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not to dishonour me:
 Here will I lit, before the Walls of Roan,
 And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let vs now perfwade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
 That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
 Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiers hearts,
 Because I euer found them as my selfe.

Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breath,
 Then be it so: Heuens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
 And now no more adoe, braue *Burgoin*,
 But gather we our Forces out of hand,
 And set vpon our boasting Enemie.

Exit.

*An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn
 Falstaff, and a Capitaine.*

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falstaff*, in such hast?
Falst. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
 We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?
Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life.

Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
Exit.

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alansin, and
 Charles flye.*

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
 For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
 What is the truth or strength of foolish man?
 They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
 Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselves.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chair.

*An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgoin, and
 the rest.*

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day againe,
 This is a double Honor, *Burgoin*:
 Yet Heuens haue glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgoin*
 Infringes thee in his heart, and these erects
 Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucell* now?
 I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.

Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
 What all amot? Roan hangs her head for grieue,
 That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Towne,
 Placing therein some expert Officers,

And then depart to Paris, to the King,
 For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleasest *Burgoin*.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
 The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd;

But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
 A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
 A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Conert.

But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
 For that's the end of humane miserie.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alansin, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
 Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.
 Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
 And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
 Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
 If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
 One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
 And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alans. Wee'll set thy Statue in some holy place,
 And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.
 Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joane* deuise:
 By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
 We will entice the Duke of Burgoin
 To leaue the *Talbots*, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweetening, if we could doe that,
 France were no place for *Henry's* Warriors,
 Nor should that Nation boast it fo with vs,
 But be extirped from our Prouinces.

Alans. For euer should they be expul'd from France,
 And not haue Title of an Earldome here.

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceine how I will worke,
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a marche off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceine
 Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spread,
 And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his
Fortune in fauor makes him legge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets found a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countrey-
man.

Burg. What say'st thou Charles? for I am marching
hence.

Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy
words.

Pucell. Braue Burgonie, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

Pucell. Look on thy Countrey, look on fertile France,

And see the Cities and the Townes defac'd,

By waisting Ruine of the cruell Foe,

As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,

When Death doth clofe his tender-dying Eyes.

See, see the pining Maladie of France:

Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,

Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Breth.

Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:

One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countreys Bosome,

Should grieue thee more then streames of forraigne gore.

Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,

And wash away thy Countreys stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitched me with her words,

Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who loyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?

Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?

And was he not in English Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,

In sight of Burgonie and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,

And loyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, returne; I returne thee wandering Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:

Their haughtie wordes of hers

Haue batt'ned me like roaring Cannon-shot,

And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.

Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:

And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.

My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.

So farewell Talbot, he no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-
gaine.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
vs freth.

Bellard. And doth beget new Courage in our
Breasts.

Alans. Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioine our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk,
Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them, with
his Souldiers, Talbot.

Talk. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to thy Soueraigne.

In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,

Twelue Cities, and twen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fiftie hundred Prisoners of echeame;

Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissiue loyaltie of heart

Afcribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester,
That hath so long bene resident in France?

Glouc. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord:
When I was young (as yet I am not old)

I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.

Long since we were resolu'd of your truth,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:

Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,

Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good desertes,

We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Sens. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of York
Durst thou maintaine the former wordes thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your fawcie Tongue,

Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so in wincesse take ye that.
Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,

That who so draws a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.

But he vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue liberie to venge this Wrong,

When thou shalt see, he meet thee to thy coft.

Vern. Well miscreant, he be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Enter

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop fet the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God saue King Henry of that name the first.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,

That you elect no other King but him;

Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,

And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend

Malicious praides against his State:

This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,

To haste vnto your Coronation;

A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:

I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the neast,

To teare the Garter from thy Cravens legges,

Which I haue done, because (unworthily)

Thou wast installed in that High Degree.

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:

This Dastard, at the battell of Patheux,

When (but in all) I was faw thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.

In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.

My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen besides,

Were thete surpris'd, and taken prisoners.

Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befeeming any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Capitaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres:

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,

But alwayes resolute, in most extremities.

He then, that is not furnisht in this sort,

Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Proceur, view the Letter

Sent from your Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd

his Syle?

No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.)

Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?

Or doth this churlish Supercription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's heere? I haue vpon officiall cause,

Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wrache,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,

*Forfaken your pernicious Faction,
And ioy'd with Charles, the rightfull King of France.
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?*

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,

There should be found such false dissimbling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shal talk with him,

And giue him chafficement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,

I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him

straight:

Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,

And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still

Yoo may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baffin.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Baf. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

York. This is my Seruant, heere him Noble Prince.

Sum. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,

And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Baf. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain

First let me know, and then Ie answer you.

Baf. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow heere with eniuous carping tongue,

Vpraided me about the Rose I weare,

Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaoes

Did represent my Maisters blushing cheekes:

When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York, and him:

With other vile and iugominious termes.

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,

I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord):

For though he seeme with forged quaint conceits

To set a gloss vpon his bold intent,

Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,

Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Maisters heart.

York. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Sum. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, will out,

Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-

sicke men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause,

Such fustious emulation shall arise?

Good Cosins both of York and Somerset,

Quiet your felous (I pray) and be at peace.

York. Let this diffention first be tried by fight,

And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Sum. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwixt our felous let vs decide it then.

York. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Baff.

The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

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Raff. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.
Gla. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,
 And perish ye with your audacious prate,
 Prefumptuous vassals, are yun not alham'd
 With this immodest clamorous outrage,
 To trouble and disturb the King, and Va?
 And you my Lords, me thinks you do not well
 To beare with their powerfull Objections:
 Much lesse to take occasion from their mouths,
 To raise a mutiny betwixt your felues.
 Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exet. It greets his Highnesse,
 Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants
 Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
 Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.

And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
 In France, amongst a sickle wauering Nation:
 If they perceiue diffention in our lookes,
 And that within our selues we disagree;
 How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd
 To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
 Beside, What infamy will there arise,
 When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King *Henris* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?
 Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,
 My tender yeares, and let vs not forge
 That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.

Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
 I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspitious
 I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
 Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.
 As well they may vpbraid me with my Crowne,
 Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
 But your discretions better can perswade,
 Then I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let vs still continue peace, and loue.
 Cofin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
 To be our Regent in these parts of France:

And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
 Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
 And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
 Go cheerefully together, and digest
 Your angry Choller on your Enemies.

Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will returne to Calice;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 To be presented by your Victories,
 With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.

Exant. *Maunt Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.*

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
 Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
 In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tuff, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
 I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

Yorke. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
 Other affaires must now be managed.

Flourish. *Maunt Exeter.*

Exet. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voice
 For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there

More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
 Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
 But howsoeuer, no simple man that sees
 This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
 This shouldering of each other in the Court,
 This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
 But that it doth preiudge some ill event.
 'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
 Bot more, when Envy breeds vnkind deuision:
 There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.

Exit.

*Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
 before Burdeaux.*

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
 Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*

Enter Generall also.
English John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,
 Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
 And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
 Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yonn,
 And do him homage as obedient Sniechts,
 And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
 But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
 Who in a moment, euen with the earth,
 Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearful Owle of death,
 Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
 The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
 On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
 For I protest we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
 And no way canst thou torne thee for redresse,
 But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
 Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,
 To rye their dangerous Artillerie
 Vpon no Christian soule but *English Talbot*:
 Lo, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
 Of an inuincible unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
 That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
 For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
 Finish the processe of his sandy houre,
 These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a fairs off.
*Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
 Sings heauy Musick to thy timorous soule,
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.*

Exit

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enimie:
 Out some light Horsemen, and persue their Wings.
 O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pise!
 A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
 Misd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
 If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
 Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
 But rather moulder mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay :
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends,
God, and S. George, Talbot and England right,
Propter our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. *Enter York*
with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your epyalls were discovered

Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which Ioynd with him, and made their march for
(Burdeaux

York. A plague vpon that Villaine *Somerfet*,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am louted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier :
God comfort him in this necessity :
If he mikarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Thon Princely Leader of our English strength,
Newer to needfull on the earth of France,
Sparre to the rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waile of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction :
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux *Yorke*,
Else farewell *Talbot*, France, and England honor.

York. O God, that *Somerfet* who in proof heert
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place,
So should wee see a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward :
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mess. O send some succour to the distressed Lord.

York. He dies, we loofe : I breake my warlike words
We mourne, France smiles : We loofe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor *Somerfet*.

Mess. Then God take mercy on braue *Talbot*'s foale,
And on his Sonne yong *John*, who two houres since,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father ;
This feuen yeeres did not *Talbot* see his sonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.

York. Alas, what ioy shall nobles *Talbot* haue,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue :
Away, vocation almost stoppes my breath,
That sundred friends grette in the hoore of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are wonne away,
Long all of *Somerfet*, and his delay.

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping negligence doth betray to losse :
The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
That euer-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the first : Whiles they each other crosse,
Lioes, Honour, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Enter Somerfet with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now :

This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a fall of the very Towne
Be hockled with : the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath fullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure :
York set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might beare the name.

Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.

Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold *L. Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduertitie,
Cries out for noble *Yorke* and *Somerfet*,
To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Capitaine there
Drops bloody sweate from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of England honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthless emulation :
Let not your priuate discord keepe away
The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yield vp his life vnto a world of odds.
Orleance the Bassard, *Charles*, *Bergendie*,
Alain, *Reignard*, compasse him about,
And *Talbot* periseth by your default.

Som. *Yorke* set him on, you *Yorke* should haue sent him
ayde.

Luc. And *Yorke* as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *Yorke* lyes : He might haue sent, & had the Horse :
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loos,
And take foule korne to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot* :
Newer to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait :
Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled :
And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.

Lu. His Fame liues in the world : His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *John Talbot*, I did fend for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thy reuiu'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake vnble limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boding Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger :
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By fadaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot* ? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbot's* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* flood.

Talk. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.
John. He that flies to, will ne're returne againe.

Talk. If we both flye, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, for your regard should be;
My worth vnknewne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
But if I bow, they 'le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will flye,
If the first howe I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, prefer'd with Infamie.

Talk. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

John. I rather then lie shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talk. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Talk. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.

Talk. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall slight abuse it?

Talk. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y^e stain.

John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be fo apparant, then both flye.

Talk. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?

No more can I be seuered from thy side,

Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For liue I will not, if my Father dye.

Talk. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, side by side, together lye and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne
& becomm' about, and Talbot
refuses him.*

Talk. Saint George, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *John Talbot's* pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gaue me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, deipight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gaue me new date.

Talk. When first the *Dolphin* Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quick'n'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alarum*, *Orleanse*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleanse*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly fled

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, *John*? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaille, Boy, and sir,
Now thou art feal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one hande me in little feed.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I flye,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Honcholds Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy flye;
All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of *Orleanse* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To saue a paltry Life, and flay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peasant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorn, and fubie't of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbot's* Sonne.
Then take no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonnes to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbot's* foot.

Talk. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou *scarum*, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old
Talbot led.*

Talk. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbot's* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he percei'd me shrinke, and on my Knece,
His bloodie Sword he brandish't ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impiement:
But when my angry Guardant flood alone,
Tending my ruine, and allys'd of none,
Dizzie-ty'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly mad him from my side to start
Into the chuffring Battaille of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His oer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *scarum*, my Bloosome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'd vs here to scorn,
Acon from thy isofolting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuities,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deipight shall scape Mortalitie.

O

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
 Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
 Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no:
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
 Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinks, as who should say,
 Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
 Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
 Now my old armes are young *Talbot* graue.

Dys

Enter *Charles, Alanus, Burgundie, Bedford,*
and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should haue found a bloody day of this,
Bedf. How the yung whelpes of *Talbot* raging wood,
 Did flesh his punie-sword to Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
 Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish't by a Maide.
 But with a proud Maiefticall high scorn
 He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
 To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
 So rubbing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bedf. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
 See where he lyes inhered in the armes
 Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.

Bedf. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,
 Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear: I for that which we haue fled
 During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter *Lucie.*

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what sublimed message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin? 'Tis a meere French word:
 We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
 I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask't thou? Hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
 Created for his rare successe in Armes,
 Great Earle of *Walsford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Presingfield*,
 Lord *Strange* of *Blackmore*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Seckfield*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconsbridge*,
 Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
 Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleete*,
 Great Marshall to *Henry* the first,
 Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a filly Rately file indeede:
 The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
 Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.

Him that thou magnifit with all these Titles,
 Sinking and fly, blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
 Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis?
 Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
 Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fight the Realme of France.
 Were but his Picture left amongst you heere,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 Gine me their Bodies, that I may beare them hence,
 And giue them Buriall, as becometh their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbot* Ghost,
 He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
 For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
 They would but flinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence,

Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
 be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France askear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
 And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
 All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot* slaine.

Exit.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter *King, Gloucester, and Essex.*

King. Haue yoo perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
 The Emperour, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
 They humbly sue vnto your Excellencie,
 To haue a godly peace concluded of,
 Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meane
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
 And stablish quietnesse on eury side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
 It was both impious and vnaturall,
 That such immanity and bloody strife
 Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Betwix my Lord, the sooner to effect,
 And surer binde this knot of amitie,
 The Earle of Arminack neere knit to *Charles*,
 A man of great Authoritie in France,
 Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Vnckle! Alas my yeares are yong:
 And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
 Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
 Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,
 So let them haue their answers eury one:
 I shall be well content with any choyce
 Tends to Gods glory, and my Countreys weale.

Enter *Winchester*, and three Ambassadors.

Essex. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* in stall'd,
 And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
 Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie.

If once he come to be a Cardinall,
 Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
 Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness of all large,
As liking of the Ladies virtuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the view of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's Queene.

King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Bears her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For clothing me in these gase Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peere;
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, nor for authoritie,
The Bishop will be overborne by thee;
He either make thee shoote, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanjon, Bassard,
Reignier, and Iane.*

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:

Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combat with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Intn two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all bale passions, Feare is most accur'd.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then no my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. *Alarm.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Iane de Pucel.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye chaotic spirits that admmish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Thunder.

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiend.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are eull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They waile, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
He lope a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do conditend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redrefre? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wanted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Exeunt. *Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.*

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charms,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.

A goodly price, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Cree, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be:

Yor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be fadously surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

Alarm. *Enter Suffolke with Margaret
in his hand.*

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gones on her.

Oh Fairest Beantie, do not feare, nor flye:

For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,

I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou, sayst that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who is ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.

Be not offended Natures miracle,

Thou art allotted to be tane by me:

So doth the Swan her downie Signets faue,

Oh say:

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this ferule vslage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, at Suffolkes friend. *She is going*

Oh say: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glasse streames,
Twinkling another counterfetched beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye De la Pals, disfile not thy felice!

Hast not a Tongue? Is the not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans fight?
I: Beauties Princely Maierly is such,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ranfome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loze?

M. Why speake'st thou not? What ranfome must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be wonne.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.

Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random: fure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:

Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?

Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betwene these Realmes.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her Father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,

And our Nobility will scorne the match.

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:

Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeild.

Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.

Mar. What though I be intral'd, he seems a knight

And will not any way dishonor me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be refu'd by the French,

And then I need not craue his courties.

Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid pro Quo*.

Suf. Say gentle Princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,

Than is a slave, in safe ferulity:

For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy Englands Royall King be free.

Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto mee?

Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,

To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,

And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,

If thou wilt consend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.

Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.

Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am

To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,

And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.

How say you Madam, are ye so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,

And Madam, at your Fathes Castle walles,

Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.

Sund. Enter *Reignier* on the *Wallis*.

See *Reignier* lee, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?

I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,

Or to exclaime on Fortunes sicklenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,

Content, and for thy Honor giue consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,

Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:

And this her easie held imprisonment,

Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinks?

Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,

That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faigne.

Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I defend,

To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.

Suf. And heere I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,

Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleases.

Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,

Fitt to be made companion with a King:

What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?

Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,

To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:

Vpon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,

Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,

My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliuer her,

And those two Counties I will vndertake

Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,

Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,

Because this is in Traffike of a King.

And yet me thinks I could be well content

To be mine owne Attorney in this case.

Ile ouer then to England with this newes.

And make this marriage to be folemnie'd:

So farewell *Reignier*, let this Diamond fast

In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayers,

Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *Shee is going.*

Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,

No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,

A Virgin, and his Seroant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No loving Token to his Maistie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet tainted with loue, I send the King.

Suf. And this withall.

Kisse her.

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such perishe tokens to a King.

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotauri and vgly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeat her semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayest because him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwick, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

Shep. Ah *Iane*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,

Haue I fought every Country farre and neere,

And now it is my chance to finde thee out,

Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death?

Ah *Iane*, sweet daughter *Iane*, lie die with thee.

Pucell. Decrepit Mifer, base ignoble Wretch,

I am defendid of a gentler blood.

Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so

I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:

Her Mother iueth yet, can testifie

She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,

Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye *Iane*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:

God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,

And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:

Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Iane*.

Pucell. Pezant auant. Yoo haue sord'nd this man

Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,

The morne that I was wedded to her mother.

Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrl.

Wilt thou not soope? Now curst be the time

Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke

Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck't her brest,

Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.

Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,

I with some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.

Doest thou deny thy Father, curst Drab?

O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.

Exit.

Yorke. Take her away, for the hath liu'd too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Par. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;

Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,

Bot issued from the Progeny of Kings.

Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,

By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,

To worke exceeding myracles on earth.

I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.

But you that are polluted with your lustes,

Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:

Because you want the grace that others haue,

Yoo iudge it straight a thiong impossible

To compasse Wonders, bot by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyued, *Iane* of *Aire* hath beenc

A Virgin from her tender infancie,

Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,

Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,

Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And hearke ye first: because she is a Maide,

Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:

Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatall flake,

That so her torture may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?

Then *Iane* discouet thine infirmity,

That wantaneth by Law, to be thy prioleedge.

I am with child: ye bloody Homicides:

Murder not then the Fruite within my Wombe,

Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maide with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.

Is all your trift preciseneesse come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,

Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puc. You are decey'd, my child is none of his,

It was *Alanson* that inioy'd my loue.

Yorke. *Alanson* that notorious Machreule?

It yes, and if it had a thousand liues.

Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,

'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke i nam'd,

But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd.

War. A married man, that's most intolerable.

Yor. Why here's a Gyrl: I think the knowes not wel

(There were so many) whom she may accose.

War. It's signe she hath beene liberrall and free.

Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.

Vfe no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.

May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames

Vpon the Country where you make abode:

Bot darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death

Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,

Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,

Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do grete your Excellence

With Letters of Commission from the King.

For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,

Mou'd with remorde of these out-ragious broyles,

Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,

Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;

And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine

Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,

After the slaughter of so many Peeres,

So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,

That in this quarrell haue bene ouerthrowne,

And sold their bodies for their Countreys benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,

By Treason, Faithhood, and by Treacherie,

Our great Progenitours had conquer'd?

Oh Warwick, Warwick, I forsee with greefe

The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

m

It

It shall be with such strict and severe Coucours,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Bedford, Reigier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By fight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard *King Henry* giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enioy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substaunce and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am posselt
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerent'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for haire of the rest vn-quarrell'd,
Detraict so much from their prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, he rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more.
Be cast from possibillity of all.

York. Insulting *Charles*, halt thou by secret means
Vn'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compromise,
Stand'st thou alsoe vpon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reg. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauilt in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To seue your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are daily scene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Yor. Then sweare Allegiance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of France.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For hence we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Suffolk in conference with the King,
Gloucester and Exeter.*

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with vernall gifts,
Do breed Loues fedled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arrive
Where I may haue fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superfluous tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to viter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choise of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intent,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* not presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That *Margaret* may be England's Royall Queene.

Gl. So should I giue consent to slatter floure,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of extreme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes.
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnquall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Gl. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is oere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dowre,
Where *Reigier* sooner will receiue, than giue.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiekt, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to streake a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Peasants bargain for their Wines,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Mut

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
 And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
 Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
 An Age of discord and continuall strife,
 Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
 And is a pattern of Celibiall peace.
 Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
 But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
 Her peerlesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
 Approoves her fit for none, but for a King.
 Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
 (More then in women commonly is seene)
 Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
 For *Henry*, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
 If with a Lady of so high resolute,
 (As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
 Then yeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
 That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
 My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming loue,
 I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,

I feele such sharpe dissection in my breast,
 Such fierce alarms both of Hope and Feare,
 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 Agree to any couenants, and procure
 That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather vp a tenth.
 Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
 And you (good Vncle) banish all offence:
 If you do ceaseure me, by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sodaine execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may reuolue and ruminare my griefe. *Exit.*
Glo. I grieue I feare me, both at first and last. *Exit Gloucester.*
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
 As did the youthfull *Peris* once to Greece,
 With hope to finde the like ruent in loue,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
 Bot I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

F I N I S.





The second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Haberge.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Bedford on the one side.

The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of France, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, and *Alanson*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops
I have perform'd my Task, and was espous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knees,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliver vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Sublance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:

The happiest Gift, that ever Marquesse gave,
The Fairest Queene, that ever King receiv'd.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Sympaty of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beddes,
With you mine *Alder lefeste* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
And oer ioy of heart doth minister.

King. Her fight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Maicity,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fullnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loove.
All kneel. Long live Qu. Margaret, England's happines.

Queen. We thanke you all.

Flourish

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contratted peace,
Betwene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eighteen moneths concluded by consent.

Gls. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betwene the French K.
Charles, and *William de la Pole Marquess of Suffolke*, Amb-
bassador for William King of England, That the said Henry shall
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto *Reignier King of*
Naples, *Sicillia*, and *Ierusalem*, and Crownes her Queene of
England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutie of *Aniou*, and the County of *Main*,
shall be releas'd and deliver'd to the King her father.

King. Vnkle, how now?

Gls. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some foudaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed betwene them, That the
Dutcheffe of *Aniou* and *Main*, shall be releas'd and deliver'd
ouer to the King her Father, and shal be sent ouer of the King of
England vnto proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any
Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Coſin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteen Moneths
Be full expy'd. Thanks Vnckle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwicke.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Mantet the refl.

Gls. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnload his grieſe:
Your grieſe, the common grieſe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wit,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got :

Hau : you your felues, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Braue *York*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*;
Receiue deepe ſcarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnckle *Bedford*, and my ſelfe,
With all the Learned Councell of the Realme,
Studied ſo long, ſit in the Councell houſe,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highneſſe in his infancy,
Crowned in Paris in deſpight of foes,
And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conqueſt, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Councell dye?
O Peeres of England, ſhamefull is this League,
Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charaſters of your Renowe,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this paſſionate diſcourſet

This preroration with ſuch circumſtance :

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it ſtill.

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can :

But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.

Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Aniue* and *Maine*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leaneſſe of his purſe.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
Theſe Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie* :
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant ſonnet?

War. For greefe that they are paſt recouerie.

For were theſe hope to conquer them againe,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Aniue and *Maine* ? My ſelfe did win them both :
Thoſe Provinces, theſe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliu'ed vp againe with peacefull words ?
More Dieu.

York. For *Suffolkes* Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Iſle :
France ſhould haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yielded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large ſummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper iſt, and neuer heard before,
That *Suffolke* ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſts and Charges in transporting her :
She ſhould haue ſtaid in France, and ſteru'd in France
Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Wincheſter I know your minde.

'Tis not my ſpeeches that I do miſlike :
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I ſee thy farie : If I longer ſtay,

We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings :
Lordings farewell, and ſay when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be loſt ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage :

'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy :
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King ;
Conſider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the Engliſh Crowne :
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it :
Looke to it Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey* the good Duke of Gloſter,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jeſu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey* :
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloſſe,
He will be found a dangerous Protecſor.

Bac. Why ſhould he then protect our Soueraigne ?
He being of age to gouerne of himſelfe.

Coffin of *Somerſet*, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
We'll quickly hoyle Duke *Humfrey* from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſſe will not brooke delay,
He to the Duke of *Suffolke* preſently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Sum. Coffin of *Buckingham*, though *Humfries* pride
And greatneſſe of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His influence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beſide,
If Gloſter be diſplac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Bac. Or thou, or I *Somerſet* will be Protection,
Deſpite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their owne preierment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.

I neuer ſaw but *Humfrey* Duke of Gloſter,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman :
Oft haue I ſcene the haughty Cardinall,
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
At ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruſſian, and demean himſelfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.

Warwicke my ſonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſſe, and thy houle-keeping,
Hath wonne the greateſt fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.

And Brother *York*, thy Aſt in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Diſcipline :
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,

Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſſe
The pride of *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall,
With *Somerſets* and *Buckinghams* Ambition,
And as we may, cheriſh Duke *Humfries* deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe *Warwicke*, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. And ſo ſayes *York*,
For he hath greateſt caufe.

Salisbury. Then lets make haſt away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine ?

Oh Father, *Maine* is loſt,
That *Maine*, which by maine force *Warwicke* did winne,
And would haue kept, ſo long as breath did laſt :

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain
Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. March York.

York. *Amis* and *Maine* are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukess faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Fricods, and give to Cortesans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the filly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Achilles* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Amis and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when *York* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* part,
And make a shew of looe to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden mark I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then *York* be still a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* surfetting in ioyes of looe,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be false at iarras:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *York*,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookeish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
Exit York.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Eleanor.
Elin. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fawours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What fittest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together head'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abate our fight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.

My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Elin. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my mornings dream.

Hum. Me thought this fluffe mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,

But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,

And on the peeces of the broken Wand

Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of Somerset,

And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.

This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Elin. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,

That he that breakes a flicke of Glosters groue,

Shall loofe his head for his preemption.

But list to me my *Humfry*, my sweete Duke:

Me thought I late in Seate of Maiefty,

In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,

And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crown'd,

Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* knect'd to me,

And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright:

Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elinor*,

Art thou not second *Woman* in the Realme?

And the Protector's wife below'd of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,

To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,

From top of Honor, to Disgraces fete?

Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Elin. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollerlike

With *Elinor*, for telling but her dreame?

Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,

And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,

You do prepare to ride vnto *S. Albons*,

Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum.*

Elin. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,

While Gloster beares this bafe and bumble minde.

Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,

I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,

And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.

And being a woman, I will oot be flacke

To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.

Where are you there? Sir *Jobn*; nay feare not man,

We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hum.*

Hum. Icius preserve your Royall Maiefty.

Elin. What list thou? Maiefty: I am but Grace.

Hum. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,

Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Elin. What list thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd

With *Margerie* *Iordane* the cunning Witch,

With *Roger* *Bullingbrook* the Coniurer?

And will they vndertake to do me good?

Hum. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes

A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Eliano. It is enough, He thinke vpon the Questions:
When from Saint Albones we doe make returne,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Eliano.

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*?
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent seueritie.
Dame *Eliano* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Drull.
Yet haue I Gold flies from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and owd-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Eliano*'s aspiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.
They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinal's Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe oere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
Hume Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attaiuer, will be *Humphrey*'s fall:
Sot how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.

Exit

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armours
Man being one.*

1. *Per.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-
tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may
deliuer our Supplications in the Oyle.

2. *Per.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
man, Iesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
him: He be the first fure.

2. *Per.* Come backe soke, this is the Duke of Suffolke,
and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: wouldst any thing with me?

1. *Per.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplica-
tions to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1. *Per.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *Iohn
Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houise,
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of
Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How
now, Sir Knaue?

2. *Per.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
whole Towneship.

Peter. Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the
Crowne.

Queene. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke
say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No furthor: my Master
said, That he was, and that the King was a Vsurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Por-
tewant presently: wee'll heare more of your matter before
the King.

Exit.

Queene. And as for you that looe to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Tenore the Supplication.

Away, base Collous: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Exit.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?

Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?

Is this the Government of Brittaines Ile?

And this the Royaltie of Albions King?

What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,

Vnder the furlie *Glosters* Governance?

Am I a Queene in Title and in Style,

And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?

I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Ciuile *Tours*

Thou ran't a tilt in honor of my Loue,

And stol't away the Ladies hearts of France?

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportions:

But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,

To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades:

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,

His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Colledge of the Cardinal's

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;

That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause

Your Highnesse came to England, so will I

In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*

The imperious Churchman, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,

And grumbling *York*: and not the least of these,

But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,

Cannot doe more in England then the *Peeres*:

Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple *Peeres*.

Queene. Not all these Lords doe vex me halfe so much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:

She sweetes it through the Court with troops of Ladies,

More like an Emperesse, then Duke *Humphrey*'s Wife:

Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:

She beares a Duked Reuerewes on her backe,

And in her heart the fumes of her Poetrie:

Shall I not lue to be aung'd on her?

Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her Minions 't'other day,

The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,

Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,

Till *Suffolke* gae two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bulb for her,

And plac'd a Quier of such enticing Birds,

That she will light to listen to the Lays,

And neuer moueth to trouble you againe.

So let her rest: and Madame list to me,

For I am bold to counsaile you in this:

Although we fauor not the Cardinall,

Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,

Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit :
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duke of Beff.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerfet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-shipp.
Som. If *Somerfet* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters speake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Beck. All in this preference are thy betters, *Warwick*.
Warw. *Warwick* may lue to be the best of all.
Salib. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason *Buckingham*
Why *Somerfet* should be prefer'd in this?
Queen. Because the King forsooth will haue it so.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To giue his Censure : These are no Womens matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will reigne my Place.
Suff. Reigne it then, and leave thee insolence.
Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prey'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-meo to thy Soueraintie.
Card. The Commons haue thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lank and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire
Haue cost a masse of publique Tresurie.
Beck. Thy Cruelty in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queen. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She giues the Duke a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yes, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come neerer your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Elisur* vnreung'd.

Exit Elisur.

Beck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elisur*,
And listen after *Humfrey*, how he proceeds:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,
Shee'll gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to take of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in merce to deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Country.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is most vnmeet of any man.

Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Somerfet* will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I dar'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwick*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Men.

Suff. Because here is a man accos'd of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.

Yorke. Doth any one accuse *Yorke* for a Traytor?

King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are these?

Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason:
His words were these: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words?

Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd
nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am
falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were scow-
ring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.

Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytor speech:
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the
words: my scuffer is my Prentice, and when I did cor-
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his
knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse
of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast
away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let *Somerfet* be Repent o're the French,
Because in *Yorke* this breeds suspition;
And let these haue a day appointed them
For single Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfrey*'s doome.

Som. I

Son. I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.

Amer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pitty my case: the spight of man preyeth against me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Huw. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerfet*, wee'll see thee fere sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Ballingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Balling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage.

Balling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an Inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother *Jordan*, be you prostrate, and grouell on the Earth; *John Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Eliamor aloft.

Eliamor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere, the sooner the better.

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was set on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues; That time best fit the worke we haue in hand. Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee saye, Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Ballingbrooke or Southwell reads, Coniure to, &c. It Thunder and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Ad san.

Witch. Amen, by the eternal God, Whose name and power thou tremblest at, Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake, Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and done.

Balling. First of the King: What shall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose: But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Balling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Balling. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerfet*?

Spirit. Let him thun Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand.

Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Balling. Discead to Darknesse, and the burning Lake: Fals Feind auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard and brake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.

What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guesd'd for these good defects.

Eliamor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King, Inuiours Duke, that threateth where's no cause.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,

And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.

Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'll see your Trinkets here all forth-coming.

All away.

Exit.

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well:

A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.

Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Wit.

What haue we here?

Reads.

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Why this is iust, *As* *Æsida Romanus vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerfet*?

Let him thunne Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand,

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albons,

With him, the Husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as Horfe can carry them:

A forty Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall giue me leaue, my Lord of York,

To be the Post, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoc?

Enter a Servingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwicke

To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolke, with Faulconers following.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I saw not better sport these feuen yeeres day:

Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,

And ten to one, old *Isane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,

And what a pych the flew about the rest:

To see how God in all his Creatures workes,

Yes Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,

My Lord Protector's Hawkes doe towre so well,

They know their Master loves to be aloft,

And beares his thoughts about his Faulcons pitch.

Glyff. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble Mide,

That mounts no higher than a Bird can fore.

Card. I

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.

Gloſt. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euertlasting Ioy.
Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasurie of thy Heart, Pernitiuous Protector, dangerous Peere, That smooth't it to with King and Common-weale.

Gloſt. What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?
Tantare animi Caricilibus iræ, Church-men so hot?
Good Vnckle hide such mallice:
With such Holyneſſe can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Gloſt. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.
Gloſt. Why *Suffolke*, England knows thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloſter*.

King. I prythee peace, good *Queene*,
And whet not on thee furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

Gloſt. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.
Card. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.

Gloſt. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne perſon anſwere thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'ſt not peep:

And if thou dar'ſt, this Evening,

On the East ſide of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloſter*,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle ſo ſuddenly,
We had had more ſport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloſt. True Vnckle, are ye adu'ſ'd?

The East ſide of the Groue?

Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloſter*?

Gloſt. Talking of Hawking; nothing elſe, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priell,

Ile ſhake your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence ſhall fayle.

Card. *Meditæ teſum*, Protector ſee to't well, protect
your ſelfe.

King. The Windes grow high,

So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkeſome is this Muſick to my heart?

When ſuch Strings laze, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What means this noyſe?

Fellow, what Miracle do'ſt thou proclaime?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forſooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his light,
A man that ne're ſaw in his life before.

King. Now God be pray'd, that to beleeuſing Soules
Gives Light in Darkneſſe, Comfort in Deſpaire.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren,
bearing the man betweene two in a Choyre.*

Card. Here comes the Towne-men, on Proceſſion,
To preſent your Highneſſe with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his fight his ſinne be multiplied.

Gloſt. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him neere the King,
His Highneſſe pleaſure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumſtance,

That we for thee may gloriſie the Lord.

What, haſt thou bene long blinde, and now reſtor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and't pleaſe your Grace.

Wiſe. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wiſe. His Wife, and't like your Worſhip.

Gloſt. Hadſt thou been his Mother, thou could'ſt haue
better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your
Grace.

King. Poore Soule,
Gods goodneſſe hath bene great to thee:
Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved paſſe,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Can'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my ſleepe, by good Saint *Alban*:
Who ſaid; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.

Wiſe. Moſt true, forſooth:

And many time and oft my ſelfe haue heard a Voyce,
To call him ſo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.

Suff. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wiſe. A Plum-tree, Maſter.

Gloſt. How long haſt thou bene blinde?

Simp. O borne ſo, Maſter.

Gloſt. What, and would'ſt climbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wiſe. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloſt. Maſſe, thou lou'd'ſt Plummes well, that would'ſt
venture ſo.

Simp. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome
Damſons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
Life.

Gloſt. A ſubtil Knave, but yet it ſhall not ſerue:
Let me ſee thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.

Simp. Yes Maſter, cleare as day, I thanke God and
Saint *Albones*.

Gloſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? what Colour is this Cloake
of?

Simp. Red Maſter, Red as Blood.

Gloſt. Why that's well ſaid: What Colour is my
Gowne of?

Simp. Black forſooth, Coale-Black, as let.

King. Why then, thou know'ſt what Colour let is
of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, let did he neuer ſee.

Gloſt. But

Gloſt. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wiſe. Never before this day, in all his life.

Gloſt. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpe. Alas Maſter, I know not.

Gloſt. What's his Name?

Simpe. I know not.

Gloſt. Nor his?

Simpe. No indeede, Maſter.

Gloſt. What's thine owne Name?

Simpe. *Saunder Simpeſſe*, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Gloſt. Then *Saunder*, ſit there.

The lying *A Knaue* in Chriſtendome.

If thou haſt bene borne blinde,

Thou might'ſt as well haue knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the ſeueral Colours we doe weare.

Sight may diſtinguiſh of Colours;

But ſuddenly to nominate them all,

It is impoſſible.

My Lords, *Saint Albine* here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simpe. O Maſter, that you could?

Gloſt. My Maſters of *Saint Albines*,

Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippes?

Maſt. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Then ſend for one preſently.

Maſt. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.

Exit.

Gloſt. Now fetch me a Stool to hither by and by.

Now Sirrha, if you meaue to ſaue your ſelfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stool, and runne away.

Simpe. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloſt. Well Sir, we muſt haue you finde your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that ſame Stool.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simpe. Alas Maſter, what ſhall I doe? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the ſtoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long?

Queen. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villaine runne.

Gloſt. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wiſe. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloſt. Let thē be whipt through euery Market Towne, Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke *Humphrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Gloſt. But you haue done more Miracles then I:

You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:

A ſort of naughtie perſons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Conſoleration

Of Lady *Elizabet*, the Proteſſors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerously againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Faſt,
Rayſing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King *Henry* Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſſe Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace ſhall vnderſtand.

Card. And ſo my Lord Proteſſor, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London.

This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;

'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflicke my heart:

Sorrow and griefe haue vanquiſht all my powers;

And vanquiſht as I am, I yeeld to thee,

Or to the meaneſt Groome.

King. O God, what miſchiefes work the wicked oneſt

Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.

Queen. *Gloſter*, ſee here the Tainture of thy Neſt,

And looke thy ſelfe be faultleſſe, thou wert beſt.

Gloſt. Madame, for my ſelfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,

How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:

And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,

Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard,

Noble thee is: but if thee haue forgot

Honor and Vertue, and conuert'ſt with ſuch,

As like to Pynch, deſile Nobilitie;

I baniſh her my Bed, and Companie,

And glue her as a Prieſt to Law and Shame,

That hath diſ-honored *Gloſters* honeſt Name.

King. Well, for my ſelfe I will reſpoſe vs here:

To morrow toward London, back againe,

To looke into this Buſineſſe thorowly,

And call theſe ſoule Offendors to their Anſweres;

And poſſe the Cauſe in Iuſtice equall Scales,

Whole Beaume ſtands ſure, whole rightfull cauſe preuailes.

Flouriſh.

Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,

Our ſimple Supper ended, giue me leaue,

In this cloſe Walke, to ſatiſſie my ſelfe,

In crauing your opinion of my Title,

Which is inſalſible, to Englaods Crowne.

Salib. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *York* begin: and if thy claime be good,

The *Nixalls* are thy Subiects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeuſen Sonnes:

The firſt, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;

The ſecond, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter;

The fifth, was *Edward Langley*, Duke of Yorke;

The ſixt, was *Thomas* of Woodſtock, Duke of Gloſter;

William of Woodſtor was the ſeuenth, and laſt.

Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,

Who after *Edward* the third's death, reign'd as King,

Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaſter,

The eldeſt Sonne and Heire of *John* of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realm, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poore *Queen* to France, from whence ſhe came,

And

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleffe Richard was murdered traitorously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

Salub. But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

York. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I claime the Crowne,
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, *Roger*, Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianoor*.

Salub. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrook*,
As I haue read, layd claime vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had bene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Married *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the third's fifth Sonnes Sonne;
By her I claime the Kingdomes:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Phillip*, sole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plain proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth claime the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,

The fourth Sonne, *York* claimes it from the third:
Till *Lionel*'s Issue sayles, his should not reigne.
It sayles not yet, but flourisheth in thee,

And in thy Sonnes, faire slipper of such a Stock.
Then Father *Salubor*, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Botb. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Eoglands King.

York. We thanke you Lords
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At *Beauford*'s Pride, at *Somerfet*'s Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue inuad'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *York* can prophesie.

Salub. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

York. And *Neill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to benight the Daubiffs.*

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianoor* Cobham,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyle of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *Iohn Swanly*, in the Ile of Man.

Elianoor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

Gloft. *Elianoor*, the Law thou feest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would solace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my Ray, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protecte'd like a Child,
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloft. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why eow is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queene,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: i two Pulls at once;
His Lady banish'd, and a Limbe lost off.

This Staffe of Honor raght, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this losie Pyne, & hangs his sprays,
Thus *Elianoor*'s Pride dyes in her youngfist dayes.

York. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'd.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

York. I neuer saw a fellow worie behead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much, that he is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it; and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbour, you shall doe well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbors drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Apome; and Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tim, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fence already.

Salib. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirra, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salib. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salib. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans indignation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

Turke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

Turke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this preference? O Peter, thou hast preuail'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, And God in Iustice hath reuail'd to vs The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exit.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore succedes Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and loyes abound, as Seasons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloster. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my punisher Duchesse: Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets, To treade them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke The abieft People, gazing on thy face, With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheeles, When thou didst ride io triumph through the streets. But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Mirrours.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'll take her from the Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe by.

Eliouer. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how thy gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Gylster, hide thee from their hatefull looks, And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloster. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Eliouer. Ah Gylster, teach me to forget my selfe: For whilst I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinks I should not thus be led along, May'd vp in shame, with Papsen on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce To see my teares, and heare my deepe-dett groanes. The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the enuious people laugh, And bid me be adoe'd how I treade.

Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoke? Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World, Or count them happy, that enioye the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfrefes Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorne Duchesse, Was made a wonder, and a pointing flock To euery idle Rascall follower.

But be thou milde, and blissh not at my shame, Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will. For Suffolk, he that can doe all in all With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, And Turke, and impious Bamford, that false Priest, Haue all iym'd Buihes to betray thy Wings, And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tasle thee. But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd, Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes.

Gloster. Ah Nell, forbear: thou symest all awry. I must offend, before I be attainted: And had I twentie times so many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All these could not procure me any feache, So long as I am loyal, true, and crimelesse. Would't haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

n Why

Why yet thy scandall were not wipe away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*;
I pray thee fort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Held at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Gloſt. And my content ne're ask'd herein before?

This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.

My Nell, I take my leave; and Maſter Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commiſſion.

Sh. And't please your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtayes:
And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,

To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloſt. Muſt you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stanley. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may lise to doe you kindeſſe, if you doe it her.
And ſo Sir *John*, farewell.

Eliamr. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Gloſt. Witneſſe my teares, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exit Gloſt.

Eliamr. Art thou gone to all comfort goe with thee,
For none aſides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whole Name I oft have beene afraid,
Because I wiſh'd this Worlds eternitie.

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,

I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;

Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vi'd according to your State.

Eliamr. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach;

And ſhall I then be vi'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Hamfryes* Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be vi'd.

Eliamr. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou haſt beene Conduſt of my ſhame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Eliamr. I, I, farewell, thy Office in diſcharg'd;

Come *Stanley*, ſhall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,

Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Eliamr. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet;
No, it will hang vpon my richeſt Robes,

And ſhew it ſelfe, attyre me how I can.

Goe, leade the way, I long to ſee my Priſon.

Exeunt

*Sounds a Sennet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinal, Suffolke,
York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick,
to the Parliament.*

King. I muſt my Lord of Gloſter is not come;

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,

What e're occaſion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerue

The ſtrangenefſe of his alter'd Countenance?

With what a Maiſtie he beares himſelfe,

How inſolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himſelfe.

We know the time ſince he was milde and affable,

And if we did but glance a ſarve-off Look,

Immediately he ſas vpon his Kne,

That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.

But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,

When every one will giue the time of day,

He knits his Brow, and ſhewes an angry Eye,

And paſſeth by with ſtiſſe vnbow'd Kne,

Diſgaining durie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,

But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,

And *Hamfry* is no little Man in England.

Fiſt note, that he is neere you in diſcent,

And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me ſeemeth then, it is no Pollicie,

Reſpecting what a rancorous minde he beares,

And his advantage following your deſceſe,

That he ſhould come about your Royall Perſon,

Or be admitted to your Highneſſe Councell.

By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts;

And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,

'Tis to be feard they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow-rooted,

Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,

And chooke the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,

Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.

If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:

Which feare, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,

I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.

My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Reproue my allegation, if you can,

Or elſe conclude my words effectfull.

Suff. Well hath your Highneſſe ſeene into this Duke:

And had I fiſt bene put to ſpeake my minde,

I thinke I ſhould have told your Graces Tale.

The Duchefſe, by his ſubornation,

Vpon my Life began her diuellish practiſes:

Or if he were not priore to theſe Faults,

Yet by reputing of his high diſcent,

As next the King, he was ſucceſſiue Heire,

And ſuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie,

Did infligate the Bedlam braine-fick Duchefſe,

By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.

Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,

And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treafon.

The Fox barks not, when he would ſteale the Lambe.

No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloſter* is a man

Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,

Deuile ſtrange deaths, for ſmall offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Proteſtorſhip,

Leaſe great ſummes of Money through the Realme,

For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer ſent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reſolued.

Buck. To, theſe are petty faults to faults vnknowne,

Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Hamfry*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,

To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,

Is worthy praife: but ſhall I ſpeake my conſcience,

Our Kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent,

From meaning Treafon to our Royall Perſon,

As is the ſucking Lambe, or harmeleſſe Dove;

The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,

To dreame on euill, or to worke my downfall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?

Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

For hee's diſpoſed as the hateful Rauens.

Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is ſurely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shepe, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull mao.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.
King. Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vnto berrett you: all is lost.
King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

Tyrk. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile Eogland.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leases away:
But I will remedie this gearre ere loog,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloft. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so loong.
Suff. Nay Glyster, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Gloft. Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blunth,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Tyrk. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By means whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Gloft. Is it bot thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had ooe penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for Eogland.
That Day that ere I wrefted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vfe,
Be brought againt me ac my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not tase the needie Commons,
Haue I dis-pur'd to the Garrison,
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Gloft. I say oo more then truth, so helpe me God.

Tyrk. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer beard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Gloft. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at oo Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ranfome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murthrer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that stee'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.
Murder inderde, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
About the Felon, or what Trespasser.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all falsenecy,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloft. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this lland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.

But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect oo perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And Suffolke cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe Buckingham vnburthens with his tongue,
The enioous Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged Tyrk, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By false accorde doth leuell at my Life.

And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Caulciffe haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour haue stirr'd vp
My liefelt Liege to be mine Enemy:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Coniuncticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intolerable.

If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vbraynd, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor granted scope of speech,

'Twill make them coole in aske vnto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if he had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Qu. But I cao giue the lofer leue to chide.

Gloft. Farre truer spake then meant: I lofe inderde,
Behreue the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such lofers may haue leaue to speake.

Buck. Hee 'le wreft the force, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloft. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloucester.

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parlia-
ment?

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flowe within mine eyes:
My Body roond engyrt with miserie:

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
 Ah Vnckle *Hamfry*, in thy face I see
 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
 And yet, good *Hamfry*, 'tis the heare to come,
 That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What lowering *Starre* now enoies thy estate?
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our *Queene*,
 Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.
 Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:
 And as the *Damme* runnes lowing vp and downe,
 Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
 Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glysters* case
 With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimm'd eyes;
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies.

His fortunes I will weepe, and twist each groane,
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Glisten* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:
 Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 Too full of foolish pittie: as *Glysters* flew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
 With shining checker'd sough doth sting a Child,
 That for the beautes thinks it excellent.
 Beleue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
 This *Glyster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthe pollicie,
 But yet we want a Colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
 The King will labour still to saue his Life,
 The Commons haply rife, to saue his Life;
 And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.
Suff. Ah *York*, no man aliuie, so faime as I.

York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death.
 But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
 Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
 We're not all one, an emptie Eagle were fet,
 To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kye,
 As place Duke *Hamfry* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.
Suff. Madam 'tis true: and we're not madnesse then,
 To make the Fox furyour of the Fold?

Who being accus'd a craftie Murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly pokt over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.

No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
 By nature prou'd an Enemy to the Flock,
 Before his Chaps be stynn'd with Crimion blood,
 As *Hamfry* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.
 And doe not stand on Quillies how to slay him:
 Be it by Gynnes, by Snarres, by Subletie,
 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suff. Not resolute, except so moeh were done,
 For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preferue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
 Ere you can take due Order for a Priest:
 Say you consent, and eefore well the deed,
 And he provide his Executioner,
 I tender to the fistie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queene. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impogues our doome.

Enter a Page.

Page. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
 To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
 And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
 Sead Succours Lords and stop the Rage betime,
 Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
 For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stoppe.
 What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?

York. That *Somerfet* be sent as Regent thither:
 'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,
 Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *York*, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
 Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
 He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
 I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,

Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
 Mens flesh prefer'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Som. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
 If Wind and Fuel be brought, to feed it with:
 No more, good *York*, sweet *Somerfet* be still.

Thy fortune, *York*, hadst thou beens Regent there,
 Might happily haue prou'd farr worse then this.

York. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
 take all.

Somerfet. And in the number, thee, that wiltest
 shame.

Card. My Lord of *York*, trie what your fortune is:
 Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
 Collecte choycelly, from each Countie some,
 And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
 And what we doe establish, he confirms:
 Then, Noble *York*, take thee this Tacke in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords,
 Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd.
 Bot now returne we to the false Duke *Hamfry*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
 That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
 And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
 Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that event.

York. My

York. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteeen dayes
At Britton I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile gather them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*
March York.

York. Now *York*, or neuer, Recle thy fearfull thoughts,
Aod change midoubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Refigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying;
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faster the Spring-time shewes, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinks on Dignitie.
My Brysne, more buie then the laboring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snarres to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickly done,
To fend me packing with an Host of men;
I feare me, you but warme the furred Snake,
Who cherisht in your breaths, will fling your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly yet be well assur'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland ourish a mightie Band,
Will stirre vp in England some black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell;
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Fiawe.
And for a minister of my intent,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Alford,
To make Commoion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *John Mortimer*.
In Ireland haue I feene this Audborne Cade
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
Him capte vpright, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a shag-hay'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he conuerst with the Enemy,
And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villsoies.
This Decoil here shall be my substitute;
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in spech be doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of *York*.
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thrise, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reape the Haruest which that Rakcall sow'd.
For *Hunfry*; being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* pot apart the neat for me. *Exit.*

*Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
Murder of Duke Hunfry.*

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we dooe?
Didst euer heare a man fo penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.
Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at haod.
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,
Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with
Attendants.*

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle *Glyster*,
Then from true euidence, of good theame,
He be approu'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preusyle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of falsition.

King. I thooke thee *Nell*, these wordes cootent mee
much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Glyster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.
Card. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King *Joonds*.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
dead.

Sum. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.
Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.
Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.
King. Oh Heavenly God,
Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* com-
fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Racons Note,
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall spewes:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceiued Gwand?
Hide not thy payson with such fygred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
Their touch affrighte me as a Serpents sting.
Thoo balefull Messenger, out of my sight:
Vpon thy eye-balls, morderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Mielitie, to fight the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away: I come Basilius,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy:
In life, but double death, now *Glyster* is dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like lameats his death:
And for my selfe, For as he was to me,
Might liqid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-confuming sighes recall his life;

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
 Look pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking fighes,
 And all to haue the Noble Duke aloue.

What know I how the world may deeme of me?
 For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
 It may be iodd'd I made the Duke away,
 So shall my name with Slanders tooque be wounded,
 And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
 This get I by his death! Aye me vnhappy,
 To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
 What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.

What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.

Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?

Why then Dame *Elisauer* was neere thy ioy.

Erect his Statue, and worship it,

And make my Image but an Aie-boufe signe.

Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,

And twice by sukrward winde from Englands banke

Droue backe againe vnto my Native Clime.

What bodied this? but well fore-warning winde

Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,

Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.

What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,

And he that loo'd them forth their Brazen Csaues,

And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,

Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreaddfull Rocks:

Yet *Aeolus* would not be a murtherer,

But left that hateful office vnto thee.

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,

Knowing that thou wouldest huse me drown'd on shore

With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindeesse.

The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dsh me with their ragged fides,

Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,

Might in thy Pallace, perish *Elisauer*.

As farre as I could keo thy Chalky Cliffes,

When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,

I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:

And when the duskie sky, began to rob

My earnest-gaping-fight of thy Lands view,

I tooke a costely leuell from my necke,

A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,

And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,

And so I with'd thy body might my Heart:

And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,

And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,

For looking kan of *Abissins* wish'd Coat.

How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue

(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)

To fit and watch me as *Africanus* did,

When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold

His Fathers Agh, commenc'd in burning Troy.

Am I not wight like her? Or thou not false like him?

Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elisauer*,

For Henry weepes, that thou dost lise so long.

*Noyse within. Enter Warwick, and many
 Common.*

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
 That good Duke *Humfry* Traiterously is murtherd

By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:

The Commons like an angry Hise of Bees

That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,

And care not who they fling in his reuenge.

My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,

Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,

But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:

Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,

And comment then vpon his fadaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salaburie

With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgeth all things, fize my thoughts:

My thoughts, that labour to perfwade my soule,

Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:

If my suspet be false, forgioe me God,

For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:

Faine would I go to chafe his pallie lips,

With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine

Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,

To tell my loue vnto his dumbe drese trunkes,

And with my fingers feeke his hood, vnfeeling:

But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

Bed post forth.

Aod to suruey his dead and earthy Image:

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this

body.

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made,

For with his foule fied all my worldly solace:

For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my foule intends to lise

With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,

To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curie,

I do beleuee that violent hands were laid

Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemne tongue:

What instance giues Lord Warwick for his vow.

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.

Of haue I seene a timely-parted Ghost,

Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,

Being all defended to the labouring heart,

Who in the Conscit that it holds with death,

Attracts the same for aydanc 'gainst the enemy,

Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,

To blishe and beautifie the Cheeke againe.

But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:

His eye-balles further out, than when he liod,

Staring full gasky, like a strangled man:

His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with frugling:

His hoods abroad display'd, as one that graft

And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Looke oo the sheets his hair (vpon fce) is sticking,

His well proportion'd Beard, made rude and rugged,

Like to the Summer Corne by Tempest lodged:

It cannot be but he was murthered here,

The least of all these signes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwick, who should do the D. to death?

My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,

And we I hope fir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vow'd D. *Humfries* foes,

And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,

And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspet these Nohlemen,

As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And fees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttockes Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kye feare with vnblouded Beake?
Euen so suspicious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a Kye? where are his Talions?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That fanders me with Murthers Crimfon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, prowle Lord of Warwicks shire,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfryes* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twentie thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
For every word you speake in his behaile,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Nazils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes preface makes me milde,
I would, false murtherous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this preface thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, lie cope with thee,
And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfryes* Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Breast-plate than a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniquitie is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trait'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salib. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord *Suffolk* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfry* dy'd;
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubbornne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent scene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolk* is;
With whose inuencions and fittall stings,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
Could send such Messinge to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkens to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender looking care;
And had I not bene cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophecie,
Mischaunce vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meane.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farre-vnworthy Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolk*.
King. Vngentle *Queene*, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.

No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrase vnto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irrevocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee't found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischaunce and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and fowre Affliction,
Be play-fellows to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle *Queene*, these Exccrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heauie leaue.

Queene. Fye

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Sef. A plague vpon them : wherefore should I curse
them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grooe,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliu'rd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enny in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fiat an end, as one distract :
I, every ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste :
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypress Trees :
Their cheefest Prospekt, murd'ring Basilikes :
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lyons stings :
Their Musicks, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boding Screech-Owles, make the Cooft full.
All the soule terrors in darke seated hell——

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an over-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Sef. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue ?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Qe. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares :
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.

Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but furmish'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that furets, thinking on a want :
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Adunature to be banish'd my selfe :
And banish'd I am, if but from thee.

Go, speake not to me ; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part thee dye ;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Sef. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banish'd,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, we'r't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company :
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery fereall pleasure in the World :
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more : Live thou to ioy thy life ;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Faulx.

Queene. Whether goes *Faulx* so fast ? What newes I
prethee ?

Uaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death :
For sodainly a greuous sickesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and sture, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talke, as if Duke *Hunfrin* Ghost
Were by his side : Sometime, he calles the King,
And whisper to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soule,
And I am fect to tell his Maiesty,
That euen now he cries aloud for him.

Qe. Go tell this heauy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me ! What is this World ? What newes are these ?
But wherefore greue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my foules Treasure ?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee ?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares ?
Theins for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st it is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Sef. If I depart from thee, I cannot lue,
And in thy fight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slomber in thy lap ?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers duggs betweene it's lips.
Where from thy fight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes :
To haue thee with thy lippes to flap my moule :
So should'st thou cyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it fo into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elision.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death :
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queene. Away : Though parting be a fretfull corosiuo,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke : Let me heare from thee :
For wherefore thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Irā* that shall finde thee out.

Sef. I go.

Qe. And take my heart with thee.

Sef. A Iewell lockt into the wofull Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so funder we :
This way fall I to death.

Qe. This way for me.

Exeunt

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.*

King. How fare's my Lord ? Speake *Beauford* to thy
Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou best death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is scene so terrible.

War. *Beauford*, it is thy Soueraigne speaks to thee.

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.

Dy'de he not in his bed ? Where should he dye ?

Can I make men liue where they will or no ?

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Aloue againe ! Then shew me where he is,

Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs fet to catch my winged foule;
Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternal mower of the heuens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,
That layes strong fesse vpon this wretches foule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sol. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his foule, if Gods good pleasure be.

Lord Card'nall, if thou thinke'st on heuens blisse,

Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are finners all.

Clofe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine clofe,

And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blissing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:

And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Ladies

That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:

Who with their drowle, flow, and flagging wings

Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their misty lawes,

Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:

Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prise,

For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,

Heere shall they make their ranfome on the sand,

Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,

And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.

1. *Genl.* What is my ranfome Maister, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

Mate. And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.

Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 1000. Crownes,

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:

The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,

Be counter-poyd with such a pettie summe.

1. *Genl.* He giue it fir, and therefore spare my life.

2. *Genl.* And so will I and write home for it straight.

Whim. I lust mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

And therefore to reuenge it, shall thou dye,

And so should thee, if I might haue my will.

Lieu. Be not so rash, take ranfome, let him liue.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a Gentleman,

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit. And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.

How now why starts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should dye:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,

Thy name is *Qualiter*, being rightly founded.

Whit. *Qualiter* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,

Newer yet did base dishonour blurbe our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,

Broke be my sword, my Armes torne, and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffed vp in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

Lieu. But loue was neuer staine as thou shalt be,

Obscure and lowlie Swaine, King *Henric* blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster

Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:

Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,

And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.

How often hast thou waited at my cnp,

Ped from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,

When I haue feasted with Queene *Margaret*?

Remember it, and let it make thee Creke-falne,

I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:

How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,

And duly wayted for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,

And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorne Swain.

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Bafe slauie, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,

Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

Lieu. Peele, Sir Peele? Lord,

I kennell, puddle, sinke, whole filth and dirt

Troubles the filuer Spring, where England drinke:

Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.

Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:

And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Hamfrid* death,

Against the fenefulle windes shall grin in vaine,

Who in contempt shall hille at thee againe.

And wedded be thou to the Haggis of hell,

For daring to affye a mighty Lord

Vnto the daughter of a worthelesse King,

Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:

By diuelliish policy art thou growne great,

And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,

With gobben of thy Mother-bleeding heart.

By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to France.

The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,

Disdaine to call vs Lord, and *Flaccard*

Hath staine their Gouernours, surpris'd our Forts,

And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.

The Princely Warwicke, where the *Nevils* all,

Whose dreadfull fowles were neuer dawne in vaine,

As hating thee, and rising vp in armes,

And now the House of York thrust from the Crowne,

By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,

And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,

Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopeful colours

Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, friving to shine;

Vnder the which is writ, *I-vincit subibat*.

The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,

And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,

Is crept into the Pallace of our King,

And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a Gort, to shoot forth Thunder

Vpon these paltry, ferule, abieft Drudges:

Small things make bafe men proud. This Villaine heere,

Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more

Then *Bargulus* the throng Illyrian Pyrate.

Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:

It is impossible that I should dye

By

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:

I go of Message from the Queene to France:

I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pena gelidus timor occipit artus,* it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:

V'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncouer'd to the Volgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.

A Romane Swarder, and Bandetto floue

Murder'd sweet *Tully.* *Brum* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Iulius Caesar.* Savage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we haue set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and ioseleffe bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beui, and John Holland.

Beui. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Beui. I tell thee, *Lucky Cade* the Clothier, meanes to dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

Beui. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thioke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Beui. Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is fild, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Beui. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Doff's* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Beui. Hee shall haue the skinner of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Botcher.

Beui. Then is fin strocke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throte cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Beui. Argo, their thred of life is span.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Scurvy, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. Wee *John Cade*, so team'd of our supposed Father.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife defended of the *Lancis*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.

Wheuer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckles here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Wheuer. A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wes. He needs not feare the sword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen halfe peny Looses sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God lue your Maieity.

Cade. I thank you good people. There shall bee no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will appaile them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment: that Parchment being scribled ore, should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee Rings, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but feale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clerk.

Wheuer. The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wes. Wee tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wes. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

Bar. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Conrt hand.

Cade. I am forry for't : The man is a proper man of mine Honour : vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither firsh, I must examine thee : What is thy name?

Clarke. Emanuel.

Bar. They vse to writ it on the top of Letters; 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone : Dost thou vse to write thy name? Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confitit away with him; he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say : Hahg him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe : he shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently; Rife vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him,

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellions Hinda, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groomer. The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bar. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated flauers I puffe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to maigne: For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playfyerer, And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bar. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staff. I fir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bar. That's filse.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a begger-woman stolne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

Bar. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wes. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the bricke are aloue at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bar. *Jacke Cade*, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too *Sirrah*, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Henry* the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, we'll haue the Lord *Seyn* head, for felling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a Raffe, but that my puissance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Sey* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staff. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'll haue his head.

Bar. Well, seeing gentle wordes will not preuaile, Affaile them with the Army of the King.

Staff. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*, That those which flye before the battell ends, May euen in their Wives and Childrens fight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Common, follow me: Now shew your felues men, 'tis for Liberty; We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon, For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Bar. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

Bar. Heere fir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behav'dst thy selfe, as if thou hadst bene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Bar. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse.

This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors fword born before vs.

Bar. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaules, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind, And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Bar. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. He fend some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple foules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall eate them short,
Will parley with *Jacks Cade* their Geenerall.
But stay, He read it ouer once againe.

Que. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the fame.

King. Lord Say, *Jacks Cade* hath sworne to huse thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.
King. How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (*Loue*) if that I had bene dead,
Thou wouldest not haue moorn'd so much for me.

Que. No my *Loue*, I should not mourne, but dye for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in Soothwatke: Fly my Lord:
Jacks Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace Vurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercilesse:
Sir *Humphrey Stafford*, and his Brotheren death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Caterpillers, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Bar. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Que. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord Say, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I stay,
And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Jacks Cade* hath gotten London-bridge,
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Bar. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.

Que. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels
Bar. Trust no body for feare you betrayd.

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocencie,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Jacks Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:

For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The L. Maior crues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Mathew Giff.*
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lienes,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exeunt

*Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
flaffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and commaund, that of the Cities coft
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This first yeare of our rigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. *Jacks Cade*, *Jacks Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

They kill him.

But. If this Fellow be wife, hee'l neuer call yee *Jacks
Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, theo let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarums. *Mathew Giff* is slain, and all the rest.

Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So fir: now goe come and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Hut. I haue a soite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
word.

But. Ooely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it will be stinking Law, for his breath
stinks with eating thought cheefe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be
the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to haue bicing Statutes
Vntill his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Sey*,
which fold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound,
the last Subsidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times : Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maistie, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounseur *Bastoune*, the Dolphin of France ? Be it knowne vnto thee by this prefence, even the prefence of Lord *Morimer*, that I am the Bescome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art : Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole : and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they haue bene most worthy to liue. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not ?

Say. What of that ?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hofs and Doublets.

Dicky. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this : 'Tis *bons terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will :

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cesar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Ile :
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberrall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.
I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would loose my life :
Iustice with *fiour* haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands ?
Kent to maintaine the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clerkes,
Because my Booke preffer'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnlesse you be posselt with diuellish spirits,
You cannot but forebare to murder me :
This Tongue hath parl'd vnto *Forraine* Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?

Say. Great men haue reaching handis: haue I struck Those that I neuer saw, and struke them dead.

Gee. O monstrous Coward ! What, to come behinde Folkes ?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good *Cade*. Giue him a box o'th' eare, and that will make 'em red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes, Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of batchet.

Dicky. Why dost thou quoler man ?

Say. The Palfie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddas at vs, as who should say, Ile be euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me : wherein haue I offended most ?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor ? Speake.

Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold ?

Is my Apparell sumptuous to behold ?

Whom haue I inur'd, that ye seeke my death ?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding.

This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorse in my selfe with his words : but Ile bridle it : he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Go, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir *Lames Cramer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countermen : If when you make my prair's, God should be so obdurate as your telues :

How would it fare with your departed soules,

And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye : the proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute : there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden-head ere they haue it : Men shall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicky. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodities vpon our billes ?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. Bot is not this brauer :

Let them kisse one another : For they lou'd well

When they were alieue. Now part them againe,

Least they console about the giuing vp

Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,

Deferre the spoile of the Cite vntill night :

For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,

Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner

Haue them kisse. Away.

Exit

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fifth-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames :

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare ?

Dare any be so bold to found Retreat or Parley

When I command them kill ?

o

Enter

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturbe thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast mislead,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
Thet will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countre-mee, will ye relent
And yeeld to mery, whil't 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.

Who loues the King, end will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and sey, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake ha his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue?
And you base Peasants, do ye beleue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Harsh
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leade me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recrants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slaverye
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backs with bur-
thens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and fo Gods Curse light vpon you
all.

All. Wee'll follow *Cade*,
Wee'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do call him you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at larre,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seat, and vanquish you?
Me thinks already in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villains* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Than you should stoop vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, end get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fifth, hailes them
to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leaue mee de-
solate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no flying:
in despite of the diuels end hell, haue through the verie
middle of you, and heavens and honor be witness, that
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles.

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'll deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and
Somerset on the Tower.*

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.
Clif. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
Neckes.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euerslasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks end praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be yekinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countreies.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasse end stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array.
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
distress,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calmed, and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now is *Cade* driven backe, his men dispers'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, he send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismiss'd from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
He yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do you Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is herce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, end doubt not fo to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, end learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

*Exeunt.
Enter*

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climbd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grassie, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I thinke this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time bot for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brasely marching, it hath seru'd me instead of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must ferue me to feed on.

Enter Ides.

Ides. Lord, who would lise turmoyled in the Court, And may enioy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I feeke not to waite great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state, And feeds the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the foile come to seise me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Othridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Ides. Why rude Companion, whatfore thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? It's not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my wailles in sight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these fawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looko on mee well, I haue eate no meate these five daies, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grassie more.

Ides. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Ides an Esquire of Kent, Tooke odds to combat a poore famisht man. Oppose thy stedfast gaizing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesfer: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a flucke compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whate grauestie answer beares. Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not the burly bon'd Chowne in chins of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech loue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnails.

Heere they Fight.

O I am laine, Famine and no other hath laine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Withier Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vanquished soule of Cade is fled.

Ides. Is't Cade that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tumbie, when I am dead. Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Herald's coate, To embelaze the Honor that thy Maister got.

Cade. Ides farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and cabot all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Panine, not by Valour. *Dist.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee: And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So with I, I might thrust thy soule to hell. Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue, And there cut off thy most vngracious head, Which I will beare in triumph to the Kings, Leasing thy trunk to Crows to feed vpon. *Exit.*

Enter York, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to elaim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henries head, Ring Belles aloud, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great England's lawfull King. Ah *Sacile Mansfist!* who would not buy thee deere? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot giue due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter balance it. A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule, On which Ile tisse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me? The king hath sent him sure: I most dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well. *Yor.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Swiueit, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance fborne, Should raise fo great a power without his leaue? Or dare to bring thy Force fo neere the Court?

Yor. Scarle can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew vp Rocks, and fight with Flint, I am fo angry at these abied tearmes. And now like *Alex Telamaines*, On Sheepe or Ozen could I spend my furie. I am farre better borne then is the king: More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts. But I must make faire weather yet a while. Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I haue giuen no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly. The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Bac. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yielded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

Bac. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

York. Then Buckingham I do dismisle my Powres.

Souldiers, I thank you all: disperse your selues:

Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,

You shall haue pay, and every thing you wish.

And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,

Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,

As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,

He send them all as willing as I liue:

Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue

Is his to vse, if Somerset may dye.

Bac. *York.* I commend this kinde submission,

We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth *York* intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

York. In all submission and humility,

York doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends thee *Forces* thou dost bring?

Yor. To heare the Traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:

Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head.

The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iust art thou?

Oh let me view his Visage being dead,

That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Maiesty.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,

A poore Elquire of Kent, that loues his King.

Bac. So please it you my Lord, twere not amisse

He were created Knight for his good seruice.

King. *Iden*, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:

We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,

And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit such a bountie,

And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham. Somerset comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qs. For thousand *Yorcks* he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?

Then *York* vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

Falsie King, why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?

King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:

Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,

Which dar'it not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:

Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe,

And not to grace an awfull Princely Scepter.

That Gold, must rood engirt thee browes of mine,

Whole Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare

Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,

And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:

Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more

O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Son. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee *York*

Of Capitall Treason! gainst the King and Crowne:

Obeie audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

York. Would't haue me kneele! First let me ask of thee,

If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:

Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my baie:

I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,

They'll pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qs. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,

To say, if that the *Bastard* boyes of *York*

Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,

Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,

The sonnes of *York*, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those

That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, let warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qs. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

Yor. I thank thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:

We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;

For thy mistaking lo, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King *York*, I do not mistake,

But thou mistakest me much to thinke I do,

To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I *Clifford*, a Bedlem and ambitious humor

Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qs. He is attested, but will not obey:

His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.

Yor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

Ricb. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?

York. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:

Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,

That with the very shaking of their Chaines,

They may astonish these fell-lurking Curses,

Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwicke* come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwick, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? We'll bite thy Beares to death,
And manacle the *Bedard* in their Chaines,
If thou dar'it bring them to the baying place.

Ricb. Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,

Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,

Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,

Hath clapt his taile, betwene his legges and cride,

And such a pece of seruice will you do,

If you oppose your selves to match Lord Warwicke.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpes,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yer. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Clif. Take heede lest by your heate you burne your
selues :

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, flume to thy finer haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Roffian?
And feeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith! Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banisht from the froste head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.

Sel. My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my confidence, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Haft thou not sworne Allegiance, vnto me?
Sel. I haue.

Ki. Canst thou dispenne with heauen for such an oath?

Sel. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:

But greater sinne to keepe a finfull oath:

Who can be bound by any solemne Vow

To do a murd'rous dede, to rob a man,

To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,

To rease the Orphan of his Patrimoine,

To wring the Widow from her custome'd right,

And haue no other reason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Qy. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Yerke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,

To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,

Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:

And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy hous'd Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Nevils Crest,

The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,

This day Ie wear aloft my Burgonet,

As on a Mountaine tow, the Cedar shewes,

That keeps his leaues inspight of any storme,

Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,

And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,

Defpight the Beasard, that protects the Beare.

To Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,

To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,

For you shall fop with Iesu Chrif to night.

To Clif. Foule Hygmaticke that's more then thou

canst tell.

Ric. If not in heauen, you'll surely fop in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet founds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty ayre,
Clifford I fay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yerke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.

Yer. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Steed:

But match to match I haue encountered him,

And made a prey for Carrion Kyttes and Crowes

Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Yer. Hold Warwicke: feek thee out some other chace

For I my selfe must hunt this Deete to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:

As I intend Clifford to thrise to day,

It greues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What feelt thou in me Yorke?

Why dost thou pause?

Yerke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,

But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yerke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,

As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.

Yer. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin Corraue les eumenes.*

Yer. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for 't art still,

Peace with his foule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,

Whom angry heuens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bofomes of our part,

Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let us Souldier fyre.

He that is truly dedicate to Warre,

Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance

The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,

And the premised Flames of the Last day,

Knit earth and heauen together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities, and pettele founds

To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)

To looke thy youth in peace, and to stcheue

The Silver Livery of aduised Age,

And in thy Renecence, and thy Chaire-daves, thus

T o die in Russian battell? Euen at this fight,

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:

No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,

Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,

And Besutie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,

Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:

Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pity.

Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,

Into as many gobbins will I cut it

As wilde *Medea* yong *Aspirin* did.

In cruelty, will I feeke out my Fame.

Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:

As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyses* beare,

So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:

But then, *Aeneas* bare a liuing load;

Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there :
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in *S. Albons*, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death :
Sword, hold thy temper ; Heart, be wrathfull still :
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heauena? Good *Margaret* stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes ; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye :
But flye you must : Vncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all bruiſe of Time :
And like a Gallint, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father :
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him : Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act :
But fill where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
Bot Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haft thou fought to day :
By'th' Masse so did we all. I thank you *Richard*.
God knows how long it is I haue to liue :
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament :
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.

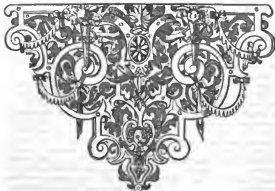
What sayes Lord Warwick, shall we after them ?

War. After them : nay before them if we can :
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous *York*,
Shall be eternis'd in all Age to come.

Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





The third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of Y O R K E.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Alarm.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Warwick.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsemen of ÿ North,
He flye stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Werlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, end himselfe.
Lord Clifford end Lord Sufford all a-breft
Charg'd our maine Bettailes Front: end breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers steine.

Edw. Lord Suffords Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Fether) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires
Whom I encountered as the Battels ioynd. (blood,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace deed, my Lord of Somerset?

Nor. Such hope heue all the line of Iohn of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head.

Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster usurpes,
I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Pellice of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Set: possesse it Yorke,
For this is thine, and oot King Henries Heires.

Plant. Aslist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.

Nor. Wee'll all assit you: he that flies, shall dye:

Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this Caule.

Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bathfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardice
Meth made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that looes him best,
The proudest hee that holds vp Lancaster,
Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells.
He plaot Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:
Resolue thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. *Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.*

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Euen in the Cheyre of State: belike he meanes,
Beekt by the power of Warwick, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, end reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he saw thy Father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in
Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him downe,
My heart for enger buroes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poulkrones, such as he:
He durst not sit there, hed your Father llo'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs essaye the Family of Yorke.

Norw. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Cite flours them,
And they haue troups of Souldiers at their beck?

Westm. But wheo the Duke is slaine, they'll quickly
flye.

Henry. Ferre be the thought of this from Henries heart,
To make e Shambles of the Parliament Houfe.
Cousin of Exeter, frowne, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre thet Henry meanes to vie.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke defend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I cm thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I cm thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of
Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earle dooe was.

Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
 In following this usurping *Henry*.
Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?

Warw. True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*,
Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?
Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.
Warw. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.
Weslm. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaster*,
 And that the Lord of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.

Warw. And *Warwick* shall disproue it. You forget,
 That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
 And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
 Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

Norhumb. Yes *Warwick*, I remember it to my griefe,
 And by his Soule, thou and thy Houle shall rue it.

Weslm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
 Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more illes
 Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.

Cliff. Vnge it no more, left that in stead of words,
 I lend thee, *Warwick*, such a Messenger,
 As shall revenge his death, before I stirre.

Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne his worthlesse
 Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
 If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
 My Father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*,
 Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of *March*.
 I am the Sonne of *Henry the Fifth*,
 Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe,
 And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.

Warw. Talker not of France, fith thou hast lost it all.

Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
 When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now,
 And yet me thinks you loofe:
 Father teare the Crowne from the Usurper Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,

As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,
 Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilting thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
 King will flye.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to
 speake.

Warw. *Plantagenet* shal speake first: Heare him Lords,
 And be you silent and attentive too,
 For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
 Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?
 No: fith shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
 I, and their Colours often borne in France,

And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,
 Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
 My Title's good, and better farre then his.

Warw. Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weakie:
 Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
 For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
 Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He rofe against him, being his Soueraigne,
 And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconfrayn'd,
 Thinke you 'twere prouidiall to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,
 But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whisper yoo, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

Henry. All will revolt from me, and turne to him.

Norhumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
 Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depow'd.

Warw. Depow'd he shall be, in despite of all.

Norhumb. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power

Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolke*, nor of *Kent*,

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.

Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,

Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuise my heart.

Plant. *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resigne thy Crowne:

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of *Yorke*,

Or I will fill the Hoofe with armed men,

And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,

Write vp his Title with usurping blood.

*He stampes with his feet, and the Souldiers
 from themselves.*

Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, heare but one word,
 Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

Plant. Confirm the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
 And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.

Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*

Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.

Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your
 Sonne?

Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?

Weslm. Base, fearful, and despayring *Henry*.

Clifford. How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?

Weslm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Norhumb. Nor I.

Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these
 Newes.

Weslm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
 In whole cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.

Norhumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of *Yorke*,
 And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.

Cliff. In dreadfull Warre mayst thou be overcome,
 Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exeter. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not
 yeeld.

Henry. Ah *Exeter*.

Warw. Why should you fight, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,
 Whom I vnaturally shall dis-inherit.

But be it as it may: I here entayle

The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,

Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,

To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whilst I liue,

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne;

And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,
To fecke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long live King Henry: *Plantagenet* embrace him.

Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.

Plant. Now *Turky* and *Lawcafter* are reconcil'd.

Exit. Accuse be he that feekes to make them foes.

Somet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

Norw. And I to Norfolkke with my followens.

Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Eveter. Heere comes the Queene,

Whose Lookes bewray her anger:

Ile steale away.

Henry. *Eveter* so will I.

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Queene. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'd a Maid?

And neuer scene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,

Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnatural a Father.

Hath he deferu'd to loose his Birth-right thus?

Hadst thou not lou'd him halfe so well as I,

Or felt that paine which I did for him once,

Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;

Thou wouldst haue left thy dearest heart-blode there,

Rather then haue made that savage Duke thine Heire,

And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:

If you be King, why should not I succede?

Henry. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,

The Earle of Warwicke and the Duke enforce't me.

Que. Enforce't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,

Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And giu'n vnto the House of *Turky* such head,

As thou shalt reigne but by thy sufferance.

To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,

What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,

And creepe into it farr before thy time?

Warwicke is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,

Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,

The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,

And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes

The trembling Lambe, insurround with Woioes.

Had I beene there, which am a filly Woman,

The Souldiers should haue tof'd me on their Pikes,

Before I would haue granted to that Act.

But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.

And feeling thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,

Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,

Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.

The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,

And vtter ruine of the House of *Turky*.

Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,

Our Army is ready; come, we'll after them.

Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me?

Queene. I, to be murder'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,

Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poore Queene,

How lone to me, and to her Sonne,

Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.

Reueng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,

Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my Crowne, and like an empty Eagle,

Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.

The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:

Ile write vnto them, and entreat them here;

Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exit. And I, I hope, shall reconcila them all. *Exit.*

Flourish. *Enter Richard, Edward, and*

Montague.

Richard. Brother, though I be youngest, giue mee leaue.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of Turky.

Turky. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?

What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Turky. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and vs,

The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Turky. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:

By giuing the House of *Lawcafter* leaue to breathe,

It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

Turky. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly

reigne.

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:

I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

Turky. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'll heare mee

speake.

Turky. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke

Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,

That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.

Then feeling 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and fruitlesse.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,

How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is *Elisium*,

And all that Poets fine of Blisse and Ioy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'd

Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.

Turky. *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on *Warwicke* to this Enterprise.

Thoo

Thou *Richard* halt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You *Edward* shall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiers,
Wittie, courteous, libellall, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

Bot stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such
posse?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

York. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Montague* shall posse to London.
Let Noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we haue left Protection of the King,
With powerfull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Moult. Brother, I goe: He winne them, feare it not.
And thus must hombly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Montague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

John. Shee shall not neede, we'll meeete her in the
field.

York. What, with five thousand men?
Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A Marche afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:

Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaille straight.

York. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaille haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath bene tenne to one:
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, mother not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now! is he dead already?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
He open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his dewouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatening Look.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou speake'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath flopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The fight of any of the House of *York*,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one aliuie, I liue in Hell.
Therefore—

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray, sweet *Clifford* pity me.

Clifford. Such pity as my Rapier point affords.

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.

Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pity me,
Least in reuenge thereof, fith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-
fore dye.

Rutland. *Dix facient laudis summa sit ista tunc.*

Clifford. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleausing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.

York. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-staru'd Wolves.
My Sonnes, God knows what hath bechained them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselves
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, 'Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Pauchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountered him:
And when the hardiest Warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, 'Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'd, 'A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.

With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue feene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

A flourish Alarum within.

Ah hearken, the fatal followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.*

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeele to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.
Now Phoenix hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Turk. My aches, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:

And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves doe peck the Falcons piercing Talions,
So desperate Theeves, all hopelesse of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.

Turk. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not baadie with thee word for word,
But buckler with these blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valliant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:

Wrath makes him deaf; speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenn to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, fo strikes the Woodcocke with the
Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle with the
Net.

Turk. So triumph Theeves vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, fo o're-match.

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto
him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That taught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that recu'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messie of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?

And where's that valliant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?

Or with the rell, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke Turk, I shayn'd this Napkin with the blood

That valliant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,

Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I gise thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.

Alas poore Turk, but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee grieue, to make me merry, Turk.

What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,

That not a Teare can fall for Rutlands death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad!

And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:

Turk cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.

A Crowne for Turk; and Lords, bow low to him:

Hold you his hands, whilst I doe let it on.

I marry Sir, now looke he like a King:

I, this is he that tooke King Henries Chaire,

And this is he was his adopted Heire.

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd fo soone, and broke his solemne Oath?

As I bethinke me, you should not be King,

Till our King Henry had shooke hands with Death.

And will you pale your head in Henries Glory,

And rob his Temples of the Diademe,

Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?

Oh 'tis a fault too vnparadisable.

Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,

And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. This is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's heare the Orisons hee
makes.

Turk. Shee-Wolfe of France,

Bot worse then Wolues of France,

Whole Tongue more poyson then the Adders Tooth:

How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,

Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,

Made impudent with vfe of euill deedes.

I would aslay, proud Queene, to make thee bluish.

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,

Were shame enough, to shame thee,

Wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.

Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,

Vnlesse the Adage must be verifi'd,

That Beggers mounted, runne their Horses to death.

'Tis Beasts that do oft make Women proud,

But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.

'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd.

The contrary, doth make thee wondrous at.

'Tis Government that makes them seeme Diuine.

The want thereof, makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to euery good,

As the Antipodes are vnto vs,

Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?
Women are soft, milde, pitifull, and flexible;
Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Would'st thou haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,
And euery drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee fell *Clifford*, and thee false French-woman.

Northumb. Bethrew me, but his passions moues me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

York. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue flayn'd with blood;
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more than Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou did'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe about this,
And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, even my Foie will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pitious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To fee how inly Sorow gripes his Soule.

Quee. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death.

Quee. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King.

York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.

Quee. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So *York* may ouer-look the Towne of Yorke.

Flourish. Exit.

A March. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*,
and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should haue heard the newes;
Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battaille range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.

So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:

Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opens her golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Loue?

Ed. Daale mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not seperated with the racking Clouds,
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.

See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inuolable.

Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:

In this, the Heauen figures some euent.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet neuer heard of.

I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,

Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,

And ouer-shine the Earth, in this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare

Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:

By your lesue, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better than the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,

Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too
much.

Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will heare it all.

Mess. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy

Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himselfe must yield to odds:

And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymb'd Oake.

By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught'rd by the irefull Arme

Of vn-reliant *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Whn crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,

Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,

A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, yrough *Clifford* slaine:

And after many cornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke

They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.

Oh *Clifford*, boyt'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine
The flower of Europe, for his Cheastrie

And treacherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquish't thee.

Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would the breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be clofed vp in rest:
For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh ouer shall I fee more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weep: for all my bodie moysture
Scarfe serues to quench my Fornace-borne hart:
Nor can my tongue vnload my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breast,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make leffe the depth of griefe:
Tears theof for Babes; Blows, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy decient by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert'st not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess Mountague,
and their Army.

Warwick. How now brave Lords? What faile? What
newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each wordes deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish theof the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere, as his Sooles Redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I down'd these newes in teares.

And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you thiogs fith then betuane.
After the bloody Fry at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loffe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Moster'd my Soldiars, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:

For by my Scouts, I was aduertised
That she was coming with a full totent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries Oath, and your Successiour:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailles ioynd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That rob'd my Soldiars of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour,
Who thunders in his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles laie flight,
Or like a lasie Threacher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to ioyoe with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiars,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kiode Aunt Dutcheffe of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,
But o're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor oow my Scandall Richard, dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Cao plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wing the awefull Scepter from his Fith,
Were he as famous, and as bold as Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,

'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be dooe?
Shall we go throw away oor Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodie in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmes of oor Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengfull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,

And therefore comes my Brother Mountague:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many more proud Birds,
Haue wrought the esie-melting King, like Wax.
He swore coofoet to your Succesiion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what befide
May make against the hoofe of Lancaster.
Their power (I thioke) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Amongst the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amouet to five and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, befrida our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Change vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thioke I heare great Warwick speake;
Ne're may he lue to see a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him flay.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou failest (as God forbid the foere)
Must Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes out vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard Mountague:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renouue,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thoo hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.
War.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, The Queene is coming with a puissant Host, And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumb, and Young Prince, with Drums and Trumpeters.

Qs. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That sought to be incompaſt with your Crowne. Doth not the object cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheere them that feare their wrack, To fee this fight, it irkes my very foule: With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault, Nor wittingly haue I inſin'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harmfull pittie muſt be layd aſide:

To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beaſt, that would vſurpe their Den. Whoſe hand is that the Forreſt Beare doth lick? Not his that ſpyles her yong before her face.

Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting? Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe.

The ſmalleſt Worme will turne, being troden on, And Doves will pecke in ſafegard their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry browes.

He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King, And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire.

Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne, Didſt yeeld conſent to diſinherit him:

Which argued thee a moſt vnloving Father.

Vnreaſonable Creatures feed their yong, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,

Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who bath not ſeene them euen with thoſe wings,

Which ſometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their neſt,

Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence! For ſhame, my Liege, make them your Preſident:

Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy

Should looſe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long hereafter lay vnto his childre,

What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got, My careleſſe Father ſundry gaue away.

Ah, what a ſhame were this! Looko on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promiſeth

Successful Fortune ſeele thy melting heart, To hold this owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator, Inſinuating arguments of mighty force:

But Clifford tell me, didſt thou neuer heare, That things ill got, had euer bad ſuccesse.

And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, Whoſe Father for his hoarding went to hell:

Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinds, And would my Father had left me no more:

For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate, As brings a thouſand fold more care to keepe,

Then in poſſeſſion any lot of pleaſure.

Ah Coſin Yorke, would thy beſt Friends did know,

How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.

Qs. My Lord cheere vp your ſpirits, our foes are nye, And this ſoft courage makes your Followers faint:

You promiſt Knighthood to our forward ſonne, Vnleath your ſword, and dub him preferly.

Edward, kneele downe.

King. *Edward Plantagenet,* ariſe a Knight, And learne this Leſſon: Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue, Ile draw it as Apparat to the Crowne,

And in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mes. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe, For with a Band of thirty thouſand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him, Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highneſſe would depart the ſield, The Queene hath beſt ſuccesse when you are aſent.

Qs. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile ſtay.

Nor. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere theſe Noble Lords, And hearken thoſe that fight in your defence:

Vnleath your Sword, good Father! Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now priu'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace! And let thy Diſdem vpon my head?

Or bide the mortall Fortune of the ſield.

Qs. Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,

Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his knee: I was adopted Heire by his conſent.

Cl. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,

Haue cau'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reaſon too,

Who ſhould ſuccede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot ſpeake.

Clif. I Crouke-backe, here I ſtand to anſwer thee, Or any he, the proudſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.

War. What ſayſt thou Henry,

Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you ſpeak?)

Qs. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare When you and I, met at S. Albons laſt,

Your legges did better ſerue thee than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine: *Clif.* You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence. *Nor.* No, nor your manhood that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently, Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can reſtraine

The execution of my big-wombe heart

Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I ſlew thy Father, callſt thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Daftard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunfett, lie make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and heare me fpeake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold clofe thy lips.

King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,

I am a King, and priuiledg'd to fpeake.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be fill.

Rich. Then Executioner vnderneath thy fward:

By him that made vs all, I am refolu'd,

That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

Ed. Say *Henry*, shall I haue my right, or not

A thoufand man haue broke their Falts to day,

That ne're shall dine, vnleffe thou yeild the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,

For Yorke in iuftice put's his Armour on.

Fr. Ed. If that be right, which *Warwick* faies is right,

There is no vnrigh, but every thing is right.

War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother ftands,

For well I vnot, thou haft thy Mothers tongue.

Re. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Damme,

But like a foule miſhapen Sygmaticke,

Mark'd by the Definies to be auoided,

As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull flings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Englifh gilt,

Whole Father beares the Title of a King,

(As if a Channell ſhould be call'd the Sea)

Sham'ft thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy bafe-borne heart.

Ed. A wife of ftiraw were worth a thouſand Crowns,

To make this ſhameleffe Callet know her ſelfe:

Helen of Grece was fayer faire then thou,

Although thy Husband may be *Menelams*;

And ne're was *Agamemnon's* Brother wrong'd

By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.

His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,

And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin ſpoote:

And had he match'd according to his State,

He might haue kept that glory to this day.

But when he tooke a begger to his bed,

And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,

Euan then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a ſhower for him,

That waſht his Fathers fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd ſedition on his Crowne at home:

For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?

Had'ſt thou bene meeke, our Title ſhill had ſlept,

And we in pittie of this Gentle King,

Had ſlept our Claime, vnill another Age.

Clif. But when we ſaw, our Sunſhine made thy Spring,

And that thy Summer bred vs no increaſe,

We ſet the Axe to thy vſurping Rooote:

And though the edge hath ſomething hit our felues,

Yet know thou, ſince we haue begun to ſtrike,

We'll neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,

Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edm. And in this reſolution, I deſie thee,

Not willing any longer Conference,

Since thou denieſt the gentle King to ſpeake.

Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,

And either Victorie, or elſe a Graue.

Re. Stay *Edward*.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, we'll no longer ſtay,

Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excurſion. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-ſpent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blowes rapid,
Haue robb'd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or ſtrike vngente death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clouded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Clif. Our hap is loſſe, our hope but ſad diſpaire,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What counſaile giue you? whether ſhall we flye?

Ed. Bootleſſe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why haſt thou withdrawn thy ſelfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Lance:
And in the very pang of death, he cryde,
Like to a diſmall Clangor heard from ſarre,
Warwick, reuenge! Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlockes in his ſmoking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the gholt.

War. Then let the wife be drunken with our blood:
He kill my Horſe, becauſe I will not flye:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loſſes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in ielt, by counterfeiting *Aſtors*.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
He neuer paſſe againe, neuer ſtand fill,
Till either death hath cloſ'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me meaſure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oh *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my ſoule to thine:
And ere my knee riſe from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Befeeking thee (if with thy will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this body muſt be prey,
Yat that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue ſweet paſſage to my ſinfull ſoule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,

Giue me thy hand, and gentle *Warwicks*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time fo.

War. Away, away:

Once more ſweet Lords farwell.

Clif. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not ſtaye
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to vs:
And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As Victors wear at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Fore-

p 2

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine.

Exeunt

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

They Fight, Warwick comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Now Warwick, single out some other Chace,
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailles,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now fwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now fwayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
Forc'd to retire by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another best;
Both tugging to be Victors, breft to breft
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered,
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too,
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinks it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls quiently, point by point,
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne;
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Hournes brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Hournes, must I tend my Flocke;
So many Hournes, must I take my Rest:
So many Hournes, must I Coo templeate:
So many Hournes, must I Sport my selfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Ease:
So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Hournes, Dayes, Months, and Yeares,
Past ouer to the end they were crested,
Would bring white haire, unto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet! how lousely?
Gives not the Hawtheorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepheards, looking on their filly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treachery?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepheards homely Curds,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands (sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treson waits on him.

Alarm. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heuy times! begetting such Events.
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwicks man,
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:
And I, who at his hands receio'd my life,
Hae by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pittious spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enemy.
Weepe wretched man! Ile aye thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Cioill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe.

Enter Father, hearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so ruthly hast reuised me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see: Is this our For-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: I see, what showres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Vpon thy woundes, that kill mine Eye, and Heart.
O pittie God, this miserable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnatural,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboute woe, greefe, more the common greefe
O that my death would say these ruthfull deeds:
O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our striding Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinks) presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for these wofull channes,
Mif-thinke

Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied ?

Son. Was ever Sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death ?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Sonne ?

Hen. Was ever King so greiv'd for Subjects woe ?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

Son. He beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet :

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,

For from my heart, thine Image ne'ver shall go.

My fighting breath, shall be thy Funerall bell ;

And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Men for the losse of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

He beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill. *Exit*

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much oergone with Care ;

Heere fits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye : for all your Friends are fled.

And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull :

Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.

Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-
maine :

Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Hauling the fearful flying Hare in fight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody Steele graspt in their yrefull hands

Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Exer. Away : for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after, Ile away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter :

Not that I feare to stay, but love to go

Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A loud alarm. Enter *Clifford* Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,

Which whiles it lasted, gaue King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I feare thy overthrow,

More then my Bodies parting with my Soule :

My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,

And now I fall. Thy tough Commistures melt,

Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Yorke ;

And whether flye the Gnat, but to the Sunne ?

And who shines now, but Henries Enemies ?

O Phœbus! had'st thou never given consent,

That Phœbus should checke thy fiery Steeds,

Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.

And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giving no ground vnto the house of Yorke,

They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flies :

I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,

Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,

And thou this day, bad'st kept thy Chaire in peace.

For what doth cherriish Weeds, but gentle ayre ?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity ?

Bootelesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds :

No way to flye, nor strength to hold out slight :

The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pity :

For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pity.

The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effluie of blood, doth make me faint :

Come Yorke, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,

I had'd your Fathers bolomes; Split my brest.

Alarm & Retreat. Enter *Edward*, *Warwicke*, *Richard*, and
Soldiers, *Mortaguer*, & *Clarence*.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,

And smoothe the frownes of War, with peacefull looks :

Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,

That led calme Henry, though he were a King,

As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gull

Command an Argosie to stemme the Waves.

But thinke yoo (Lords) that Clifford fled with them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :

(For though before his face I speake the words)

Your Brother Richard markt him for the Grasse,

And wheresoever he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford grones*

Rich. Whose soule is that which takes his heauy leaue?

A deadly grone, like life and death departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battails ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vied.

Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch

In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,

But set his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y' head,

Your Fathers head, which Clifford plac'd there :

In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,

Measure for measure, must be answered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schrechowle to our house,

That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours :

Now death shall stop his dimmall threatening sound,

And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke it vnderstanding is bereft :

Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee ?

Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,

And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,

'Tis but his policy to counterfeyt,

Because he would auoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

Cl. If so thou thinke'st,

Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. Clifford, deuile excuse for thy faults.

Cl. While we deuile fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst ill loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.

Ed. Thou pittied't Rutland, I will pity thee :

Cl. Where's the Captaine Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mocke thee Clifford,

Sweare as thou wast't wont.

Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard

When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath :

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,

If this right hand would buy two houres life,

That I (in all despite) might rayle at him,

This hand should chop it off : & with the lissing Blood

Stifle the Villaine, whose vnblanched thirst

Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,

And reare it in the place your Fathers hands.

And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crown'd Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwick cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So shalt thou know both these Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them bee to offend thine eares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, fo it please my Lord.

Ed. Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwick, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;

And neuer will I vnderake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwick* as our Selfe,
Shall doe, and vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,
For Gloster Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:

Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession.

Exeunt

*Enter Siskie, and Humphry, with Crosse-bowes
in their hands.*

Sisk. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l throwd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. Ile stay about the hill, so both may shoot.

Sisk. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heerd, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and syne we at the beft:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sisk. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:

Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Her. From Scotland am I thine euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my withfull light:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thioe,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme waikt off, wherewith thou was Anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cesar* now,
No humble suters prease to speake for right:
No, not a mao comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?

Sisk. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.

Her. Let me embrace the fower Adversaries,
For Wife men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

Sisk. Forbear a while, wee'l heare a little more.

Her. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aide
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to erase the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is bot lost:
For Warwick is a subtle Orator:

And *Lewis* a Prince foone woone with mouing words:
And what account then, *Margaret* may wione him,
For she's a woman to be pittied much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And *Nere* will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, bot thee's come to begge, Warwick to giue:
Shoe on his left side, crawing ayde for *Henric*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shoe Weepes, and fyes, her *Henry* is depou'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is intaill'd;
That she (poore Wretch) for grieue can speake no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his Title, smoothes the Wrong,
Infereth arguments of mighty strength,
And io conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk't of Kings & Queens?

King. More then I seeme, and leffe then I was born to:

A mao at least, for leffe I should not be:

And men may take of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, bot thou talk't, as if thou wert a King.

King. Why fo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, oot on my head:

Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian Stones:

Nor to be seene: is my Crowne, is call'd Content,

A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enioy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,

Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented

To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)

You are the king *King Edward* hath depou'd:

And we his subiects, iworne in all Allegaunce,

Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.

King. But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.

Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?

Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monethes old,

My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:

And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:

And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?

Sisk. No, for we were Subiects, bot while you wer king

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breathe a Man?

Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:

Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,

And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,

Obeying with my winde when I do blow,

And yeelding to another, when it blowes,

Commanded alwayes by the greater gull:

Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.

But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,

My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,

And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sisk. We are true Subiects to the king,

King Edward.

King. So would you be againe to *Henric*,

If he were seized as king *Edward* is.

Sisk. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,

To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King. Io Gods name lead, your Kings name be obey'd,

And what God will, that let your King performe,

And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

Exeunt

Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field

This

This Ladies Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to recompense those Lands,
Which wee in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of York,
The worthy Gentleman shall lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pause.

Rich. Yea, is it so?

I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keeps
the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delays:
May it please your Highnesse to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall please you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'll take vantage.

King. How many Children hath thou, Widow? tell
me.

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'll rather giue her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'll be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they should loose their Fathers
Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes
wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your
Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them
good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would forsake some
harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them
good.

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.

King. What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

Wid. What you commaund, that rests in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-
mands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the
Marble.

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my
Taskes?

King. An easie Taskes, 'tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Sobiect.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue
thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.

Rich. The Match is made, these seales it with a Curse.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.

What Loue, thinke'st thou, I see so much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,

That loue which Vertue begs, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.

Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue

Your Highnesse asmes at, if I asme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I asme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.

King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands
Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honesty shall be my Dower,

For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Childrean mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:

But mightie Lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:

Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:

No, if thou dost say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her
Browes.

Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-
dome.

King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,

Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,

All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,

One way, or other, shee is for a King,

And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.

Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:

I am a subiect fit to leaue withall,

But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,

I speake no more then what my Soule intends,

And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:

I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,

And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You shall, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sonnes should call
you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters

Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,

And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,

Haue other-sonne. Why, 'tis a happy thing,

To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:

Answer on more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.

King. Brothers, you must what Chat wee two haue
had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very
sad.

King. You'd thinke it strange, if I should marrie
her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why Clarence, to my selfe.

Rich. That

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.

Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.

Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.

King. Well, leaſt on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her Huſbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Pallace Gate.

King. See that he be convey'd vnto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow goe you along: Lords vſe her honourable.

Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vſe Women honourably:
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betwene my Soules deſire, and me,
The luſtfull *Edwards* Title buried,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the vnlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my ſelfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
Like one that ſtands vpon a Promontorie,
And ſpyes a ſharpe-off ſhore, where hee would tread,
Withing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funders him from thence,
Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being lo ſharpe off,
And ſo I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And ſo [I ſay] He cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities.

My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleaſure can the World afford?

He make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'twixt ſweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes,
Oh miſerable Thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accompliſh twentie Golden Crownes.

Why Loue forſwore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her ſoft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt fraye Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where ſits Deformitie to mocke my Body;

To ſhape my Legges of an vnequall ſize,
To diſ-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beere-whelp,
That carries no imprefſion like the Damme.

And am I then a man to be below'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affords no loy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelfe:
He make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I liue, t'account this World hot Hell,
Vntill my miſ-thap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues ſtand betwene me and home:

And I, like one loſt in a Thorne Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling deſperately to finde it out,
Torment my ſelfe, to catch the Engliſh Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my ſelfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murder whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
He drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid ſhall,
He ſlay more gazers then the Baſiliſke,
He play the Orator as well as *Niſſer*,
Deceiue more ſlyly then *Pluſſes* could,
And like a *Synn*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Cameliſon,
Change ſhapes with *Proſerpo*, for aduantage,
And fet the murderous *Macbeull* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, He plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flourish.

*Enter Lewis the French King, his Siſter Bona, his
Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
Lewis ſits, and riſeth vp againe.*

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with vs: it ill beſits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.

Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſayle, and learne a while to ſerue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with diſ-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conſorme my ſelfe.

Lewis. Why ſay, faire Queene, whence ſprings this
deepe deſpaire?

Marg. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lewis. What ere it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelfe,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Sitts her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoke,
But let thy dauntleſſe minde ſtill ride in triumph,
Ouer all miſchance.

Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Thoſe gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrowes leaue to ſpeake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to lye in Scotland a Foſſierne;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
Viſurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cauſe that I, poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to craue thy iuſt and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both misled,
Our Treasure seia'd, our Souldiours put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our felues in heauie plight.

Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we betinke a meanes to breake it off.

Marg. The more we stay, the stronger growes our
Foe.

Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see whete comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-
sence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwick, Edwards greatest
Friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue Warwick, what brings thee
to France? *His descends. See ariseth.*

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.

Warw. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.

Warw. And gracious Madam, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings befall,

I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:

For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allowance?
To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though *Vsurpers* sway the rule a while,
Yet Heaues are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

Warw. Inuiouus *Margaret*.

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warw. Becaus thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disanulls great *Jobs* of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after *Jobs* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Wisdom was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.

Warw. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten:

Me thinks these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threefoote and two yeeres, a filly time
To make prescription for a Kingdome worth.

Oxf. Why *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obey'st thirtie and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did ruct fence the right,
Now buckler Falshood with a Pedigree?
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*

Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwick*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the House of *Lancaster*.

Warw. And I the House of *Turky*.

Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I vie further conference with *Warwick*.

They stand aloof.

Marg. Heauen graunt, that *Warwick*'s wordes be-
witch him not.

Lewis. Now *Warwick*, tell me euen vpon thy conscience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Threcon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-
nor.

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warw. The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.

Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Vnto our Sister *Bona*.

Warw. Such it seemes,
As may becom a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdaines,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolute.

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire.

Lewis. Then *Warwick*, thus:

Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the loynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-pay'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the English King.

Marg. Decidifull *Warwick*, it was thy device,

By this alliance to make void my suit:

Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.

Lewis. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*.

But if your Title to the Crowne be weike,

As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe:

Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd

From giuing ayde, which late I promised.

Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,

That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warw. *Henry* now liues in Scotland, at his ease;

Where

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)

You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,

Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,

I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares

(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold

Thy slye conueneance, and thy Lords false loue,

Foff blowing a hornes Within.

For both of you are Birds of felic-farne Feather.

Lewis. Warwicke, this is some poete vs, or thee.

Enter the Foffe.

Foff. My Lord Ambassador,

These Letters are for you.

Sent from your Brother Marquess Montague.

These from our King, vnto your Maiesty.

And Madam, these for you.

From whom, I know not.

They all read the Letters.

Ors. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris

Smiles at her newes, while Warwicke frownes at his.

Prince Ed. Vn marke how Lewis stamps as he were

netled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?

And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd loyes.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lew. What? has your King married the Lady Grey?

And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,

Sends me a Paper to perfwade me Patience?

Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?

Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maiesty as much before:

This proueth Edwards Loue, and Warwicks honesty.

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in sight of heauen,

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;

No more my King, for he dishonors me,

But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke

My Father came vnto my death?

Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

Did I put Henry from his Native Right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?

Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor,

And to repaire my Honor lost for him,

I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,

And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitor:

I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Mar. Warwicke,

These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,

And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,

And ioy that thou becom'st King Henrys Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfaied Friend,

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,

He vndertake to Land them on our Coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succore him.

And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,

Hee's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reueng'd,

But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry liue,

Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

War. And mine faire Lady Bona, ioynes with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margarets.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue ayde.

Mar. Let me giue humble thanks for all, at once.

Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,

And tell false Edward, thy fuppos'd King,

That Lewis of France, is sending our Maskers

To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,

I weare the Willow Garland for his sake

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,

And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.

There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Foff.

Lew. But Warwicke,

Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men

Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false Edward bettailes

And as occasion serues, this Noble Queene

And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.

Yet ere thou go, bid answer me one doubt:

What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,

That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,

Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,

To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.

Sonne Edward, he is Faire and Vertuous,

Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,

And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine.

Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for the well deserves it,

And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

He giues his hand to War.

Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiours shalbe leuied,

And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall

Shall waite them ouer with our Royall Fleet.

I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance,

For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Master Warwicke.

War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,

But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:

Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,

But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me?

Then none but I, shall turne his left to Sorrow.

I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,

And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:

Not that I pittie Henries misery,

But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

Exit.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and

Montague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you

Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray?

Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cl. Alas, you know, tis farr from hence to France,

How

How could he say till Warwick made returne?

Son. My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensive, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwick,
Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick*, and must haue my will.

Rich. And shall haue your will, because our King
Yet haste Marriage seldom proueth well.

King. Yes, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no.

God forbid, that I should with them feuer'd,
Whom God hath loyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,
That youke so well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and *Edward* Queene?
And you too, *Somerset*, and *Montague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Rich. And *Warwick*, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By such inuention as I can deuise?

Mumf. Yet, to haue loyn'd with France in such alliance,
Would more haue strength'n'd this our Commonwealt,
'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

Hall. Why, knowes not *Montague*, that of it selfe,
England is false, if true within it selfe?

Mumf. But the iser, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hall. 'Tis better vsing France, then trussing France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpe, onely defend our selues:
In them, and in our selues, our fastie lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* will deserue
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;
Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you burie Brother-hood.

Clar. Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonill* on your new Wiues Sonne,
And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your selfe,
You shew'd your iudgement:
Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.

King. Leau me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie
To rayle my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heere, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Post.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes
from France?

Post. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst guesse them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France is sending out Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, vt'ed with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope hee'll proue a Widower shortly,
He weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:
She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?
For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am ready to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minde to play the Amazon.
But what said *Warwick* to these iniuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore hee vncrowne him, er't be long.

King. Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so fowle words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*?

Post. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwick* Daughter.
Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.

Now

K. Edw. Yes, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with *Pembroke*, and his fellows,
He follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Beno* fend to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They lead him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*

Off. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?

War. I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *Exit.*

Enter Rivers, and Lady Grey.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?

Grey. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befallne King *Edward*?

Riv. What losse of some pitch battell
Against *Warwicke*?

Grey. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.

Riv. Then is my Soueraine slaine?

Grey. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betrayed by falshood of his Guard,

Or by his Foe surpris'd at vnawares:

And as I further haue to vnderstand,

Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,

Fell *Warwickes* Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. These Newes I must confesse are full of griefe,

Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,

Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day.

Grey. Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:

And I the rather waine me from dispaire

For loue of *Edwards* Off-spring in my wombe:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes ertolne:

I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking fighes,

Least with my fighes or teares, I blast or drowne

King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.

Riv. But Madam,

Where is *Warwicke* then become?

Grey. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,

Gueffe thou the rest, King *Edwards* Friends must downe.

Bot to prevent the Tyrants violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)

He hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,

To sue (at least) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If *Warwicke* take vs, we are sure to dye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good vsage, and great liberty,
And often bot attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horfe and Men,
To set him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Gloster, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requieth halt,
Your horfe stands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Ed. But whether shall we then?

Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And thist from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Wel gueff beleeue me, for that was my meaning

K. Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.

K. Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more ado.

K. Ed. Bishop farewell,

Sheld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,

And pray that I may re-posseffe the Crowne. *Exeunt*

Flourish. *Enter King Henry the sixth, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Haue shaken *Edward* from the Regall seate,

And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,

My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,

At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains

But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,

I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vniung me?

Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.

For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:

I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds

Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,

At last, by Notes of Household harmonie,

They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

But Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spite,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting starres,
Warwick, although my Head shill weare the Crowne,
I here refuge my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warw. Your Grace hath still benee fam'd for vertuous,
And oow may seeme as wife as vertuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heav'n in this Nativité,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

Warw. And I chuse Clarence only for Protector.

King, Warwick and Clarence, give me both your Hands:
Now joyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That oo diffraction hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Crestors prayse.

Warw. What answers Clarence to his Soueraignes will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yeild consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
Wee'l yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henries Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoys the Hoor, and his ease.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull,
Forwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

Warw. I, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)

That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My joy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Souveraigne, with all speede.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to have so tender care?

Somerset. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Richmond.

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers forgett not truth
To my divining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will prove our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maieitie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blisse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poet.

Warw. What newes, my friend?

Poet. That Edward is escap'd from your Brother,
And fled (as bee heares since) to Burgundie.

Warw. Voluourie newes: but how made he escape?
Poet. He was convey'd by Richard, Duke of Glouster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forreth side,
And from the Bishops Hostiemen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too careless of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Souveraigne, to provide
A saloe for any force, that may betide.

Exeunt.

March Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like oot of this flight of Edwards
For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeild him helpe,
And we shall have more Warres before't be long.

As Henries late prelagging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith wee'll send him hence to Brittainie,
Till stormes be past of Civill Enmie.

Oxf. I: for if Edward re-possest the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall be Brittainie.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings,
and Soldiers.

Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortunes maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchango
My waioed state, for Henries Regall Crowne.
Well have we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Rauennipure Haven, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedomo?

Rich. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.

For many men that fumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, abashments must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends require vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maker of Yorke,
and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords,

We were fore-warn'd of your coming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
Hee'l loose finde means to make the Body follow.

Hall. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.

Maior. I, say you fo't the Gates shall then be opened.
He defends.

Rich. A wife stout Captaine, and loose perfwaded.

Hall. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall loose perfwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shot,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.

For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all these friends, that deile to follow mee,

*March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme
and Souldiers.*

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomerie*,
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be decei'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*: but why come you in
Armes?

Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,
As euery loyall Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomerie*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clyme our Dukedome,
Till God please to fend the reft.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir *Iohn*, a while, and wee'l debate
By what faile means the Crowne may be recouer'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim your selfe our King,
Ile leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nite
points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'll make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to concale our meaning.

Hall. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule.

Rich. And fearelesse minde clyme soonest vnto Crowne.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but vsurpes the Diademe.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edward's* Champion.

Hall. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* that be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldiur, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. *Edward* the Fourth, by the Graces of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whosoe'r ginsayes King *Edward's* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Thrombe donne his Gunnet.

All. Long liue *Edward* the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgomerie*,

And thankes vnto you all:

If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindeffe.

Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayle his Carre
About the Border of this Horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and my Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.

Ah froward *Clarence*, how euill it becometh thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?

Yet as wee may, wee'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.
Come on braue Souldiours: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague,
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With battie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pas'd in *Calcutie* through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troups doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peaze, yet bold in Warre,

Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt surre vp in Suffolke, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.

And thou, braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster vp thy friends.

My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his land, gyrt in with the Ocean,

Or modest *Dyane*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:

Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my *Hector*, and my Troyes true hope.
Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.

King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,

All at all once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Coventry.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.

Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinkest you Lordship?
Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the reft.
King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:

I haue not slopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor posst off their suites with slow delays,

My pittie hath bene halme to heale their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,

My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not beco defraious of their wealth,

Nor much oppress't them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd:

Then why should they loue *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:

q 2

And

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exit. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefaced *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spriog, my Sen shall fuck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe,
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Countrey bend we our course,
Where peremptorie *Warwick* now remains:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vie delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces loyne,
And take the great-growth Traytor vpon the loyne,
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Countrey.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwick, the Maior of Countrey, two
Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.*

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?

Where is the Post that came from *Mountague*?

Mess. By this at Daintoy, with a puissant troope.

Enter Somerset.

War. Say *Somerile*, what sayes my louing Sonne?

And by thy guesse, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Som. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

Som. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:

The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who should that be? belike volook'd for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,
and Souldiers.*

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

Rich. See how the fury *Warwick* mans the Wall.

War. Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull *Edward* come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could heare no newes of his repaire?

Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,

Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,

Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confesse who set thee vp, and pluck thee downe,

Call *Warwick* Patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Rich. I thought at least he would haue said the King,

Or did he make the least against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,

He doe thee serue for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick*'s gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And Weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift againe,

And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subiect.

Edw. But *Warwick*'s King is *Edward* Prisoner:

And gallant *Warwick*, doe but answer this,

What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rich. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,

But whiles he thought to scale the fingle Ten,

The King was flyly finger'd from the Deck:

You left poore *Henry* at the Bishops Pallace,

And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis euen so, yet you are *Warwick* still.

Rich. Come *Warwick*,

Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:

Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,

And with the other, fling it at thy face,

Then beare so low a fayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canst,

Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,

This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,

Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,

Wind-changing *Warwick* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Oxf. *Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.*

Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.

Edw. So other foes may let vs enter too.

Stand we in good array: for they no doubt

Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;

If not, the Citie being but of small defence,

Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. *Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.*

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder match, the greater Victorie,

My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. *Somerjet, Somerjet, for Lancaster.*

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Haue sold their Lives vnto the House of Yorke,

And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of *Clarence* sweepes along,

Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaille:

With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes

More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.

Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.

Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this meanes?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:

I will not ruinate my Fathers House,

Who gaue his blood to lyme the Stones together,

And set vp *Lancaster*. Why, trowest thou, *Warwick*,

That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, vnnatural,

To bend the fatal Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath :
To keepe that Oath, were more impetie.
Then *Iphigah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespass made,
That to deferue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayne my selfe thy mortall foe :
With resolution, wherefore I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends :
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadst deferr'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

Warw. Oh passing Traytor, peris'd and vnslut.

Edw. What *Warwick*,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warw. Alas, I am not cou'd here for defence :

I will away towards *Barnet* presently,

And bid thee Battaille, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way :
Lords to the field : *Saint George*, and *Victorie*. *Exeunt.*

March. Warwick and his companie followe.

*Alarm, and Excurfions. Enter Edward bringing
forth Warwick wounded.*

Edw. So, lye thou there dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwick* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now *Montague* sit fast, I seeke for thee,
That *Warwicks* Bones may keepe thine companie. *Exit.*

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is *Victor*, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my woe of strength, my sieke heart shewes,
That I must yield my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whic Armes goe shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,
Whose top-branch ouer-peer'd *Iouis* spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Hau beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To search the secret Treasons of the World :
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers :
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory smears'd in dust and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Euen now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is *Pompey*, *Rome*, *Reigne*, but Earth and Dust?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Sen. Ah *Warwick*, *Warwick*, were thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Losse againe :

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.
Euen now we heard the newes : ah, could'st thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Montague*,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lipps keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'st me not : for, Brother, if thou didst,
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lipps, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.

Sen. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwick* :
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,
Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd : but at last,
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell *Warwick*.

Warw. Sweet rest his Soule :
Flye Lords, and save your selues,
For *Warwick* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they heare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with
Richard, Clarence, and the rest.*

King. Thus farre our fortune keepe an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of *Victorie* :
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his easfull *Welterne* Bed :
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in *Gallia*, haue arriued our Coast,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will soone disperfe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Southe from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And *Somerfet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her :
If she haue time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our loving friends,
That they doe hold their course toward *Tewksbury*.
We haueing now the best at *Barnet* field,
Will thither straight, for willingness risd way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented :
In euery Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. March. Enter the Queens, young
Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and
Soldiers.*

Qe. Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and walle their losse,
But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.
What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And halfe our Sayles swallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearfull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,
Which Industrie and Courage might haue sau'd?
Ab what a shame, ah what a fault were this?
Say *Warwick* was our Anchor: what of that?

And

And *Mountague* our Top-Mast: what of him?
 Our slaught' red friends, the Tackles: what of these?
 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
 And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
 The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
 And though vnſkilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
 For once allow'd the ſkilfull Pilots Charge?
 We will not from the Helme, to ſit and weepe,
 But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)
 From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.
 As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeake them faire.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?
 All theſe, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
 Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſinke,
 Betride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
 Or elſe you ſmiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
 This ſpeake I (Lords) to let you vnderſtand,
 If caſe ſome one of you would flye from vs,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More then with ruthleſſe Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
 Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
 Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,
 Inſuſe his Breſt with Magnanimitie,
 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
 I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,
 He ſhould haue leaue to goe away betimes,
 Leſt in our need he might ingift another,
 And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.
 If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
 And Warriours ſaint, why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.
 Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
 Doth liue againe in thee; long may't thou liue,
 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
 If he aſiſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Q. Thanks gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
 elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Reſdie to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policie,
 To haſte thus faſt, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiv'd, we are in readineſſe.

Q. This echeares my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaille, hence we will not budge.

*Flouriſh, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,
 Clarence, and Souldiers.*

Edw. Braue followers, yonder ſtands the thornie Wood,
 Which by the Heſperus aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
 Muſt by the Roots be hew'n vp yet ere Night.
 I need not adde more fuel to your fire,
 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
 Giue ſignall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Q. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
 My teares gaine ſay: for euery word I ſpeake,
 Ye ſee I drinke the water of my eye.
 Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
 Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State viſurp'd,
 His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subiects ſlaine,
 His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treafure ſpent:
 And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this ſpoyle.
 You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and giue ſignall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.

Exeunt.

*Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,
 Oxford, Somerſet.*

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
 Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight:
 For *Somerſet*, off with his guiltie Head.

Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoope with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Q. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
 To meet with Ioy in ſweet Ieruſalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
 Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him ſpeake.
 What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
 For beaſing Armes, for ſtirring vp my Subiects,
 And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prou'd ambitious *York*.
 Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
 Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
 Whil't I propoſe the ſelfe ſame words to thee,
 Which (Traitor) thou would'ſt haue me answer to.

Q. Ah, that thy Father had bene ſo reſolu'd.

Rich. That you might ſtill haue worne the Petticoat,
 And ne're haue ſtolne the Breecch from *Lancaſter*.

Prince. Let *Ediſep* ſable in a Winters Night,
 His Curriſh Riddles ſort not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captiue Scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe,
 rather.

Edw. Peace wiſſfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.
Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:

Laciuous *Edward*, and thou periu'd *George*,

And thou miſhapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,

I am your better, Traytors as ye are,

And thou viſurp't my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenefſe of this Ryalter here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl't thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. ſtabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with perurie.

Clar. ſtabs him.

Q. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall.

Offers to kill her.

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why

Rich. Why should these live, to fill the World with wars.

Edw. What? doth these sworne? *vse* means for her recovery.

Rich. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother: He hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cl. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Exit.

Q. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Canst thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!

They that flabb'd *Cajjar*, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,

If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe.

And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.

What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:

You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would haue fir'd vp remorse,

But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,

Looke in his youth to haue him fo cut off.

As deathmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, goe beare her hence perforce.

Q. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:

Here sheath thy Sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cl. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cl. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Q. I, but thou v'st to forswear thy selfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt y' not? Where is that diuile butcher *Richard*?

Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almes-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,

Q. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Lyones.

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cl. To London all in post, and as I guesse,

To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's fodaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common fort

With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,

By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Waller.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,

'Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:

'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,

And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreacklesse shepherd from y' Wolfe:

So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeild his Fleece,

And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath *Refius* now to Acte?

Rich. Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth euery bush;

And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Haue now the fallall Obiect in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuish Foole was that of Crete,

That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Didalus*, my poore Boy *learns*,

Thy Father *Alnus*, that deni'de our course,

The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.

Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea

Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,

My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,

Then can my eares that Tragick History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,

If murthering Innocents be Executing,

Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y' didst presume,

Thou hadst not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,

Which now misstrut no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,

And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, 'Wives for their Husbands,

Orphans, for their Parents times death,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou wast borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,

The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding lucklesse time,

Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees:

The Rauens rook'd her on the Chimnies top,

And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Difcords sung:

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,

And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast borne,

To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:

And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,

Thou cam'st —

Rich. He eade no more:

Stabbes him.

Dye Prophet in thy speech,

For this (amongst the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,

O God forgive my sinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Rich. What! wilt the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

O may such purple teares be alway shed

From those that with the downfall of our house.

If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that haue neyther pitty, looe, nor feare,

Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:

For I haue often heard my Mother say,

I came into the world with my Legges forward.

Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make haile,

And seeke their Roine, that vsurp'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'd

O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heavens haue thap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter *King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings,*
Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Fox-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somersset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're spurr'd their Courfers at the Trumpets found.
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick & Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus haue we swept Suspicion from our Seate,
And made our Footstoolle of Security.
Come hither *Buffe*, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Haue in our Armes watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st reposest the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rick. Ile blisst his Haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. Clarence and Glister, loue my lovely *Queene*,
And kin your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cl. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cl. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.

Rick. And that I loue the tree frō whence y sprang't is:
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,
To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss his master,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I feasted as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

Cl. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ranfome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With statly Triumphes, mirthfull Comickes shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sower annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.





The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Ester Richard Duke of Glouster, solus.



Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that low'r'd vpon our hoose
In the deepe bofome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes boud with Victorious Wreathes,
Our brailed armes hong vp for Moouments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meediogs;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Meafores.
Grim-vilag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fight the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vn-fashionable,
That dogges barks at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
Hauē so delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes.
Plots haue I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, Libels, and Dreames,
To ſet my Brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And if King Edward be as true and iuſt,
As I am Subtle, Falſe, and Treacherous,
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mew'd vp
About a Propheſie, which ſayes that G.
Of Edwards heyres the murderere ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury guarded.
Brother, good day! What meanes this armed guard

That waites vpon your Grace?

Cl. His Maieſty tendering my perſons ſafety,
Hath appointed this Conduſt, to conſey me to th' Tower.
Rich. Vpon what cauſe?

Cl. Becauſe my name is George.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours!
He ſhould for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maieſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new Chriſtend in the Tower.
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cl. Yes Richard, when I know: but I proteſt
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Propheſies and Dreames,
And from the Croſſe-row pluckes the letter G:
And ſayes, a Wiard told him, that by G,
His iſſue diſinherit ſhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It folloves in his thought, that I am he.
Theſe (as I learne) and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Hath moou'd his Highneſſe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence 'tis ſhee,
That tempts him to this harſh Extremity.
Was it not ſhee, and that good man of Worſhip,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this preſent day he is deliuer'd?
We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe.

Cl. By heuē, I thinke there is no man ſecure
But the Queene's Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miltrie ſcore.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Hastings was, for her deliuey?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her meo, and weare her Livery.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her ſelfe,
Since that our Brother du'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Goloſips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maieſty hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree ſoeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worshipp *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speake no Treason man ; We say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well brooke in yeares, faire, and not iellous.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pulsing pleasing tongue :
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with *Millicen Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were bell to do secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband *Knaue*, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Clia. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the Queenes subiects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatso're you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Clia. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or else lye for you :
Meane time, haue patience.

Clia. I must perforce : Farewell.

Exit Clia.

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're returne:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly fend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine :
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must
But I shall lye (my Lord) to giue them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home :
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholly,
And his Physicians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much conuom'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot lue I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.

He in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to lue :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buile in.
For then, he marry *Warwicks* yongest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father :
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market :
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my games. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the first with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse ;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Adhes of the Houfe of Lancaster ;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered Sonne,
Stab'd by the felicitate hand that made thee wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes.
O curfed be the hand that made these holes :
Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it !
Curfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence :
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Child, Abortiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whose vgly and vnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappyneffe.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertley with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Glouster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it downe.
An. What blacke Magitian coniuers up this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
He make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen.

Gre. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'st thou when I commaund:
Adoance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Asuant thou dreadful minister of Hell;
Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curfing cries, and deepe exclamies:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcherie.
Oh Gentlemen, see, fee dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy presence that eahales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhomane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.

O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink't, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of these suppos'd Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumstance, to curse thy curst Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou canst make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.
An. And by dispaire shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That didst vowworthy slaughter vpon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.
An. Then say they were not slaine:

But dead they are, and diuellish slauie by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is aliue.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou ly'st,

Quene Margaret saue

Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didst bend against my brest,

But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue,

That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.

An. Thou wast not prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'd it on ought but Butcherie:
Did'st thou not kill this King?

Rich. I graunt ye.

An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,

Then God graunt me too

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,

O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.

An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thither.

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

An. Some dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber,

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

An. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,

To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,

And fall something into a flower method.

Is not the cause of the timelesse deaths

Of these Plantagets, Henrie and Edward,

As blamefull as the Executioner.

An. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect.

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,

To vndertake the death of all the world,

So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,

These Nalles should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.

Rich. These eyes could not endure your beauties wrack,

You should not blemish it, if I flood by;

As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,

So I by that: It is my day, my life.

An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.

Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,

Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,

To be reueng'd on him that loveth thee.

An. It is a quarrell iust and resonable,

To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,

Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.

An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Rich. He liues, that loves thee better then he could.

An. Name him.

Rich. Plantaginet.

An. Why that was he.

Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.

An. Where is he?

Rich. Heere:

Spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.

Rich. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.

An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.

An. Would they were Basilisks, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:

For now they kill me with a liuing death.

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares;

For

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorsefull teare,
 No, when my Father York, and Edward wept,
 To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
 When black-fac'd Clifford thooke his sword at him.
 Nor when thy warlike Father like a Child,
 Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
 And twenty times, made pause to sob and weep
 That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
 Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
 My manly eyes did keorne an humble teare :
 And what these sorrowes could not thence cahale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
 I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy :
 My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.
 But now thy Beauty is propo'd my Fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She looks fearfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne ; for it was made
 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
 Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
 And let the Soule forth that adreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.

He lays his brest open, she offers at with his sword.

May not do pause : For I did kill King Henrie,
 Bot 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
 May now dispatch : 'Twas I that stab'd yong Edward,
 Bot 'twas thy Heavenly face that fet me on.

She fails the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Arise Diffempler, though I with thy death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.

An. I haue already.

Rich. That was in thy rage :

Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
 This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
 Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

An. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Then neuer Man was true.

An. Well, well, not vp thy Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

An. That shalt thou know heereafter.

Rich. But shall I lue in hope.

An. All men I hope lue so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
 Euen so thy Brest incloleth my poore heart :
 Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
 But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.

An. What is it ?

Rich. That it may please you leave these sad designs,
 To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repaire to Crossebie House :
 Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
 At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
 And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
 I will with all expedient duty see you,

For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it loyes me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.

Trefel and Barkley, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserue :
 Bot since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I haue said farewell already.

Exit with Anne.

Genl. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord ?

Rich. No : to White Friars, there attend my coming
Exit Courge

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd ?
 Was euer woman in this humour wonne ?
 He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
 What ! I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
 To take her in her hearens extreame hate,
 With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
 Hauing God, her Confidence, and these bars against me,
 And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
 But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes ?
 And yet to winne her ? All the world to nothing.
 Hah !

Hath she forgot already that braue Prince,
 Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three months since)
 Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury ?

A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature :
 Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt) right Royal,
 The spacious World cannot againe afford :

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed ?

On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie ?

On me, that halts, and am misshapen thus ?

My Dukedome, to a Begger denier !

I do mistake my person all this while :

Vpon my life the findes (although I cannot)

My selfe to be a maru'lous proper man.

He be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,

And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,

To study fashions to adorne my body :

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with some little cost.

But first he turne yong Fellow in his Graue,

And then returne lamenting to my Loue.

Shine out faire Sonne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
 and Lord Gray.*

Riv. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
 Will soone recover his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
 And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

Gray.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Ry. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heavens haue blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Ry. Ah! he is young; and his minority

Is put vnto the trust of Richard Gloster,

A man that loues not me, nor oone of you.

Ry. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Ry. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:

But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Bur. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

Ry. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

Der. The Countesse Richemond, good my Lord Derby.

To your good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen.

Yet Derby, notwithstanding thee's your wife,

And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleuee

The enuious flanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds

From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ry. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby.

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

Ry. What likelihood of his amendment Lords.

Bur. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

Ry. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Bur. I Madam, he desires to make attonement

Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,

And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.

Ry. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,

I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,

Who is it that complaines vnto the Kings?

Thar I (forsooth) am fterne, and loue them not?

By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,

That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.

Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiver, and cogge,

Ducke with French nodds, and Apish curtseys,

I must be held a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,

With filken, flye, insinuating Iackes?

Gray. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:

When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?

A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace

(Whom God preserve better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Ry. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:

The King on his owne Royall disposition,

(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)

Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe

Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,

Makes him to fend, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.

Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Ry. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother

You enuy my advancement, and my friends: (Gloster

God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue neede of you.

Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,

My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie

Held in contempt, while great Promotions

Are daily giuen to ennoble those

That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Ry. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,

From that contended gap which I inioy'd,

I neuer did incense his Maieitie

Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin

An earnest aduocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Rich! You may deny that you were not the meane

Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Ry. She may my Lord, for—

Rich. She may my Lord Rivers, why who knows not so?

She may do more fir then denying that:

She may helpe you to many liue preferments,

And then deny her ayding hand therein,

And lay those Honors on your high defer.

What may the not, the may, I marry may the.

Ry. What marry may the?

Rich. What marry may the? Marrie with a King,

A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,

I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Ry. My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne

Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoldes:

By heauen, I will acquit his Maieitie

Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.

I had rather be a Countie tenant maide

Then a great Queene, with this condition,

To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,

Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. And lefnd be that small, God I beseech him,

Thy honor, state, and feate, is due to me.

Rich. What! threat you me with telling of the King?

I will auouch't in presence of the King:

I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.

'Tis time to speake,

My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Diuell,

I do remember thee too well:

Thou kill'd'st my Husband Henrie in the Tower,

And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,

I, or your Husband King:

I was a packe-horfe in his great affaires:

A weeder out of his proud Aduerfaries,

A libell rewarder of his Friends,

To royalise his blood, I spent mine owne.

Margaret. I, and much better blood

Then his, or thine.

Rich.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey
Were fashious, for the House of Lancaster;
And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margaret* Battail, at Saint Albons, slaine?
Let me put in your minde, if you forget
What you have bene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have bene, and what I am.

Q.M. A morth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwick*,
I, and forsooke himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Q.M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q.M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster: in those badde dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little loy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little loy you may suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q.M. A little loy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am shee, and altogether iuyelle:
I can no longer hold me patient.

Hearre me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In shaming that which you have pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that looke on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depou'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my (fight)

Q.M. Bot repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banish'd, on paine of death?

Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brown with Paper,
And with thy kornes drew'st *Rivers* from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gaz'd the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Roland*:
His Curles then, from bitteresse of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all false vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath play'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iust is God, to right the innocent.

Hoff. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most merciflesse, that ere was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q.M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turne you all my hatred now on me?

Did *Yorkes* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my looely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peris'd Brat?
Can Curles pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curles.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your Kings,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,

For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,

Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.

Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,

Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched felix:

Long may'st thou lue, to wayle thy Childrens death,

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.

Long dye thy bappie dayes, before thy death,

And after many length'n'd howres of griefe,

Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Rivers and *Dorset*, you were banders by,

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne

Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may lue his naturall age,

But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, y' bateful wither'd Hagge.

Q.M. And leaue out thee! slay Dog, for y' shalt heare me.

If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can with vpon thee,

O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be ripe,

And then hurle downe their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.

The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,

Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st,

And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:

No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,

Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame

Affrightes thee with a Hell of ougly Deuils.

Thou eloud mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,

Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie

The slave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:

Thou sander of thy braue Mothers Wombe,

Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,

Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detest'd--

Rich. *Margaret*,

Q.M. *Richard*. *Rich.* Ha.

Q.M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q.M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.

Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your selfe.

Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,

Why shew'st thou Sugar on that Boter'd Spider,

Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:

The day will come, that thou shalt with for me,

To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Hoff. False boding Woman, and thy frantick Curse,

Least to thy harme, thou mooue our patience.

Q.M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q.M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:

O serue me well, and teach your felues that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, shee is ionatonicke.

Q.M. Peace Master Marquelle, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce current.

O that your young Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high, haue many blasse to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.
Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-
queffe.

Des. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high
Our aerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scorces the Sonne.

Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.
Your aerie buildeth in our aeries Nest:
O God that feedst it, do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, lo!t be it so.

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.

Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:
Vechritably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
And in that shame, still liue my sorowes rage.

Buc. Haue done, haue done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, lie kisse thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth the say, my Lord of Buckingham.

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What doth thou come me

For my gentle counsell?

And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from,
O but remember this another day:

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:
And say (poore Margaret) was a Prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,
And be to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.
Rich. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fattening for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

Rich. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduiz'd.

Speaks to himselfe.

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd my selfe.

Enter Cately.

Cate. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Rich. Cately I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Rich. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloster.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Mischeefes that I set abroad,
I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse,
I do beweepe to many simple Gullies,
Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.
But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy stout refoiurd Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
Uil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Rich. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repaire to Cately place;
But first be sodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.

Uil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be assur'd:
We go to vfe our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes
fall Teares:

I like you Lords, about your businesse straight,
Go, go, dispatch.

Uil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day.

Cl. O, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me.
Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloucester,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand heauy times,

r 2

During

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had besine vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glosster flumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to fly him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What fights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnswallow'd Jewels,
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottomes of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Krep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Clar. Me thought I had, and often did I strive
To yeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burnd, to belch it in the Sea.

Krep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.

I pass (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that foure Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwick,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Perilurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dybbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Krep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinks) to heare you tell it.

Clar. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now give euidence against my Soule)

For Edwards fake, and see how he requits mee,
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:

O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children,
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

Krep. I will my Lord, God giue you Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restless Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither.

2. Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What for breefe?

1. Mur. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:

Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer

The Noble Duke of Clarence to your haods.

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.

There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.

Ile to the King, and signifie to him,

That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1. Mur. You may fir, 'tis a point of wisdom: I

Far you well.

2. Mur. What, shall we stab him as he sleepe.

1. Mur. No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2. Mur. Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge-ment day.

1. Mur. Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2. Mur. The wring of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me.

1. Mur. What? art thou afraid?

2. Mur. Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,

But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which No Warrant can defend me.

1. Mur. I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

2. Mur. So I am, to let him sleepe.

1. Mur. Ile backe to the Duke of Gloosster, and tell him so.

2. Mur. Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1. Mur. How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?

2. Mur. Some certaine drugges of conscience are yet within mee.

1. Mur. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2. Mur. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1. Mur. Where's thy conscience now?

2. Mur. O, in the Duke of Gloossters purse.

1. Mur. When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward, thy Conscience flies out.

2. Mur. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1. Mur. What if it come to thee againe?

2. Mur. Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot feale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot Swear, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and eery man that means to liue well, endeouours to truit to himselfe, and liue vwith-out it.

1 'Tis even now at my elbow, perfwading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleene him not: He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee figh.

1 I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that reſpects thy reputation. Come, ſhall we lo to worke?

1 Take him on the Coſtard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmefey-Butte in the next roomes.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a ſop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reaſon with him.

Clā. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You ſhall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Clā. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Clā. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Clā. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.

Clā. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeake?

Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?

Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to—

Clā. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Clā. You ſcarſely haue the hearts to tell me ſo,

And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.

Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended you you haue not, but the King.

Clā. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Clā. Are you drawne forth among a world of men

To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the Euidence that doth accuſe me?

What lawfull Queſt haue given their Verdict vp

Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter ſentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by counſe of Law?

To threaten me with death, is moſt vnlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſſe,

That you depart, and lay no hand on me:

The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clā. Erroneous Vafiſſes, the great King of Kings

Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

That thou ſhalt do no murder. Will you then

Sparre at his Ediſt, and fulfill a Mans?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,

To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,

For falſe Forſwearing, and for murder too:

Thou did'ſt receiue the Sacrament, to fight

In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,

Did'ſt breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,

Vnrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou waſt ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,

When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deepe degree?

Clā. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deepe?

For Edward, for my Brother, for his ſake.

He ſends you not to murder me for this!

For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I.

If God will be auenged for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publickly;

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme:

He needs no indireſt, or lawleſſe counſe,

To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,

When gallant ſpringing braue Plantagenet,

That Princely Nouice was ſtrucke dead by thee?

Clā. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,

Prouoke vs hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Clā. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:

I am his Brother, and I loue him well.

If you are hy'd for meed, go backe againe,

And I will ſend you to my Brother Glouſter:

Who ſhall reward you better for my life,

Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd,

Your Brother Glouſter hates you.

Clā. Oh no, he looes me, and he holds me deere:

Go you to him from me.

1 I ſo will.

Clā. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,

Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,

He little thought of this diuided Friendſhip:

Bid Glouſter thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Miſtlooke, as he leſſon'd vs to weepe.

Clā. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueſt:

Come, you deceiue your ſelfe,

'Tis he that ſends vs to deſtroy you heere.

Clā. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,

That he would labour my deliuey.

1 Why lo he doth, when he deliueys you

From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.

Clā. Haue you that holy feeling in your ſoules,

To counſaile me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your owne ſoules ſo blinde,

That you will warre with God, by murder'ing me.

O ſin confider, they that ſet you on

To do this deepe, will hate you for the deepe.

2 What ſhall we do?

Clā. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules:

Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,

If two ſuch murderers as your ſelues came to you,

Would not intreat for life, as you would begge

Were you in my diſtreſſe.

1 Relent? no! 'Tis cowardly and womanliſh.

Clā. Not to relent, is heaſtly, ſavage, diuellish:

My Friends, I ſpy ſome pity in thy lookes:

O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,

Come thou on my ſide, and intreate for mee,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

1 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

2 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*

He drowne you in the Malmefey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht:

How ſaine (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands

Of this moſt greuous murder. *Enter a Murderer*

1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me

not? By Heauen the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke you

haue bene.

2. *Mar.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain.

Exit.

1. *Mar.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his buriall:
And when I have my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King *sacks the Queens*, Lord Marquess
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why so: ow have I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my foule shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my foule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I seale my true hearts Love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Left he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart,
King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You have bene fithious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.

Qu. There *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, embrace him:

Hastings, love Lord Marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inuoluable.

Hast. And so sweare I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seale y this league
With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And make me happy in your vnitie.

Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious love,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love,
When I have most oed to employ a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold to love, to you, or yours.

Embrace

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Pricely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother *Gloster* heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke,

Enter *Ratcliffe*, and *Gloster*.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of comity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A blessed Labour my most Soueraigne Lord:

Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or to my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his Frigidly peace:
Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my Noble Cousin *Buckingham*,

If euer any grudge were lodg'd betwene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,

That all without desert haue shrow'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scates* of all,

Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman aliue,

With whom my foule is any iot at odds,
More then the Infant that is borne to nightt

I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be so flouted in this Royall presence?

Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?
You do him iniuriesto scorne his Corse.

They
all flur.

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I lo pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerst.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged *Mercurie* did beare:

Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.

God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyal,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and out in blood,
Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.

Enter *Earle of Derby*.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my foule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnesse heare me.

King. Thee say at once, what is it thou request.

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,

Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King. Haue I a toogoe to doome my Brothers death?

And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slau?

My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be adois'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
And said deare Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vniustly too) moit grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngacious) speake vnto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudst of you all,
Hauē bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come Heauiens helpe me to my Clofset,
Ah poore Clarence. *Exeunt Jane with K. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of rafines: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death.
O! that did wrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company.
Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheffe of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?
And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Dut. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the fackneffe of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:
It were lost sorrow to walle one that's lost.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it,
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Inceapable, and shallow Innocents,
You cannot gueffe who caus'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnckle Gloster

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheekes:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would lose me deere as a child.
Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice,
He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noife is this?

*Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
Rimers & Durfet after her.*

Qs. Ah! who shall hinder me to waille and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
He ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qs. To make an act of Tragick violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Rote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their Tap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husband's death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,
That greenes me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause haue I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayle you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept.

Qs. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qs. What flay had I but Edward, and hee's gone?

Chil. What flay had I but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dut. What flayes had I, but they? and they are gone.

Qs. Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an Edward weepet, and so do I:

I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not thee:
These Babes for Clarence weepe, so do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Duc. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With doll vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bebinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your sonnes fend straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead Edwards graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing Edwards Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Rich. Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wailing them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I cause your Blessing.

Duc. God bleffe thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie muttall load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Must gently be preferu'd, cherisht, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is greene, and yet vn-gouern'd.
Where every Horric beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riv. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is not greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by some company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall possesse to London.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
To giue your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manes Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer journeys to the Prince,
For God sake let not vs two stay at home:
For by the way, Ile fort occasion,
As I dea to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Counsaile,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away go fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I fearely know my selfe:
Heere you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrady, seldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Giue you good morrow fir.

2. Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?

1. I fir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

2. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Child.

3. In him there is a hope of Government,
Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So stood the State, when Henry the fiat
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politike graue Counsell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why fo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3. Better it were they all came by his Father:

Or by his Father there were none at all:

For emulation, who shall now be neerer,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God prevent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This fickle Land, might folace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their cloakes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Death:
All may be well; but if God fort it so,
'Tis more then we desire, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a diuine infinit, mens mindes misruft

Enfuing

Pursuing danger : as by proofe we see
The Water swell before a boystrous storme :
But leaue it all to God. Whither away ?
a Marry we were sent for to the Iudices.
3 And so was I : Ile beare you company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queens,
and the Dutcheffe.*

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night :
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince :
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Qs. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Gramdam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnkle Riuer talk'd how I did grow
More theu my Brother. I, gnoth my Vnkle Glouster,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow space.
And since, me thinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowers are flow, and Weeds make haft.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the faying did not hold
In him that did obiect the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,

So long a growing, and so leysurely,

That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembered,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a ftoot,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,

I prythee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,

'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Gramdam, this would haue bene a byting left.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this ?

Yor. Gramdam, his Norrie.

Dut. His Norrie ? why she was dead, ere y^e wast borne.

Yor. If'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qs. A parlous Boysgo too, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Child.

Qs. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes ?

Msf. Such newes my Lord, as greets me to report.

Qs. How doth the Prince ?

Msf. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes ?

Msf. Lord Riuer, and Lord Grey,

Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,

Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them ?

Msf. The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence ?

Msf. The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd :
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qs. Aye me ! I see the ruine of my Houle :
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tiranny begins to lutt
Vpon the innocent and awlesse Throne :
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accuried, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld ?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my lonnes were toft
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and loffe.

And being feasted, and Domesticke boyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themselves the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themselves, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe : O prepothorous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qs. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qs. You haue no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

*The Trumpets sound,
Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall, with others.*

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit :

No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.

Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous :

Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,

But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts :

God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,

But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happie dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all :

I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would long, ere this, have met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is Hastings; that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Back. And in good time, heere comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knows, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother York,
Hauē taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce withheld.

Back. Fie, what an indrect and pcutish course
Is this of here? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to fend the Duke of York
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If he denie, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.

Back. You are too senselesse obdurate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuary, in seialing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose desings haue deferr'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deferr'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it,
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinal and Hastings.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.
Say, Vnckle Gloucester, if our Brother come,
Where shall we iourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think't best vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Iulius Cesar build that place, my Lord?

Back. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successfully from age to age, he built it?

Back. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinks the truth should liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the general ending day.

Glo. So wife, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallise two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Iulius Cesar was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit fet downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
He tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.

Back. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
He win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young York, Hastings, and Cardinal.

Back. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

York. Well, my deare Lord, so much I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Maieestic.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of York?

York. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

York. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

York. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,

And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, he giue my Cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see, you will part with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

York. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you
call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knows how to beare with him.

York. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,

He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Back. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?

My selfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What,

York. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so.

York. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

York. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost:
My Gramdam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Sene. *Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, and Dorset.*

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Back. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtilie Mother,
To taunt and scoroe you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Back. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons arg'd vpon the way.

What think'st thou? Is it not an easie matter,

To make William Lord Hastings of our minde,

For the Infalliment of this Noble Duke

In the Seas Royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,

That he will not be wonne to night agaiost him.

Back. What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will
not hee?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

Back. Well then, no more but this:

Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre off,

Sound thou Lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose,

And summon him to morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the Coronation.

If thou do'st finde him tractable vs,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwillling,

Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,

And giue vs notice of his inclination:

For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,

Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby,

His ancient Knot of dangerous Adueraries

To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,

Giue Mistress Shore nine gentle Kisse the more.

Back. Good Catesby, goe effect this businesse soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Rich. Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Rich. At Cressy Houle, there shall you find vs both.

Exit Catesby.

Back. Now, my Lord,

What shall we doe, if we perceiue

Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our Complots?

Rich. Chnp off his Head:

Something we will determine:

And looke when I am King, claime thou of me

The Earle dome of Hereford, and all the mouezables

Whereof the King, my Brother, was posselt.

Back. He claime that promise at your Graces hand.

Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.

Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards

Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious
Nights?

Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:

First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night

He dreamt, the Bore had rafed off his Helme:

Befides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,

If you will presently take Horse with him,

And with all speed poss with him toward the North,

To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, retorne vnto thy Lord,

And bid him not feare the leperated Councell:

His Honor and my selfe are at the one,

And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:

Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.

And for his Dreames, I wooder hee's so simple,

To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.

To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,

Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,

And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.

Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.

Mess. He goes, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:

What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:

And I beleeeue will neuer stand vpright,

Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?

Doest thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hast. He haue this Crown of mine cut frō my shoulders,

Before he see the Crowne so soule mis-plac'd:

But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I,

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Upon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this fame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have bene still my adversaries:
But, that Ike give my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Defence,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-moeth hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to looke vpon their Tragedie.

Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
He send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deferr'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe to vnproviden?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may leaue on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, whē they rode from London,
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-caft.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then they that haue accus'd them, wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, He talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Parf. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allies.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

Parf. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Hast. Gramercie fellow: I thee, drinke that for me.

Throws him to Parf.

Parf. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise.

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. He wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shirving worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you goe?

Hast. He wait vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Schieft die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-
after.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.
Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie Clofure of thy Walls,

Richard the Second here was hacket to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,

Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margaret* Curse is false vpon our Heads,

When shee exclaim'd on *Haltings*, you, and I,

For standing by, when *Richard* slay'd her Sonne.

Rivers. Then cur'd'st thee *Richard*,

Then cur'd'st thee *Buckingham*,

Then cur'd'st thee *Haltings*. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, vniuilly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Luell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation :

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day ?

Back. Is all things ready for the Royall time ?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

Back. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein ? Who is most inward with the Noble Duke ?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.

Back. We know each others Faces : for our Hearts, He knows no more of mine, then I of yours, Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine : Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well : But for his purpose in the Coronation, I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd His gracious pleasure any way therein : But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time, And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice, Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow : I haue beecome a sleeper ! but I trust, My absence doth neglect no great designs, Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.

Back. Had you not come vpon your O, my Lord, William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part ; I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder, His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well, My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne, I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. Cately hath sounded Hastings in our businesse, And findes the trustie Gentleman to hot, That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it, Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

Back. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph : To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden, For I my selfe am not so well provided, As else I would be, were the day proloog'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster ? I haue sent for these Strawberries.

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well, When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome Can lesse hide his loue, or hate, then hee, For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face, By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day ?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended : For were he, he had shew'd it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deferue, That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charms.

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord, Makes me most forward, in this Priocely presence, To doome th'Offendors, whose'er they be : I say, my Lord, they haue defered death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witness of their euill. Looke how I am bewitch'd : behold, mine Arme Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp : And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch, Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shere, That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord. *Rich.* If thou Protector of this damned Strumpet, Talk't thou to me of life : thou art a Traytor, Off with his Head ; now by Saint Paul I sweare, I will not dine, vntill I see the fame.

Luell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done. Exeunt.

Enter Luell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, For I, too good, might haue prevented this : Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowle our Helmes, And I did scorne it, and disdain'd to flye : Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble, And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower, As loth to beare me to the slaughter-hoofe. O now I need the Priest, that spake to me : I now repent I told the Pursuant,

As too triumphing, how mine Enemies To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour. Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curse Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Child.

Re. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner : Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men, Which we must hunt for, then the grace of God ! Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes, Lyes like a drunken Saylor on a Mast, Readie with every Nod to tumble downe, Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.

Leu. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime. *Hast.* O bloody Richard : miserable England, I prophesie the fearefull'time to thee, That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon. Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head, They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe suspicion, gaffly Lookes
Are at my service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and fee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hark'e, a Drumme.

Rich. *Catesby*, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.

Rich. Looke backe, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell*.
Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vn suspected *Hastings*.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmlesse Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparant opeo Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuersation with *Sheres* Wife,
He liu'd from all attainer of sospets.

Buck. Well, well, he was the courtiest sheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleue,
Wert not, that by great preseruacion
We liue to tell it, that the subtile Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faine befall you, he defers'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with *Misrefre* *Sheres*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vnill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the louing haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, haue preuented;
Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treason:

That you might well haue signifi'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconfer vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,
As well as I had feene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our detious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wi'd your Lordship here,
T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hies him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Oonly for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning lodest his Houle,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreover, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wives,
Euen where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a preye.

Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that infatiate *Edward*; Noble *York*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in Fraunce,
Aod by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all speed to *Doucton Shere*,
Goe thou to *Fryer Penke*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take some priue order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue order, that no manner person
Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scrinier.

Sr. Here is the Indilment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a fet Hand fairly is engrold'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Parlie*.
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yester-night by *Catesby* it was sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a dole,
And yet within these few houres *Hastings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexami'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.

Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuce?

Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be scene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Bastards of Edwards Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contraſt with Lady Lucy,
And his Contraſt by Deputie in France,
Th'vnſiate greedineſſe of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wices,
His Tyrannie for Triffes, his owne Baſtardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Nobleneſſe of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wiſdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humillitie:
Indeed, left nothing ſitting for your purpoſe,
Vntoucht, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God ſaue Richard, Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God helpe me, they ſpoke not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not vſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was wr'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus ſayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke, in warrant from himſelfe.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And ſome tenns voyces cry'd, God ſaue King Richard:
And thus I tooke the vantage of thoſe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applauſe, and cheerefull ſhout,
Argues your wiſdome, and your loue to Richard:
And euen here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-leſſe Blockes were they,
Would they not ſpeake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend ſome feare,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mightie ſuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And ſtand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground he make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily wonne to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part, ſill anſwer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you pleaſe as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie iſſue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.

Enter Cateſby.

Buck. Now Cateſby, what ſayes your Lord to my requeſt?

Cateſby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly ſuites would he be moou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.

Buck. Returne, good Cateſby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my ſelfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe deſignes, in matter of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his Grace.

Cateſby. He ſignifie ſo much vnto him ſtraight. *Exit.*

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſſe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignty thereof,
But ſure I feare we ſhall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay vs nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here Cateſby comes againe.

Enter Cateſby.

Now Cateſby, what ſayes his Grace?

Cateſby. He wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perſon loue,
And ſo once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is ſealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard alſo, betweene two Biſhops.

Maior. See where his Grace ſtands, twene two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Prope of Vertue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And ſee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornamentes to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requeſts,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriſtian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needs no ſuch Apologie:
I doe beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the ſervice of my God,
Deſerr'd the viſitation of my friends.

But leaſing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vnſgouern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe ſuſpect I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeemes digracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

f 2

Buck. You

Back. You haue, my Lord :

Would it might please your Grace,
On your entreatie, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Load.

Back. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne

The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maieftically,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Draw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houfe,
To the corruption of a hieimist Stock ;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes :
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulness, and deepe Obluision.
Which to recure, we heartily sollicit
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Load :
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaue ;
But as successiue, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Emphyrie, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your very Worthifull and ioung friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake is your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To beare the Golden Yoke of Soueraignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this fault of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitiuely thus I answer you.

Your loue deserves my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reueneue, and due of Birth :
Yet so much is my pueritie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea ;
Then in my Greatnesse cooet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need :
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the healing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maieftie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Back. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that *Edward* is your Brother Sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife :

For first was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow ;
And afterward by subfittute betroch'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cra'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
Euen in the after-noon of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To hafe declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I capostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie :
If not to helpe vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.

Maier. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Back. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.

Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me ?

I am vnfit for State, and Maieftie :

I doe beseech you take it not amiss,

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Back. If you refuse it, as in loue and seale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorie,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates :
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your Houfe :
And in this resolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit :
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.

Call them againe, I am not made of Stoopes,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Confidence and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I must haue patience to endure the Load :
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blot and staynes thereof ;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.

Maier. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
say it.

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Back. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.

All. Amen.

Back. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.

Back. To

Back. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most loyally we take our leave.
Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the
Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.*

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts looe, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Upon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sister thankea, wee'll enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke?
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath stricly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betwene their looe, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in looe their Mother:
Then bring me to their fights, lie beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it to:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile giue you Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.
Dorset. Be of good cheere: Mother, how fares your
Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And lue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift advantage of the howres:
Yee shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.
Duch. Yorke. O ill disperling Winde of Miserie,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vnauoided Eye is murderous.
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all vnwillignesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anyoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.
Anne. Not why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henric* Corfe,
When scarce the blood was well waist from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my With: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossly grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden dew of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was fill awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
yours.
Dorset. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue
of it.
Du. Y. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to *Sanctuarie*, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eightie odder yeeres of sorrow haue I leene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vfe my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrows hide your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

• *Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catelyb, Ratcliffe, Louel.*

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,

Is King *Richard* feated :

But shall we weare these Glories for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them ?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be curtant Gold indeed :

Young *Edward* liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha ? am I King ? tis so : but *Edward* liues.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence !

That *Edward* still should liue true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine ? I with the *Barbards* dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes :

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye ?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some paue, deare Lord,

Before I positively speake in this :

I will refuse you herein presently.

Exit Buck.

Catelyb. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespeitiue Boyes : none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempt vnto a cloke exploit of Death ?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meannes match not his haughtie spirit :

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name ?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tyrrell*.

Rich. I partly know the man : goe call him hither,

Boy.

Exit.

The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntry'd,

And flops he now for breath ? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes ?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquess *Dorset*

As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,

In the parts where he abides,

Rich. Come hither *Catelyb*, rumor it abroad,

That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter :

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st : I say againe, giue out,

That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.

I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glasse :

Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel* ?

Tyr. *James Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed ?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou refuse to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you :

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it : two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepe disturbers,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon :

Tyrrel, I meane those *Barbards* in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musick :

Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,

Goe by this token : rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*

There is no more bot so : say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest : *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. *Stanley*, hee is your Wiues Sonne : well, looke

vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I claime the gift, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,

Th' Earldome of Hertford, and the moueables,

Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. *Stanley* looke to your Wife : if she conuey

Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request ?

Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixth

Did prophetic, that *Richmond* should be King,

When *Richmond* was a little peeuish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to refuse me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buck. And is it thus ? repayes he my deepe seruice

With such contempt ? made I him King for this ?

O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone

To *Brecknock*, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie AQ is done,

The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That ever yet this Land was guilty of :
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
 To do this peece of rufhfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes :
 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 Within their Alabaster innocent Armes :
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalk,
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
 A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde :
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt :
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere the framed.
 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 Tu beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.

Ric. Kinde *Tierrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
 Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
 For it is done.

Ric. But didst thou see them dead.

Tir. I did my Lord.

Ric. And buried gentle *Tierrell*.

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
 But where (to say the truth) I do not know.

Ric. Come to me *Tierrell* soone, and after Supper,
 When thou shalt tell the proceesse of their death.
 Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave.

Ric. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp close,
 His daughter meane while matcht in marriage,
 The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abraham* bolome,
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
 Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
 At yong *Elizabeth* my brothen daughter,
 And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
 To her go I, a iolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Ric. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in fo
 bluntly?

Rat. Bad newes my Lord, *Henry* is fled to Richmond,
 And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

Ric. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
 Then Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength.
 Come, I haue lea'd, that that fearful commenting
 Is leaden seruitor to dull delay.
 Delay leas impotent and Snail-paced Beggerie :
 Then ferie expedition be my wing,
 Ioue Mercury, and Herald for a King :
 Go muster men : My counsaile is my Shield,
 We must be brieue, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mould of death :
 Heere in these Confinnes slyly haue I lurkt,
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction, am I witness to,
 And wilt to France, hoping the consequence
 Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragical.
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere ?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes ! ah my tender Babes :
 My vnblowd Floweres, new appearing sweets :
 If yet your gentle soles flye in the Ayre,
 And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
 Hower about me with your aery wings,
 And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hower about her, say that right for right
 Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the intrails of the Wolfe ?

When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done ?

Mar. When holy *Henry* dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dut. Dead life, blind fight, poore mortall liuing ghost,
 Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,
 Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
 Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
 Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone assoord a Graue,
 As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feate :
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
 Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee ?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
 Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,
 And let my greeues frowne on the vpper hand
 If sorrow can admit Society.

I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him :
 I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him :
 Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him :
 Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him ;
 I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop't to kill him.

Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,
 And *Richard* kill'd him.

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
 A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death :
 That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood :
 That foule defacer of Gods handy worke :
 That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping foules :
 That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
 Thy wombe let looke to chafe vs to our graues.
 O vpright, iust, and true-dispensing God,
 How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curse

Prayes

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pae-fellow with others none.

Dut. Oh *Harries* victory, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Yong *York*, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my loffe.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that flab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Hafings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hea blacke Intelligences,
Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy Soules,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
Infues his pittious and vnspittied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, decree God I pray,
That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should with for thee to helpe me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,

The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd a high, to be har'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge
To be the ayne of euery dangerous Shot;
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queene In iest, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?
Who sues, and kneeles, and fyes, God saue the Queene?

Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:

For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:

For Queene, a very Cytisive, crown'd with care:
For the that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:

For the being feared of all, now fearing one:
For the commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of Iustice whirld about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,

Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,

Thou did'st vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?

Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, even heere I slip my wearied head,
And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farwell *Yorke*s wife, and Queene of bad mischance,
These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curles, stay a-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe:

Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is:

Bett'ring thy loffe, makes the bad causer worse,

Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,

Ayery succedens of intestine loyes,
Poore breathing Orators of mileries,
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard, and his Train.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dut. O he, that might haue intercepted thee
By frangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughter (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-flaue, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?

Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray* &
Dut. Where is kinde *Hafings*?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me fayne,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. I, I thank God, my Father, and your selfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haist.

Dut. Art thou so hasty? I haue said for thee
(God knows) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-daies frightfull, delip'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmful; Kinde in hatred;

What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but *Humphrey Henr*,
That call'd your Grace

To Breakefast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme,

Dut. I prythe heare me speake.

Rich.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Heare me a word :

For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods lust ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror :

Or I with greefe and eatreame Age shall perish,

And neuer meer behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greeuous Curse,

Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more

Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the aduersie party fight,

And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory :

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end :

Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)

They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes :

And therefore Ieuell not to hit their liues.

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elisabeth*,

Virtuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must the dye for this? O let her liue,

And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,

Slander my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed :

Throw ouer her the vail of Infamy,

So the may liue vnscarr'd of bleedings slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princess.

Qu. To save her life, lie say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposit.

Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

Rich. All vnauoyded in the doome of Destiny.

Qu. True : when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My liabes were defin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cofins?

Qu. Cofins indeed, and by their Vnckle cousend,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,

Whose hand soeuer lanch'd thy tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.

No doubt the murderous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy flone-hard heart,

To reuell in the Intrails of my Lambes.

But that still vfe of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,

My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes :

And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of fyles and tackling reft,

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bofome.

Rich. Madam, so thrise I in my enterprise

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,

To be discouered, that can do me good.

Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady

Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it :

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,

Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,

Will I withall indow a childe of thine:

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drownest the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, least that the proceesse of thy kindeesse

Last longer telling then thy kindeesse date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

Rich. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule

So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,

And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :

I mean that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,

And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well then, who dost y meane shall be her King.

Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene :

Who else should bee?

Qu. What, thou?

Rich. Euen thou: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,

A paire of bleeding hearts : thereon ingraue

Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will she weep :

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*

Did to thy Father, sleepe in Rutlands body,

A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did drye

The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.

If this inducement moue her not to loue,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds :

Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle *Clarence*,

Her Vnckle *Rivers*, I (and for her sake)

Mad'st quicke conoyceance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,

And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for loue of her.

Qu. Nay then indeede the cannot chouse but hate thee

Hauing bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle.

Rich. Look what is done, cannot be now amended :

Men shall deale vnadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-houres gives leysure to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,

To make amenda, Ile giue it to your daughter :

If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,

To quicken your encrease, I will beget

Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter :

A Grandama name is little lesse in loue,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother :

They are as Children but one Bebbe below,

Euen of your mettall, of your very blood :

Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.

The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,

Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repay'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest.

Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her busifull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woens Tale.

Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princeesse
With the sweet liuely hours of Marriage loyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chafed

The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Backbitum*,
Boond with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retelle my Conquest wonne,
And the shalbe sole Victorell, *Cesar* *Cesar*.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Titie, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerslastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that titie euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. At long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect loth.

Qu. But the yoor Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,

Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,

Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophand, dishonor'd, and the third vsurp.

Rich. I sweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:

Thy George prophand, hath lost his Lordly Honor,

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beloe'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misf'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heavens wrong is most of all:

If thou did'st feare to breake an Oath with him,

The vnity the King my husband made,

Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.

If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,

Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,

And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,

Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

What can'st thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:

The Parents iue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren Plants, to waile it with their age.

Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast

Misla'd ere w'st, by times ill-w'st repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:

So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres

Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:

Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:

Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.

Be opposite all Planets of good lucke

To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,

Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.

In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:

Without her, follows to my selfe, and thee;

Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,

Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay:

It cannot be auoyd, but by this:

It will not be auoyd, but by this.

Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)

Be the Atturney of my loue to her:

Pleade what I will be, not what I haue been;

Not my defaults, but what I will deferre:

Vrge the Necessity and state of times,

And be not persuiued found, in great Defignes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuel tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. I, if your selfe remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.

Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomfote.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,

And you shall vnderstand from me her mind.

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.

Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

Exit *Q.*

How oow, what newes ?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puiffant Naue : to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnrelia'd to beat them backe.

'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admirall :

And there they hull, expecting but the aide

Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to y^e Duke of Norfolk :

Ratcliffe thy felte, or Catesby, where is hee ?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.

Rich. Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury :

When thou com'st thither: Dull vnminidfull Villaine,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke ?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.

Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leue straight

The greatest strength and power that he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe.

Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury ?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
goe ?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd :

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you ?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with y^e hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad :

What need'st thou runne so many miles about,

When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neereft way ?

Once more, what newes ?

Sta. Richmond is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,

White-liues'd Runnagate, what doth he there ?

Sta. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

Rich. Well, as you guesse.

Sta. Stirr'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie ? is the Sword vnway'd ?

Is the King dead ? the Empire vnpossest ?

What Heire of Yorke is there alieue, but wee ?

And who is Englands King, but great Yorke's Heire ?

Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas ?

Sta. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,

You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Sta. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back ?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers ?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,

Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes ?

Sta. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the

North.

Rich. Cold friends to me : what do they in the North,

When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West ?

Sta. They haue not been commanded, mighty King
Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
He mutter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with Richmond:
But Ile not trust thee.

Sta. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne George Stanley : looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

Sta. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir Edward Courtey, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Gulsford's are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselte wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie !

There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.

Hath any well-aduis'd friend proclaym'd

Reward to him that brings the Traytor in ?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Luell, and Lord Marquess Dorset,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes :
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Brittainie Naue is dispers'd by Tempest.

Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat

Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,

If they were his Assistants, yea, or no ?

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham,

Vpon his partie : he mistrusting them,

Hoy'd'st layle, and made his course away for Brittainie.

Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,

If not to fight with forraine Enemies,

Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes : that the Earle of Richmond

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battell might be wonne and loft:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Flourish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the styce of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is frantk vp in hold:
If I resolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, holds off my present syde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

Chr. At Penbrooke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

Der. What men of Name resort to him.

Chr. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Will they resolute him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Gray* & *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-foules day (Fellow) is it not?

Sher. It is.

Buc. Why then All-foules day, is my bodie doomsday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I with'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
This is the day, wherein I with'd to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-foules day to my fearful Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in leif.
Thus doth he force the fwords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus *Margarets* curfe falls heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth he) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Bristle vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Hauue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere recieue we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wafe, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centrie of this Ile,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheereely on, courageous Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.
Oxf. Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallows wings,
Kings it maketh Gods, and meaneer creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

Ser. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolk, we must haue knockes:

Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere will I lye to night,

But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath defied the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their utmost power.

Rich. Why our Battails trebles that account:

Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,

Which they vpon the aduerser Faction want.

Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,

Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard:
Gie me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
He draw the Forme and Model of our Battaille,
Limit each Leader to his severall Charge,
And part in iust proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir William Brandon*,
And your *Sir Walter Herbert* stay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keeps his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second houre in the Mornning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanly* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Ynesse I have misane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good meanes to speak with him
And give him from me, this most needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, he vndertake it,
And so God give you quiet rest to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs confult vpon to morrowes Businesse;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Car. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not sup to night,
Gie me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Car. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.
Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Vie careful Watch, choose trusty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Sit with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. Ratcliff.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Armes
To *Stanly* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Cae of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Gie me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staues be found, & not too heawy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw't the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope
Went throught the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am satisfied: Gie me a Bowle of Wine,
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leasse me.
Ratcliff. about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leasse me I say. *Exit Ratcliff.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Perlon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attourney, bleste thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flake darkenesse breakes thriden the East.
In heere, for so the season bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortall staring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With best aduantage will deuise thee time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shooke of Armes.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterechange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon:
God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
He strive with troubled noise, to take a Nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. March Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my Foeres with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brulking Irons of wrath,
That they may croth downe with a heauy fall,
Th'vrsurping Helms of our Aduerfaries:
Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. *Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the first.

Ghost R. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow:
Thinke how thou flab't me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henric* issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the first.

Ghost. When I was mortall, my Annoiend body
By thee was punched full of holes:
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
Harry the first, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that propheted thou should'st be King,
Duth comfort thee in sleepe: Lieue, and flourish.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fullome Wine:
Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sworde, dispaire and dye.

To Ricbm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Live and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.

Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Ricbm. Awake,

And thinke our wrongs in Ricbard's Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.

Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Ricb. Quiet vntroubled soule,
Awake, awake:

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins

Smothered to the Tower:

Let vs be laid within thy bosome Ricbard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghosts to Ricbm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Ricb. Ricbard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaille, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sworde, dispaire and dye:

Ghost to Ricbm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thoo a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successor, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Ricb. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaille thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire: dispairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghost to Ricbm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Ricbard fall in height of all his pride.

Ricbard starts out of his dreame.

Ricb. Giue me another Horle, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Ricbard loues Ricbard, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Left I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done voto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine; yet I Lye, I am out.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand severall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a severall Tale,
And euery Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periorie, in the high't Degree,
Murther, Berne murther, in the dyrt't degree,
All severall finnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, oo soule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde to my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Teet, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Ricbard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Ricbard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Ricbmood.

'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the East-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt Ricbard & Ratcliffe.

*Enter the Lords to Ricbmood sitting
in his Tent.*

Ricbm. Good morrow Richmond.

Ricb. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a Cardie sluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you slept my Lord?

Ricb. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Ricb. murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you my Heart is very locode,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Ricb. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oratim to his Souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
The leyfure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged Soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And laughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
One that hath euer brene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
If yus do fight in safeguard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quita it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the rancome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cherefully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victorie.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Gatsby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clocke strikes.*
Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be scene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lower vpon my Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not thine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle. Comparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shall be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid't;
Iohr Duke of Norfolkke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow

In the maine Battell, whose guidance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'st thou Norfolkke.

Nor. A good direction warlike Soeraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

*Jacky of Norfolk, he was to be led,
For Dickon they say he bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, eury man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our soales:
For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,
Deu'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, boyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I haue infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
You sleepe safe, they bring you to vnest:
You haue Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraîne the one, disdain the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold, as our shoes in Snow:
Let's whip these fragile o're the Seas againe,
Lest hence these ouer-weening Ragges of France,
These famish'd Beggars, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauish our daughters? *Dram as farre off*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken flukes.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the battaile, let George Stanley dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helmes.

Alarm, excursions. Enter Gatsby.

Gat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolkke,
Relcue, Relcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Relcue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarm.

t 2

Enter

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, he helps you to a Horfe

Rich. Slaue, I haue fet my life vpon a caft,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
Fieue haue I flaine to day, in stead of him.
A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.

Alarum. *Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is flaine.*

Retreat, and Flourish. *Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.*

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere thefe long vsurp'd Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
Butt tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of osme are flaine on either side?

Dr. *John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.*

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers dead,

That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue throw'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;
The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, bene Butcher to the Sire;
All this dioided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided, in their dire Diuision.

Onow, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce thefe bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not sue to taste this Lands increafe,
That would with Treson, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That the may loog liue heere, God say, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.





The Famous History of the Life of

King HENRY the Eighth.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
Toast beere a Wagbys, and a Serious Brew,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and woe:
Such Noble Scavens, as draw the Eye to frow
We now present. Those that can Pitty, beere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may beleeue,
May beere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so a gree,
The Play may pisse: If they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to beere a Merry, Bowdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Figne is, beside forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that only true, we now intend,
Will leave us neuer an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living: Thinke you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How soone this Mightynesse, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, He say,
A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Aubargenny.*

Buckingham.

Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thinke your Grace:
Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer
Of what I saw there.

Back. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Goynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Back. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompey was single, but now married
To one about it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes master, till the last
Made former Wondens, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; end to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Euerly man that stood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweate to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'd incompreable; and th'enfusing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
As pretence did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and beioig present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they phraze 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirit to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compass'd, that former fabulous Storied
Being now seeme, possible enough, got credit
That *Heav'n* was belen'd.

Bac. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too,

Bac. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function : who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you gueſſet
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Bac. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.

Bac. The diuell spend him : No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Soerely Sir,
There's in him fluffe, that put's him to these ends :
For being not prout by *Aunceltry*, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way ; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne ; neither Allied
To eminent Affiliants ; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buys
A place neat to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him : let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him : whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Bac. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuie o'th'King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry ; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as his owne Honor
He meant to lay vpon : and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer
They shall abound as formerly.

Bac. O many
Haue broke their backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greuously I thinke,
The Peace betwene the French and vs, not valewes
The Cost that did conclude it.

Bac. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie ; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, abounded
The fodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Bourdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassador is sient'd?

Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Bac. Why all this Businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise yon
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plementous safety) that you reade
The Cardinalls Malice, and his Potency
Together ; To consider further, that
What his high Harred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull ; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge : it's long, and't may be side
It reaches farre, and where'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Besome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholesome. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers : The
Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buck-
ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdaigne.*

Car. The Duke of Buckingham Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you.

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traines.

Buc. This Butcher Curie is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to maulle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your disfaue requires.

Bac. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reuill'd
Me as his abiect obiekt, at this instant
He bores me with some trick ; He's gone to'th'King ;
He follow, and out-flare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about : to climbe strepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him : Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you : Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Bac. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This *Ipswich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be adu'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe to hot
That it do fadge your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, waits it to be adu'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
If with the sip of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Back. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prefcription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *July*, when
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.
Back. To th'King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rocks attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infesting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Maister
To this last costly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did breake it w' wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Back. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis writt for worthy *Wolsey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this folloves,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th'old dam Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiffle *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
His feates were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well, for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Soit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pass'd with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
Tha he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne advantage.

Nor. I am forry
To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Back. No, not a fillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proofe.

*Enter Brandoz, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
two or three of the Guard.*

Brandoz. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Soueraigne King.

Back. Lo you my Lord,
The net has faile vpon me, I shall perish
Vnder deuce, and practise:

Bran. I am forry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The bofines present. 'Tis his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Back. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit't part, black. The will of Hea'n's
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Albany*: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Alb. As the Duke said,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mansuetude*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confeffor, *Isabe de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Councellour.

Back. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th' Plot; no more I hope.
Bran. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.

Back. O *Michael Hopkins*!

Bran. He.

Back. My Surueyor is false: The ore-great Cardinall
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spend already
I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whose Figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoul-
der, the Nobles, and Sir *Thomas Laull*: the Cardinall
places him selfe vnder the Kings feete on
his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of *Buckingham*, in person,
He heare him his confessions iustifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

*A noise within crying runne for the Queene, enter'd by the
Duke of Norfolk.* Enter the Queene, *Norfolke* and
Stafforde; she kneels. King riseth from his State,
takes her vp, kisses and placeth
her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; am a Suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:

The

The other moiety ere you aske is giuen,
Repay your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank you Maiesty
That you would lose your selfe, and in that loue
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.

King. Lady mine proceed.

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There haue bene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes
Language vnmanly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longeing, haue put off
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vprore,
And danger serues among them.

King. Taxation?

Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,

I know but of a fingle part in ougth
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?

You know no more then others? Bot you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deuind by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still Exaction?

The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promisd pardon. The Subjects grieue
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The fiat part of his Substaunce, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France; this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Lie where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience in a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke confederation; for
There is no primer benefice.

King. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,

I haue no further gone in this, then by
A fingle voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: I must not stint
Our necessary aduices, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longeing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a groffer quality, is cride vp
For our bell Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or fit State-Statues onely.

King. Things done well,

And with a care, exempt themselves from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleue, not any.
We must not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And flicke them in our Will. Slat part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, fend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd:
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.

Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greued Common
Hardly conceue of me. Let it be now'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuocation
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surseyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieues many:

The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer leake for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall proue
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with rashi'd lifting, could not finde
His hoore of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if befmes'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in truth) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was vsuall with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Abergany, to whom by oth he menac'd
Revenge vpon the *Cardinall*.

Card. Please your Highnesse note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wirth to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliver all with Charity.

Kin. Speake on;

How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this point halt thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophesie of *Nicholas Henton*.

Kin. What was that *Henton*?

Sur. Sir, a *Cheritieux Fryer*,
His Confessor, who fed him euery minute
With words of Soeuerainty.

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rofe, within the Parish
Saint Laurence Pauling, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious
To the Kings danger: I presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
I would proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moments
Whom after vnder the Commiffions Seale,
He follemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
This paungely enu'd; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strue
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily befeech you.

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soule, he speake but truth,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illusions
The Monke might be decei'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminat on this so sarre, vntill
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last Sicknesse said,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Louell* heads

Should haue gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur. I can my Lidge,

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*, (nant,

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn fer-
The Duke retin'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had benne committ'd,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue paid
The Part my Father meant to adt vpon
Th' Vsurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's preface; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnesse liue in freedome,
And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all.

(say't)

Kin. Ther's something more would out of thee; what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irrelolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,

To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New customes,

Though they be neuer so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnnamly) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly
Their very noyes had been Councillours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State so.

L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer let 'em pace before, the Spanes
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,

Their clothes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th' haue worne out Ch. listendome; how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for?

Low. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talks, and Taylors.

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monieus
To thinke an English Courtier may be wife,
And neuer see the *Louere*.

Low. They moſt either
(For fo run the Conditions) leaue thoſe remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining therunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abuſing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wiſedome, renouncing cleane
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blifſed Breeches, and thoſe types of Trauall;
And vnderſtand againe like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old Playfellows; there, I take it,
They may *Com Prauillie*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdneſſe, and be laugh'd at.
L. Sen. 'Tis time to giue 'em Phyſicke, their diſeaſes
Are growne catching.

L. Cham. What a loſſe our Ladies
Will haue of theſe trim vanities?

Lowell. I marry,
There will be no more indeed Lords, the ſlye whoſons
Haue got a ſpeeding trick to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

L. Sen. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine ſong,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſicke too.

L. Cham. Well ſaid Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?

L. Sen. No my Lord,
Nor ſhall not while I haue a ſtump.

L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?

Low. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile aſſure you.

Low. That Churchman
Bears a bouetous minde indeed,
A hand as froitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where.

L. Cham. No doubt he's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that ſaid other of him.

L. Sen. He may my Lord,
His wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſinne, then ill Doctrines,
Men of his way, ſhould be moſt liberrall,
They are ſet heere for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now giue ſo great ones:
My Barge ſayes;

Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.

L. Sen. I am your Lordſhips.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Hobbes. A ſmall Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a
larger Table for the Gueſts. Then Enter Anne Bullen,
and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Gueſts
at one Doore; at another Doore enter
Sir *Henry Guilford*.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladies,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
To all this Noble Brooy, has brought with her
One care ſhroud: hee would haue all as merry:
As fiſh, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter *L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lowell*.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir *Henry Guilford*.
Sen. Sir *Thomas Lowell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should finde a running Banket, ere they reſted,
I thinke would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of young ones.

Low. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confellor,
To one or two of theſe.

Sen. I would I were,
They ſhould finde eaſe penance.

Low. Faith how eaſe?

Sen. As eaſe as a downe bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Henry*
Place you that ſide, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weathers:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray ſit betwene theſe Ladies.

Sen. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordſhip: by your leaue ſweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wiſde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?
Sen. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iuſt as I doe now,
He would Kiſſe you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well ſaid my Lord;
So now y'are fairly ſeated: Gentleme,
The pennances on you; if theſe faire Ladies
Paſſe away frowning.

Sen. For my little Cure,

Let me alone.

Hobbes. Enter Cardinall *Wolſey*, and takes his State.
Cord. Y'are wel come my faire Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sen. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue ſuch a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And ſaue me ſo much talking.

Cord. My Lord *Sands*,

I am beholding to you : cheere your neighbours :
Ladies you are oot merry ; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sen. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Talke vs to silence.

An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord *Sends.*

Sen. Yes, if I make my play :
Heer's to your Ladship, and pledge it Madam :
For tis to such a thing.

An. B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.

Sen. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Cord. What's that ?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.

Cord. What warlike voyce,

And to what end is this ? Nay, Ladies, feare not ;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuileg'd.

Enter a Sergeant.

Cham. How now, what is't ?

Ser. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For to they seeme ; th'haue left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.

Cord. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our prefence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remou'd.

You haue now a broken Booke, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; and once more
I shewe a welcome on yee : welcome all.

*Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepherds, vnder'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
pass directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble Company : what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praide
To tell your Grace : That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meett heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flocke, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.

Cord. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They haue done my poore house grace :
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choise Ladies, King and An Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd : O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musick, Dance.

Cord. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Cord. Pray tell 'em thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would forrender it.

Whisper.

Cham. I will my Lord.

Cord. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Cord. Let me see then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen ; heere lie make
My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly ; you doe well Lord :
You are a Churchman, or lie tell you Cardinall,
I should iudge now vohappily.

Cord. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that ?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Bullen's Daughter, the Viscount Reibford,
One of her Highnesse women.

Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmanly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Cord. Sir Thomas Louell, is the Banket ready
Ith' Priuy Chamber ?

Low. Yes, my Lord.

Cord. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin. I feare too much.
Cord. There's fresher syte my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

Kin. Lead in your Ladies en'ry one : Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you : Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall : I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trampets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doores.

1. Whether away to fift ?
2. O, God sue ye :
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. He sue you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there ?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.
1. You may guess quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty ?
1. Yes truly is he,
And condemn'd vpon't.

2. I am sorry fort.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how past it ?
1. He tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar ; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of

Of diuers witnesse, which the Duke desired
To him brought *viua* once to his face;
At which appeard against him, his Surveyor
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellor, and *Iohn Gar*,
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopties, that made this mischief.

2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The fame,
All these accus'd him strongly, which he faime
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was fir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extremly,
And something spoke in cholier, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he fears death.
1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,
By all coniectures: First *Kildares Attendure*;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That trickes of State
Was a deepe enuious one,

1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardinall instantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and dote on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtieffe.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tiplanes before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lowell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Back. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lofe me.
I haue this day receiue'd a Traitors Iudgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
Thas done vpon the premises, but Iustice:
But those that sought it, I could with more Christians
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefes;

Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.

You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.

Lowell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Back. Sir *Thomas Lowell*, I as free forgive you
As I would hee forgien: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy shall make my Grace.
Commend mee to his Grace:

And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vovves and prayers
Yet aue the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May hee live
Longer then I haue time to tell his years;
Ever belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument.

Low. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his Person.

Back. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Baban*;
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now scale it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rai'd head against *Warring Richard*,
Flying for succour to his Seruant *Bonifere*,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without Tryall, sell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pitying
My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one Brooke ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:
A most vnnatural and faithlesse Service.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberrall of your loues and Counsels,
Be sure you be not loofe; for those you make friends,

And

And give your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from y^e, neuer found againe
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell, and when you would say something that is sad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it cald
I feare, too many curfes on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is of weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1: Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betwene the King and Katherine?

1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour; and alay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows sgen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, posselt him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall Campeius is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.

1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meere to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That he should feeble the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and she must fall.

1. 'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

MY Lord, the Horse your Lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinall, by Cammiffion, and maiore power tooke
em from me, with this reason: his maiesty would not send be-

fore a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouths
Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee
will haue all I thinke.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folke and Suffolke.*

Norfolke. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suffolke. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him priuate,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norfolke. What's the cause?

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.

Suffolke. No, his Conscience

Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Norfolke. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suffolke. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.

Norfolke. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale! For now he has crackt the League
Betwene vs & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Fears, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her

That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;
Of her that loues him with that excellencie,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls
Will bleste the King: and is not this couerle pious?

Cham. Heauen keepe me from such counsel: tis most true
These newes are euer where, euer tongue speaks 'em,
And euer true heart weepes for't. All that da re
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sitter. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept vpon
This bold bad man.

Suffolke. And free vs from his slavery.

Norfolke. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs ill
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suffolke. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, so I stand,
If the King please: his Curfes and his blessings
Touche me alike: th'are breath I not beleue in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Norfolke. Let's in;

And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cham. Excuse me,

The King ha's sent me elsewhere: Besides
You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Nor.

Norfolk. Thanks my good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine and sits reading penitently.

Suff. How sad he looks; sure he is much afflicted.

Kim. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry. *(seizes)*

Kim. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; io which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kim. Ye are too bold:

Go too; Ile make ye know yout times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporal affaires? Ha?

Enter Welsey and Cambray with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Welsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you're welcome
Most leasred Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdom,
Vfe vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not foud a Talker.

Wel. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would giue vs but an howre
Of priuate conference.

Kim. We are busie; goe.

Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke thought for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.

Suff. I another.

Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wel. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisdom
About all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Envy reach you?
The Spaniard ride by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome *(the Nurse of Iudgement)*
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall *Cambray*,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.

Kim. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Concluse for their loues,
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.
Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *York*, are ioynd with me their Seruant,
In the vniuersall iudging of this Businesse. *(ted)*

Kim. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquaint
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wel. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kim. I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour
To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wel. Giue me your hand: much loy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kim. Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walkes and whispers.

Cam. My Lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?

Wel. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wel. Yes surely.

Cam. Beleue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wel. How? of me?

Cam. They will not sicke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise *(he was so vertuous)*
Kept him a forraigne man still, which fo greu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.

Wel. Heaue's peace be with him:

That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murrumurs,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue oot to be gri'd by meane perfons.

Kim. Deliu'r this with modesty to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this weighty busines.
My *Welsey*, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She ouer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courtes of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Proceffe.
To giue her the sunnt, it is a pitty
Would moue a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies feuering.

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
Must pity drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, 'tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a glistering griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best hauiug.

Ans. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Bewhew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisite:
You that haue so faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet
Affracted Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to say fourth, are Blessings; and which gifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiuereil Conscience, would receiue,
If you might please to stretch it.

Ans. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queene?

Ans. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutcheffe? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?

Ans. No in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weak
Euer to get a Boy.

Ans. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for *Carnaruanthir*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?

Ans. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistis Sorrowes we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

Ans. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tine of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of *Pembroke*; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he adds.

Ans. I doe not know

What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my Ail, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beferech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;

I shall not faile t'approoe the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Lemme,
To lighten all this Ile. 'Tis to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

Ans. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I haue beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwix too early, and too late
For any fruit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Filh heere; yee, yee, yee vpon
This compell'd fortune: haue your mouth fill'd vp,
Before you open it.

Ans. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tafts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would the not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?

Ans. Come you are pleasant.

Old L. With your 'Theame, I could
O're-mount the Lark: The Marchionesse of *Pembroke*?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutcheffe. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

Ans. Good Lady,

Make you your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this falute my blood a lot; it faints me
To thinke what follows.

The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'haue heard to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke me ——— Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Serues, and Cornets.

Enter two *Vergers*, with short silver wands; next them two
Scribes in the habit of *Dottors*; after them, the *Bishop* of
Conterbury alone; after him, the *Bishops* of *Lincolne*, *Ely*,
Richeser, and *S. Asaph*: Next them, with some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
great Scale, and a Cardinal's Hat: Then two Priests, bearing
each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman yfber bare-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a
Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Silver Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals,
two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes
place vnder the Club of State. The two Cardinals sit
vnder him at Iudges. The Queene takes place some dis-
tance from the King. The *Bishops* place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Conffistory: Below them
the *Scribes*. The *Lords* sit next the *Bishops*. The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and
Diffidantfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.

Kin. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

Geat. Ush. Madam, you are calld backe.

Que. What need you oote it? pray you keep your way,
When you are calld returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Vpon this bulinesse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Ryene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes Kate,

That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenessse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

W'd. Most gracious Sir,

In humblest manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these cares for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't or euer
Haue to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, I spake one, the least word that might
Be to the preiudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall,

I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: I You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their fellows doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more iustifi'd? You euer
Haue with'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd
It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
The passages made toward it on my Honour,
I spake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't)
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conscience first recei'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th'Bishop of Bayn, then French Embassador,
Who had bene hither sent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans, and
Our Daughter Mary: I th'Progress of this busines,
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Brest, which forc'd such way,
That many mas'd considering, did through
And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it concei'd a male-child by me, should
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
This world had try'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not
Be gladd in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes threat in
By this my Issue saile, and that gaue to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preseat here together: that's to say,
I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
I then did feele full sick, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of Lincolne, you remember
How vnder my oppression I did teeke
When I first mou'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Liege.

Kin. I haue spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say
How farre you satisfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnes,

The question did at first so flagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The darling Counsaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this course,
Which you are running here.

Kin. I then mou'd you,

My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present Summons solicited.
I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, driues this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queene) before the primeist Creature
That's Parragon o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes,

The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull finishe,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holinesse.

Kin. I may perceiue

These Cardinalls trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Cramer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *Queen* and her *Women* as at work.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes full with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working;

SONG.

*O*phelus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing,
To his Musick, Plants and Flowers,
Euer sprang; as *Some* and *Showers*,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hing their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musick is such Art,
Killing care, & griefs of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing dye.

Enter a *Gentleman*.

Queen. How now?

Gen. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the preface.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gen. They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, false from fauour?
I do not like their coming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinals, *Wolsey* & *Camden*.

Wol. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houfwife,
(I would be all) against the world may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much) I am happy
Abooue a number) if my actions
Were tri'd by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em,
Enuy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life is euen. If your busines
Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina feruissima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;

I am not such a Truant since my coming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in: (ous)
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistake;
Believe me the ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sinne I euer yet committed,
May be absol'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,
(And seruaice to his Maiesty and you)
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue blessing;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Betwene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,
And comforts to our cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Seruaice, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answer
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to such men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was fet at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Eiher for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I haue bene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Counsell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare giue me Counsell?
Or be a knowne friend' gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Country Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace

Would leaue your griefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Cam. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's iouing and most gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Counsell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there fits a Iudge.
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule too reuerend Cardinal Vertues:
But Cardinal Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?
I will not with ye halfe my miseries,

I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye.

Cor. Madam, this is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.

Que. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any Iustice, any Pity,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me ?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, about this wretchednesse ? All your Studies
Make me a Curfe, like this.

Camp. Your feares are worse.

Qe. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one ?
A Woman (I dare say without vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suspition ?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King ? I lou'd him next Heau'n/Obey'd him ?
Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my Prayres to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleasure ;
And to that Woman (when she has done most)
Yet will I adde an Honor ; a great Patience.

Cor. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.

Qe. My Lord,
I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.

Cor. Pray heare me.

Qe. Would I had neuer touch'd this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it :
Ye haue Angels Faces ; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady ?
I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes ?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pity,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me ?
Almost no Graue allow'd me ? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistress of the Field, and flourish'd,
Ile hang my head, and perish.

Cor. If your Grace

Could be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
You'd feele more comfort. Why should we (good Lady)
Vpon what cause wrong you ? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is againt it ;
We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe'em.
For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,
How you may hurt your selfe : I, vtterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to stubborn Spirits,
They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes.
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme ; Pray thinke vs,
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.

Camp. Madam, you'll finde it so :
You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer calls
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you loofe it not : For vs (if you please
To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready
To vie our vtmost Studies, in your seruice.

Qe. Do what ye will, my Lords :

And pray forgie me ;
If I haue vs'd my selfe vnmanly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a seemely answer to such persons.
Pray do my seruice to his Maiestie,
He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers
While I shall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Bestow your Counsels on me. She now begges
That little thought when she fet footing heere,
She should haue bought her Dignities so deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor. If you will oow write in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustaine more new disgraces,
With these you beare already.

Sur. I am ioyfull
To meet the least occasion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vnconcern'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected ? When did he regard
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person
Out of himselfe ?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me, I know :
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his access to th'King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not,
His spell in that is out : the King hath found
Matter againt him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to heare such Newes as this
Once every houre.

Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all violat'd : wherein he appeares,
As I would with mine Enemy.

Sur. How came
His praefices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how ? how ?

Suf. The Cardinalls Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the judgement o'th'Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to

A Creature of the Queene's, Lady Anne Bullen,

Sur. Ha't the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I professe you have it.

Sur. Now all my ioy

Trace the Coniunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order gien for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoria'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that box about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall *Campius*,
Is stolne away to Rome; hath 'tne no leaue,
Ha's left the easie o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is pos'd as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God ineeffe him,
And let him ery Ha, lowder.

Nor. But my Lord

When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have satisfed the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princess Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This fame *Cranmer*'s

A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businessse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-bythop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he had
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leasse me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: He no *Anne Bullen* for him,
There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen*?
No, we'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I will
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbrooke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queene's Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistis? The Queene's, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deferring; yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not whollome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath erawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something; would fret the string,
The Master-ord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braiue: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The severall parcels of his Plate his Tresfore,
Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Houshold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subiect.

Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His Contemplation were about the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall objects, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thiothings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whiffers Louell, who goes
to the Cardinall.*

Car. Heauen forgive me,
Euer God bleſſe your Highneſſe.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly ſuffe, and beare the Inuentory
Of your beſt Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue ſcarſe time
To ſteale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe ſpan
To keepe your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gaid
To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of buſineſſe, which
I beare i'th State: and Nature does require
Her times of preſeruation, which perforce
I her fraile ſonne, amongſt my Brethren mortall,
Muſt giue my tendance to.

King. You haue ſaid well.

Car. And euer may your Highneſſe yoake together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.

King. 'Tis well ſaid agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Impley'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Hauogs, to beſtow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What ſhould this meane?

Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſſe.

King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confeſſe it, ſay withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What ſay you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confeſſe your Royall graces
Shew'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeauours. My endeauours,
Haue euer come too ſhort of my Deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue bene mine ſo, that euermore they pointed
To'th' good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vnderſeruer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
My Prayes to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer ſhall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd:

A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th contrary
The ſlowneſſe is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my power rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and euery Foudion of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that am, haue, and will be
As'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do confeſſe,

That for your Highneſſe good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuier breake,
And ſtand vnſhaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall beſt,
For you haue leene him open't: Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you haue.

*Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles
throw after him ſmiling, and whiffing.*

Car. What ſhould this meane?

What ſodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I muſt reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And ſee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croſſe Diuill
Made me pot this maine Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill ſtirre him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope?
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Buſineſſe
I writ too's Holineſſe. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſſe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting. I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man ſee me more.

*Enter to Winſley, the Duke of Norfolk and Suffolke, the
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor. Heare the Kings pleaſure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale preſently
Into our hands, and to Confinne your liſe
To Adhel-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſters,
Till you heare further from his Highneſſe.

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority ſo weighty.

Suf. Who dare croſſe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſſely?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I ſee
Of what courſe Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courtes, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
Doring my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Tid'e it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gaue it.

Cor. It must be himselfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Cor. Proud Lord, thou lyest:

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then faide fo.

Sur. Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:
Will'st thou your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,
Absolue him with an Ase.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witnesse.
If I lo'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You haue as little Honesty, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master,
Dare mate a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,

Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou should'st feele
My Sword i'th' life blood of these else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodnesse

Is payson to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse

Of gleaming all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile startle you
Worse then the Sacering Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

Cor. How much me thinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are soule oces.

Wol. So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knows my Truth.

Sur. This cannot faue you:

I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blunth, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'll shew a little Honesty.

Wol. Speake on Sir,

I dare your worst Obiections: If I blunth,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
Haue at you.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You main'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inferib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councill, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To eary into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betwene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be stamp on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meer vndoing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,

Preffe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgieue him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you haue done of late
By your power Legatue within this Kingdome,
Fall into th' compasse of a Premunire;
That therefore such a Wit be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your stubborn answer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shall thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leauers of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honor thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely

His Greatneffe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now Cromwell?

Crom. I haue no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd?

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am false indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:

Neuer so truly happy, my good Cromwell,
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace about all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken
A load, would sinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)
O 'tis a burden Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,

Ha's made that right vfe of it.

Card. I hope I haue:

I am able now (me thinks)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heauiest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God blesse him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Card. That's somewhat foddin.

But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneffe fauour, and do Iustice
For Truths sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That Crommer is return'd with welcome;
Infall'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in fecrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Coronation.

Card. There was the waight that poll'd me downe.

O Cromwell,

The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.

No Sun, shall euer vsher forth mine Honors,
Or glide againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwell,
I am a poore faine man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
Some little memory of me, will stirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good Cromwell
Neglect him not; make vfe now, and prouide
For thine owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo
So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
Bears witness, all that haue not hearts of Iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaues his Lord.
The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayres
For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

Card. Cromwell, I did not thinke to shed a teare
In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And sound'd all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
In silence enuius Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O Cromwell)
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.
Serue the King: And prythe leade me in:
There take an Inventory of all I haue,
To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.

Card. So I haue. Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y^e are well met once againe.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
The Lady Anne, passe from her Coronation.

2 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Trial.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generally joy.

2 'Tis well : The Citizens
I am sure have shewne at full their Royall minds,
At let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuer greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that contains,
That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earle Marhall: you may reade the rest.

1 I thank you Sir: Had I not known those customs,
I should have bene beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine
The Princesse Dowager? How goes her business?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; fixe miles off
From Amphill, where the Princesse lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maiest affect
Of all these Learned men, he was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, he was remou'd to Kymminton,
Where he remains now sick.

2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
The Queene is comming.

He-byes.

The Order of the Coronation.

- 1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.
 - 2 Then, two Judges.
 - 3 Lord Chanceliour, with Purse and Mace before him.
 - 4 Quiristers singing. Musicke.
 - 5 Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Armes, and on his head be wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.
 - 6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronell of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earle's Coronet. Collars of Effies.
 - 7 Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Effies.
 - 8 A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchester.
 - 9 The Olde Dutcheffe of Norfolk, in a Coronell of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Train.
 - 10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.
- Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me: These I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleste thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, he is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Those men are happy,
And so are all, are neere her.
I take it, she that carries vp the Train,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheffe of Norfolk.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

2 No more of that.
Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God saue you Sir, Where haue you bin broiling?
2 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be weig'd in more: I am stifled
With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?
1 That I did.
1 How was it?
2 Well worth the seeing.
2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

2 As well as I am able. The rich streame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat downe
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Beleeue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a Riffe Tempest,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doubtles, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin loose, this day they had bene lost. Such ioy
I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had out half a week to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could say this in my wife there, all were wouen
So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where the kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edward Confeccion Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choyest Musike of the Kingdome,
Together sung *The Deum*. So he parted,
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.

1 Sir,
You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reverend Byshops
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 *Sekeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Winchester,
Newly prefer'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.

1 He of Winchester
Is held no great good lower of the Archbishops,
The virtuous *Cramer*.

3 All the Land knows that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cramer will finde a Friend will not shrink from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much esteem with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Master o'th' Jewell House,
And one already of the Privy Councell.

2 He will deserve more.
3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
'Which is to th' Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something it can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.

Beth. You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Drwyger, sick, lead betwene Griffith, her Gentleman Porter, and Tatience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaden Branches bow to th'Earth,
Willing to leaze their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.
Did'st thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'st mee,
That the great Child of Honor, Cardinall *Wolsey*
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gave no care too't.

Kath. Pre'ther good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he slept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the stout Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man forcibly tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sicke suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Maie.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot
With all his Court, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for Charity.

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickneffe
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himselfe
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gave his Honors to the world againe,
His blessed part to Heauen, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,

His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus saith Griffith, give me leave to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded stomacke, euer ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion
Ty'd all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I th' preference
He would say vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
(But where he meant to Ruine) pitifull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:

Mens euill manners, liue in Brasse, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse
To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, sure spoken, and perswading:
Lofly, and lowre to them that lov'd him not:
Bot, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were vnfastid in getting,
(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most Princely: Euer watchfull for him
Those twines of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwillling to out-lie the good that did so famous.
The other (though vnfinisht) yet so famous,
So excellent in Art, and skill to rising,
That Christendome shall euer speake his Vertue.
His Ouertthrow, heap'd Happiness vpon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
And found the Blessednesse of being little.
And to adde greater Honor to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I with no other Herald,
No other speaker of my liuing Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated liuing, thou hast made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower,
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the Musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my Kneel; whilst I sit meditating

On

On that Celestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemn Musike.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vjfin.

*Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages,
clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of
Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes
or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then
Dance : and at certaine Changes, the first two bold a spere
Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make re-
uerend Curtsies. Then the two that bold the Garland, deli-
uer the same to the other next two, who obserue the same or-
der in their Changes, and holding the Garland ouer her
head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the
last two : who likewise obserue the same Order. At which
(as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her steepe) signes of
reioysing, and holdeth up her hands to heauen. And so in
their Dancing vanishe, carrying the Garland with them. The
Musike continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam,

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare : I shall asseidly.

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musike leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me. *Musike ceases.*

Pat. Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace—

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing the will not loofe her wonted Greatnesse
To vse so rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haist made me vnmanly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe. *Exit Messenger.*

Enter Lord Capuchin.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperour,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchin.*

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord,

The Times and Tides now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.

But I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who greets much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Par. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues : his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knows how dearly.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Hauue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I should not ye) but will deserue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poeury could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.

If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deere'st in this world,
As you with Christian peace to fooles departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friends, and vrge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loofe the fushion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all homilie vnto his Highnesse :
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be v'd with Honor; throw me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnquen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katharine.

Scena

56a

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities, Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature With comforting repose, and not for vs To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas: Whether so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primoero With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lov. I must to him too Before he go to bed. He take my leave.

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell: what's the matter? It seemes you are in halt: and if there be No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke (As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse That seekes dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I loue you; And durst commend a secret to your eare Much weightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor They lay in great Extremitie, and fear'd Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruites the goes with I pray for heartily, that it may finde Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas, I with it grubb'd vp now.

Lov. Me thinks I could Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's Deferre our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir, Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious, And let me tell you, it will ne're be well, 'Till you not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me, Till Cranner, Cromwell, her two hands, and shee Sleepe in their Graves.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two The most remark'd i'th Kingdome: as for Cromwell, Beside that of the Jewell-Houise, is made Master O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir, Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments, With which the Lime will load him. Th'Archbythop Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day, Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue locust the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is) A most Arch-Hereticke, a Pestilence That does infect the Land: with which, they moued Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace, And Priocely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefs,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your Affaires I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.

Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night, My minde not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

King. But little Charles, Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play. Now Lovell, from the Queene what is the Newes.

Lov. I could not personally deliuer to her What you commanded me, but by her woman, I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? Ha?

To pray for her? What, is she crying out? Lov. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady.

Suff. God fately quit her of her Burthen, and With gentle Trauaille, to the gladding of Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charles, Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember Th'eate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone, For I must thinke of that, which company Would not be friendly too.

Suff. I wish your Highnesse

A quiet night, and my good Mistris will Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night.

Exit Suffolke.

Well Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denay.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-bishop, As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denay?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to vs.

Lov. This is about that, which the Bythop spake, I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranner and Denay.

King. Awoyd the Gallery. Lovell seems to flye.

Ha! I haue said. Be gone.

What? Exeunt Lovell and Denay.

Crann. I am fearfulfull: Wherefore frownes he thus? 'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's out well.

King. How now my Lord?

You do desire to know wherefore I sent for you.

Crann. It is my dutie

Tattend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury: Come, you and I must walke a turne together; I haue Newes to tell you.

Come, come, giue me your hand.

Ah my good Lord, I greue at what I speake, And am right forrie to repeat what follows. I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

Heard

Heard many greivous. I do say my Lord
Greivous complaints of you; which being confider'd,
Hau mou'd vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your selfe,
But that fill further Trial, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse
Would come aginsit you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Come shall flye asunder. For I know
There's none stunds vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you
Without insurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my perion, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said aginsit me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not (small) their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer
The Iustice and the Truth o'th'question carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what ease
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To sweare aginsit you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppon'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periu'd Witnesse, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best persuasions to the contrary
Faile not to vie, and with what vehemencie
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the Goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy perion
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a lovely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleste her: 'Tis a Gyrlie
Promises Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queene
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Lovell,

Law. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.

Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groomes is for such payment.

I will haue more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the Gyrlie was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or else vnstyt: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fust? What meane this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Kep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Kep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently. *Exit Butts*

Cran. 'Tis Butts.

The Kings Physician, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer sought their mislike)
To quenche mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeys.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a Windowe about.

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.
King. What's that Butts?

Butts

Batts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.

King. Body a me : where is it ?

Batts. There my Lord :

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*, Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purfeuants, Pages, and Foot-boys.

King. Ha ? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another ?
'Tis well there's one about 'em yet ; I had thought They had parted so much honesty among 'em, At least good manners ; as not thus to suffer A man of his Place, and so neere our fauour To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures, And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets : By holy *Mary* (*Batts*) there's knauery ; Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close : We shall heere more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stoules, and placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand : A State being left void about him, as for Canterburies State. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiners, seat themselves in Order on each side. Cromwell at leuer end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary ; Why are we met in Councell ?

Crom. Please your Honours,

The chiefe cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nesf. Who waits there ?

Krep. Without my Noble Lords ?

Gard. Yes.

Krep. My Lord Archbishop :

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Krep. Your Grace may enter now.

Crommer approaches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very forry

To sit heere at this present, and behold

That Chayre stand empty : But we all are men

In our owne natures fraille, and capable

Of our flesh, few are Angels ; out of which frailty

And want of wisdome, you that best should teach vs,

Haue misdeem'd your selfe, and not a little :

Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling

The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,

Diuers and dangerous ; which are Heresies ;

And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be fodsine too

My Noble Lords ; for those that tame wild Horses,

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;

But stop their mouths with stubborn Bits & spurres 'em,

Till they obey the maninge. If we suffer

Out of our easinesse and childish pitty

To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse ;

Farewell all Physicke : and what folloves then ?

Commotions, vprours, with a generall Taint

Of the whole State ; as of late dayes our neighbours,

The vpper *Germany* can deereely witness :

Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Crom. My good Lords ; Hitherto, in all the Progreffe

Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,

Might goe one way, and safely ; and the end

Was euer to doe well : nor is there liuing,

(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)

A man that more detests, more stires against,

Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,

Defacers of a publike peace then I doe :

Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart

With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make

Enoy, and crooked malice, nourishment ;

Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,

That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,

Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,

And freely vsage against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be ; you are a Counsellor,

And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. (ment,

Gard. My Lord, because we haue busines of more mo-

We will be shurt with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure

And our consent, for better tryall of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower,

Where being but a priuate man againe,

You shall know many daie accuse you holdly,

More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Crom. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester* : I thanke you,

You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,

I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,

You are so mercifull. I fee your end,

'Tis my vndojing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord

Become a Churchman, better then Ambition :

Win straying Soules with modesty againe,

Cast none away : That I shall cleere my selfe,

Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,

I make as little doubt as you doe confidence,

In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,

But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,

That's the plaine truth ; your painted glosses discouers

To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, 'are a little,

By your good fauour, too sharpe ; Men so Noble,

How euer faultily, yet should finde respect

For what they haue bene : 'tis a cruelty,

To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,

I cry your Honour mercie ; you may worke

Of all this Table fy fo.

Crom. Why my Lord ?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer

Of this new Sect ? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found ?

Gard. Not found I say.

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest :

Mens prayers then would serke you, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbare for shame my Lords.

Gard. I haue done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed

I take it, by all voyces : That forthwith,

You be conuold to th' Tower a Prisoner ;

There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure

Be knowne vnto vs : are you all agreed Lords.

All

All. We are.

Crav. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Crav. For me?

Must I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Crav. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a most Noble Judge, the King my Maister.

Chem. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Surf. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'T would fall vpon our felues.

Nurf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vca'd?

Chem. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crav. My mind gaue me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell
And his Disciples oonly enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we to thankes to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gaue vs such a Prince;
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe syme of his Honoor, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe io Iudgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kin. You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin, and base to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me in:
But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starue,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Graces; —

Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
And wisdom of my Councill; but I finde none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that Title)
This honest man, wait like a lowly Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
Bid ye so farre forget your felues? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye mease,
Which ye shall neuer haue while I liue.

Chem. Thus farre

My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpo'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm sure in me.

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and vif him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answere for her.

Crav. The greatest Monarch now aliuie may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Duchesse of Norfolk, and Lady Marquesse Dorset? will
these please you?

Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.

Crav. And let Heauen

Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,

Kin. Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true
The common voyce I see is verified

Of thee, which Lyes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long

To haue this young one made a Christian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his men.

Port. You'll leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues,
leauue your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd ye Rogues:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a doren Crab-tree
staues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Rascalls?

Mas. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Vnlesse we sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Mas.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in ?
As much as ooe found Cudgell of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not *Simpson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em downe before me; but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker;
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God faue her.

Withes. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Per. What should you doe,

But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields
to muster in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with
the great *Tails*, come to Court, the women so beseege vs?
Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-
gether.

Man. The Spooones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhat neere the dore, he should be a *Brasier*
by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the *Dog-*
days now reigne io's Nose; all that stand about him are
vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that *Fire-*
Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a *Haberdashers*
Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,
till her pinck'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who cryed out *Clubbes*, when I
might fee from farre, some forty *Truncheoners* draw to
her succour, which were the hope o'th' *Strond* where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th' broome staffe to me, I deide 'em
still, when sodainly a File of *Boyes* behind 'em, looke shot,
deliuer'd such a shewre of Pibbles, that I was faine to
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the
Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.

Per. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of
'em in *Limbo Tarram*, and there they are like to dance
these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow fill too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o'th' *Suburbs*? We shall haue
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?

Per. And't please your Honour,
We are but men and what so many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all

By th' heeles, and sodainlyrand on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets found,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the presse, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde
A *Marshallifee*, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.

Tor. Make way there, for the Princesse.

Man. You great fellow,

Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake,

Per. You i'th' *Chambelt*, get vp o'th' raille,
Ile pecke you o're the pales elie. *Exant.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior,
Garter, Crenmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marfball
Staff, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great
standing Benin for the Christening Gifts: Then foure
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutcheffe of
Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in
a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes
the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La-
dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar-
ter speaks.*

Gart. Heauen

From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princesse of England *Elizabet*.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Gran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laud vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall vpon ye.

King. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Gran. *Elizabet*.

King. Stand vp Lord,

With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
into whose hand, I giue thy Life.

Gran. Amen.

King. My Noble Gossips, y'haue beene too Prodigally;
I thank ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When the ha's so much English.

Gran. Let me speake Sir,

For Heauen now bid me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen fill moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes lining with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was neuer
More couetous of Wife-home, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall fill be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,

Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Consoell her:
She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow:

Good growes with her.

In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly knowne, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wooder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new create another Heyre,

As great in admiration as her selfe.

So shall the lesse her Blessednesse to One,
(When Heauen shall call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this chofen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.

Kin. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Princeesse; many dayes shall see her,
And yet oo day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,
A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbishop

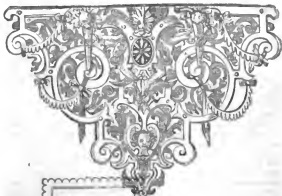
Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

THu ten to one, this Play can neuer please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare
W^e haue frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis cleare,
They'll say it is naught. Others to haue the City
Shou'd extremely, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare

All the expected good w^e are like to haue.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull construction of good women,
For such a one we shou'd 'em: If they smile,
And say it will doe, I know within a while,
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill bode,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.



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